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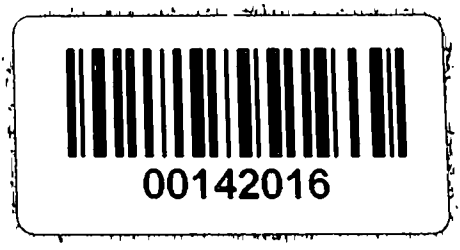
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THE LIFE

OF

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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New-street-Square.

MICHAEL ANGELO IN OLD AGE.

AGED 88 YEARS.

THE

LIFE

OF

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI;

WITH TRANSLATIONS OF MANY OF HIS

Poems and Letters.

B 2560.

ALSO,

MEMOIRS

OF

SAVONAROLA, RAPHAEL, AND VITTORIA COLONNA.

162016
ac

BY

JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq.
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MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF PAINTING OF ST. LUKE, AT ROME,
AND OF THE ROMAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LIFE

OF

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER OF POPE CLEMENT VII. — MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE DUKE OF URBINO ADJUST THEIR ACCOUNTS. — VASARI'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO M. ANGELO. — POLITICAL EMBARRASSMENTS OF CLEMENT VII. — CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE SACKAGE OF ROME BY THE DUC DE BOURBON. — ITS TERRORS. — THE POPE TAKES REFUGE IN THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO. — FLORENCE CASTS OFF THE YOKE OF THE MEDICI AND RESUMES ITS ANCIENT GOVERNMENT. — MICHAEL ANGELO'S PATRIOTIC CONDUCT ON THIS OCCASION. — HE IS APPOINTED COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF THE FORTIFICATIONS. — HIS PUBLIC ZEAL AND ENERGY IN THIS NEW CHARACTER. — TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR, WHO BINDS HIMSELF TO RESTORE THE MEDICI. — SIEGE OF FLORENCE. — HEROISM OF THE CITIZENS. — TREACHERY OF THEIR GENERAL-IN-CHIEF. — THE CITY IN CONSEQUENCE CAPITULATES. — THE MEDICI RESTORED. — NARROW ESCAPE OF M. ANGELO. — CRUEL EXECUTIONS. — REFLECTIONS ON THE FALL OF FLORENCE.

1521 TO 1530.

THE same imperious indifference which Leo had shown to the feelings or wishes of others, when they

interfered with his own selfish objects, was quickly manifested by the new pope, Clement VII. In spite of Michael Angelo's representations, who was bent on completing the tomb of Julius, he insisted on an immediate execution of the statues for the sacristy of San Lorenzo.

The Duke of Urbino, on the other hand, no less urgently pressed upon him the completion of the tomb. What was he to do, thus acted upon by despotic power on one side, and by his own feelings of honour on the other? He came to Rome firmly resolved, if possible, to overcome the pope's opposition; but in spite of all his remonstrances Clement continued firm to his purpose, and expressed the fullest confidence of being able to obtain the duke's assent.

During his absence from Rome, false reports had been circulated as to the amount of the pecuniary advances made to him by Julius, and since by his representatives, which it was said exceeded considerably the sum actually due to him. Clement, whom these reports had reached, and who had been made aware by Michael Angelo of their falsity, now advised him, as a friend, to apply to the duke or his agents for a rigid scrutiny of the accounts, and a clear understanding as to the actual balance. He felt the wisdom of this suggestion, and lost no time in acting upon it.

The scrutiny accordingly took place, with all due formality, on the duke's side by his agents, and, on

his own, by his solicitor, Signor Tommaso di Prato; and the result proved that Michael Angelo was still creditor of the family to a considerable amount. Another consequence of this wise measure, was the consent of the Duke of Urbino that he should immediately commence the statues for the sacristy of San Lorenzo.

About this time, Georgio Vasari, the graphic and entertaining biographer, was brought, as yet quite a boy, to Florence, by Cardinal Silvio of Cortona. Here he attracted the favourable notice and regard of Michael Angelo, who had even consented to receive him as a pupil, and would have done so, but for the uncertainty attending his plans and place of residence, under the conflicting circumstances above stated. He therefore used his influence with Andrea del Sarto, to receive him in the same capacity. The youth was deeply touched by this act of kindness on the part of one whose name he already honoured, and whom he henceforth regarded as a friend and protector. Michael Angelo ever afterwards manifested a lively interest in the professional reputation of Vasari, and as he declined in years there was no one who more assiduously ministered to his amusement, or whom he more affectionately loved.

In consequence of the recent arrangement with the Duke of Urbino, he now fixed at Florence, and prepared to carry into effect the commissions

of Clement, including, besides the statues, an alteration of the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and the erection of a library to be attached to the church. Every difficulty having been removed, his natural ardour prompted him to prosecute these objects with the utmost energy; and he had already made considerable progress with the statues, when political events suddenly occurred which interrupted his quiet occupations, and placed him in circumstances of singular interest and difficulty.

After the battle of Pavia, Charles V., as king of Naples, conqueror of Lombardy, and in possession of the person of his rival, Francis I., wielded a power which menaced the independence of all Italy. As his ambition was known to be boundless, none of his neighbours felt secure from invasion; and Clement, in particular, trembled for the safety of the Papal States, and for that of Florence. He had lately been courting the friendship of the French king, much to the displeasure of the emperor, to whose interests he had devoted himself throughout the reign of Leo; but his fears now forced him back upon his former policy. The imperial armies were distressed for want of pay, and Clement, as the price of his favour and forbearance, made himself responsible for a large pecuniary contribution, which was treated by its exactor as a signal of the pope's fears, not of his good will. Accordingly, bodies of the imperial troops kept almost free quarters within the States of the Church; and

the fulfilment of the promises, upon the faith of which Clement's engagements had proceeded, were in various ways evaded. He shared deeply in that hatred and dread of the *stranger* which had rankled in the breasts of a Julius and a Leo, even when their ambition or their fears led them by turns to court imperial or French interference; and this sentiment was now quickened by the haughty, ferocious bearing of the Spanish troops throughout Northern Italy. The liberation of Francis I., and his rupture of the treaty of Madrid, soon after became the signal for a league offensive and defensive against the emperor, between the kings of France and England and the Venetian States; and Clement, in an evil hour, as it proved for himself, again shifted his ground, and became a party to it.

But, when thus committed, he found he had little to hope for from his regal allies. The French king promised much, and did little; and England was too far from the scene of action to render any immediate aid. In the meantime the people of the Milanese, stimulated by the pope and the Venetians, who were marching to their aid, rose in arms against the emperor. The imperial forces, for the moment, stood on the defensive; but they were quickly reinforced by a powerful body of Germans, who passed the Alps in the autumn of 1526, and enabled the army to resume active operations. The vacillating and terrified Clement now patched up,

under the sanction of the emperor's viceroy*, a truce for eight months, and deluded himself with the confident persuasion that he had thus averted all present danger from his own states, and from Rome in particular. But circumstances wholly unlooked for suddenly attracted the storm of war thither with overwhelming fury. The Duc de Bourbon, who had transferred his allegiance from his rightful sovereign, Francis I., to the emperor, was a man of great military talent, but of reckless principle; he commanded a strong body of troops, half Spaniards and half Germans, who were almost mutinous for want of pay. The plunder of Florence or of Rome had been often held out to them, by their leader, as a lure against total insubordination, and they had taken him at his word.† When, therefore, intelligence of the recent truce reached Bourbon, both from the pope and the viceroy, he deemed the condition of his army a sufficient reason for disregarding it, and boldly marched his troops into Tuscany. Florence was his immediate object; but finding its defences complete, he changed his plan, and pushed on rapidly towards Rome, without artillery or supplies, trusting for success to the suddenness of his irruption. Clement, in the mean time, blindly confiding in the recent

* Guicciardini, lib. xviii. p. 200. Sismondi, Hist. vol. xv. p. 273. Scip. Ammirato, lib. xxx.

† Nardi, lib. viii. p. 320. Guicciardini, lib. xviii. pp. 6. 33. &c. Paulus Jovius, Hist., lib. xxiv.

truce, had rashly dismissed his Swiss auxiliaries and the Italian bandi-nere (black bands), and thus had placed himself almost at the mercy of an invader. It may well be imagined what his alarm must have been, when, after this proceeding, the news of Bourbon's movements reached him. In vain he laboured in this awful emergency to arouse the nobles and the people to a due sense of their danger, and to the duty of aiding him in raising money and organising troops. A fatal apathy pervaded the city, which was speedily succeeded by terror and confusion; for, on the 5th of May, 1527, Bourbon and his army approached in the direction of Viterbo, and encamped, towards evening, in the meadows beneath the walls of the "Eternal City." Rome, at this time, was in a condition of prosperity which it has never since known. The higher classes were wealthy and enterprising. Learning and genius, combined with consummate taste in Art, flourished there; the city was adorned by magnificent edifices, and elated by self-confidence. Such was the bright side of the picture; the darker testified to unblushing ecclesiastical corruption, unbounded voluptuousness, and daring crime. Bourbon was well aware that the blow he meditated must be struck at once, or that his case was desperate. Favoured by a thick fog, he advanced, on the ensuing morning, boldly to the assault of that part of the city which borders on the palace of the Vatican. He himself was among the first to fall,

in the act of storming the walls; and, if we are to believe Benvenuto Cellini, it was an arquebusade from his hand that put an end to him.* But his troops, who boldly pressed on, met, after a short but severe struggle, no serious resistance; the defences, in fact, were out of repair, and were manned chiefly by raw levies. In a short time the assailants became complete masters of the city; and the scenes of pillage, cruelty, and terror which ensued beggar description. Never since the bloody sword of Robert Guiscard waved over Rome in the eleventh century, and marked his course by ruin, slaughter, and desolation, had it experienced any such scourge. The army had now obtained the prize, the hope of which had often stifled for the moment their murmurs and menaces. The German portion of it included many Lutherans, to whom the name of the pope had become odious; the Spaniards were practised freebooters. The people they had to deal with were become panic-struck and spiritless. The troops, therefore, gave full rein to their

* Cellini, Vita, p. 94. At the sackage of Rome, N. Machiavelli, the historian, was there on a diplomatic mission, and took refuge in the ruins of the Mausoleum of Augustus, together with many others. He made his escape thence, and got back safely to Florence, where he did all in his power to dissuade the leading citizens from putting down the Medici; an act of which he foresaw the danger. While the assault was going on, Clement VII. was at prayers in his chapel in the Vatican. The cries and acclamations of the soldiers first announced to him the capture of the city.

lawless appetites, making no distinction between things sacred and profane. The sacristies of the churches were rifled; the palaces of the nobles and of the rich inhabitants were ransacked for spoil; every thing which could be turned into money became an object of rapine. The richest furniture, and the most precious objects of domestic embellishment, changed hands at merely nominal prices. Exemptions from plunder were one moment sold at high prices by the Germans, and violated the next moment by the Spaniards, and *vice versâ*. Prelates of the highest rank were treated with ridicule and contumely. Monasteries and religious houses were emptied at the edge of the sword, and idle monks and helpless nuns became fugitives and wanderers. Female chastity was violated with impunity; and no corner of the city was safe from these excesses.* Clement, who had made his escape from the Vatican palace through the long, circuitous, covered passage by means of which Alexander VI. had connected it with the Castle of St. Angelo, took refuge, terror-struck, in that fortress, and scarcely deemed himself secure within its bulwarks; for there the despairing cries of his suffering subjects, mingled with the taunts and menaces of the victors, distinctly reached his ears. Rome has never, since these fatal days, risen to the full height of her former splendour; and many declared that they

* Guicciardini, lib. xviii. p. 237. Sismondi, vol. xv. p. 274.

recognised, in these events, the accomplishment of the coming woes so often denounced against her by the warning voice of Savonarola.

The pope, besieged, and reduced to great extremities for want of provisions, had almost concluded a capitulation with the imperialists on their own terms, when the army of the League, 15,000 strong, under the Duke of Urbino, arrived within sight of the ramparts of St. Angelo, and, buoyed up by the hope of effectual succour, Clement took courage and declined submission. The duke, habitually a most cautious leader, and an avowed enemy of the Medici, whether influenced by timidity or revenge, pronounced, after advancing thus far, the attempt to relieve the city too perilous, and left Clement to his fate. The terms imposed upon him were such as victors prescribe to the vanquished; and one among them doomed him to remain a prisoner till the most important conditions of the treaty should be fulfilled.

In the mean time, the Republican party at Florence, taking advantage of the terror and disorganisation created in that city by the sackage of Rome, had again raised its head, and, although its first movements were repressed, the object in view was so congenial to the wishes and favourite traditions of the great body of the people, that the symptoms of approaching commotion could not be mistaken. In this state of things, the Cardinal Cortona, the papal Governor, was so overcome by his fears, that,

hastily assembling the principal citizens, he abdicated his office on conditions favourable to the personal safety and to the property of himself and the youthful Medici, Alessandro and Hippolytus, who were also made parties to the compact.

This important event took place in the summer of 1527; and the anxious question soon after presented itself to the Florentines, in what way their future independence could be best secured. The imperial agents offered them the protection of the emperor, if they would support his power and policy; but the probability that success would attend the operations of the French army under Lautrech disposed them to join the League. In the mean time, Clement, after six months' imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo, had made his escape thence in disguise, and taken refuge at Orvieto, after which his great anxiety was to obtain peace with the emperor. He had been so accustomed to regard the sovereignty of Florence as the patrimony of his family, that he felt its defection almost as keenly as the sackage of Rome*; and one of the stipulations which he most urgently pressed, in the view of a pacification, was the restoration of the Medici to their forfeited honours.

The emperor had professed to be much touched by the woes inflicted upon Rome, and to feel anxious to be again on terms of amity with the head of the

* Paulus Jovius, Hist. lib. xxv.

Church. This was effected in the month of June of the year 1529, by a treaty concluded at Barcelona, the terms of which doomed Florence to servitude, conformably to the wishes of Clement. The prospect of such an event, and the uncertainty of the final issue of Lautrech's invasion, had for some time past filled the Florentines with anxious fears and forebodings. The plague also had ravaged their city, and great divisions existed among them, as to the policy to be pursued amidst so many difficulties. Another important subject of anxiety was the condition of their mural bulwarks in case they should act upon the defensive. In this emergency, Michael Angelo was urgently invited to accept the responsible office of Commissary General of the fortifications.* What was to hinder him from compliance? The recent popular movement was strictly in accordance with his cherished political principles, and with his acknowledged preference for the ancient and free constitution of Florence. He shared in the indignation with which the whole body of its citizens regarded the base and flagitious policy by means of which Leo X., when Cardinal de' Medici, had stifled their liberties; and he also shared in the sanguine hope that, if his countrymen should arm in defence of their recovered freedom, the forces of the League, with their aid, might ere long emancipate Italy from the yoke of the em-

* Nardi, Ist. Fior. lib. viii. p. 194.; and lib. viii. p. 338.

peror. The legitimate descendants of his old and cherished patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, had one after another been cut off by death, and the expectant pretenders to the sovereignty of Florence were two young scions of the race, of illegitimate birth, one of whom, Alessandro, was a notorious profligate. There were many weighty prudential reasons, it is true, against his taking any active or prominent part in the impending contest; but, with a generous ardour which braved all dangers, he ranged himself in the ranks of those who were resolved to make, at this crisis of her fate, a last and firm struggle for the liberties of Florence, and to risk their all in her service.

In this spirit, he accepted the military office which was pressed upon him, and zealously entered upon its duties, towards the close of the year 1528. His first care was an attentive inspection of the fortifications, and the execution of all essential repairs; his next was to place the walls and fortress of San Miniato, as commanding the city, in a complete state of defence, and to add to their security by new works and bastions. This he accomplished with so much scientific skill that in after times the French engineer Vauban devoted much time to their examination, and even thought it worth his while to make accurate drawings and recollections of them. For six months he was actively engaged in this way; and he fixed his residence on the hill, in order that the works might be carried on under

his personal superintendence. At the request of the council of war, he also went to Ferrara, in the summer of 1529, in order to study its fortifications, which the reigning Duke Alphonso, of engineering reputation, had brought to great perfection. The duke received him with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and accompanied him on horseback to everything most worthy of his attention. He showed him his artillery, after which he conducted him through his palace, and pointed out to him his best pictures. When the time arrived for his departure, the duke pleasantly said to him, "Michael Angelo, you are my prisoner; and if you wish to recover your liberty, you must promise to execute with your own hand some work of Art for me,—whether in sculpture or painting, I leave to your own choice." A ready promise of compliance was made to this flattering request, and he found time, during the siege of Florence, to execute a picture in distemper for him, of which we shall have to make mention. After his return, and before the siege had actively commenced, he occasionally worked on the statues for the sacristy of San Lorenzo.

The hopes which the Florentines had reposed on the protection of France quickly faded away by the failure of Lautrech before the walls of Naples, in August, 1528. Fortune seemed at first to smile upon that leader, but, after a protracted siege, he was driven to great straits by the want of money and of reinforcements: pestilence also thinned the

ranks of his troops, and at length he became himself its victim. The miserable remains of his army at length retired, by a capitulation, to the frontiers of France.

The treaty of Cambray, which followed that of Barcelona, concluded the war between Francis and the emperor, and its terms were such as to leave the latter almost undisputed master of the destinies of Italy. This important event took place in August, 1529, and it left Florence to cope singly and alone with the conqueror. Francis I. was, in fact, so humbled, for the moment, by defeat and misfortune, that, after obtaining the best terms he could for himself, he abandoned his Italian allies to their fate.

Charles entered Italy early in the autumn of 1529, and proceeded to Bologna, to be crowned by the pope as emperor, and also as king of Lombardy. Submission seemed now the only policy suited to Florence; but her citizens clung with such fond attachment to their ancient constitution, that they prepared at any cost to defend it. Yet in order to try what negotiation could effect, they had despatched ambassadors to the emperor upon his reaching Genoa; but his peremptory reply was, that until they had reconciled themselves to the pope he could enter into no treaty with them. Envoys were also despatched to Clement, with offers of submission, provided he would guarantee to Florence her ancient liberties. In reply, he demanded uncondi-

tional submission, but added, with hollow perfidy, that in such case, he would guard those liberties.

All this convinced the citizens that their choice lay between a death-struggle and abject submission. The council of state met and deliberately chose the former.

The advance of the Imperialists was delayed by the difficulties Clement found in raising funds for the pay of the troops, the onus of which fell upon him; and this interval was improved by the Florentines in strengthening their defences. When the advance took place, Arezzo, Cortona, Perugia, and other towns of Tuscany, immediately opened their gates, and in the month of October, 1529, the imperial army encamped before Florence.

We forbear a detail of the sallies and skirmishes which now ensued, with signal bravery on the part of the besieged; but must not omit to state, that the fortress and hill of San Miniato, as Michael Angelo had anticipated, became the principal object of the enemy's attack, and his batteries answered their fire with such effect, that no impression was made upon them.

In April, 1529, Malatesta Baglioni, a Condottieri chieftain of high reputation, had been appointed general in chief of the Florentine army, and Stefano Colonna second in command. During the ensuing autumn, Michael Angelo received information of treacherous doings on Malatesta's part, which he communicated to the seignory; adding,

that as the danger was imminent, no time should be lost to avert it. The reply of the seignory was conceived in offensive terms, for they not only treated his apprehensions as groundless, but the Gonfalionere Carduccio taxed him with timidity.*

The deep-laid treachery of the general eventually became fully apparent, and betrayed Florence to the enemy; but at present it was carried on so secretly, that Michael Angelo was almost the only one who was duly alive to it. Disgusted by the apathy of the seignory, and by the insult of Carduccio, he now threw up his command, and, quitting the city in disguise, took the road to Ferrara, accompanied by two friends, Rinaldo Corsini and Francesco Mini. As the real cause of his departure was not generally known, it filled Florence with surprise and regret; but such was the general impression of his patriotism and good faith, that his fellow-citizens felt persuaded he had been driven to the act by some misconduct on the part of the government.†

Upon his reaching Ferrara he hoped to remain *incog.*; but the duke's orders to the inn-keepers made it incumbent on them, on the arrival of any strangers, to apprize him of their names and quality. As soon, therefore, as the well-known name of Michael Angelo Buonarrōti met his eye, he was

* Varchi, Storia Fioren. lib. x. p. 294., Edit. in folio, 1721.

† Vasari, p. 59. Condivi, cap. xlii.

delighted, and despatched messengers to conduct him to the Castle, and to add that apartments were prepared for him. His reception was most kind and courteous: the duke pressed him to spend some time at Ferrara, and made him handsome presents. Again, he showed him various objects of Art in his palace, and in particular his own portrait by Titian, admirably painted, with the appropriate accompaniment of a piece of ordnance.

The duke appeared anxious to detain his guest for an almost indefinite period; but Michael Angelo expressed his regret that this could not be, adding, in a spirit of high courtesy, that he had brought with him a considerable sum of money, and that if it could be made of use to his Highness, he placed it and himself at his disposal. Upon this he was allowed to return to the inn and to proceed on his journey.

He found it equally impossible to remain *incog.* on his arrival at Venice as at Ferrara. The seignory, on hearing of it, despatched two gentlemen to wait on him, charged with obliging offers of attention to himself and his friends; but he had brought too heavy a heart from Florence to allow of his entering into general society. In the meantime pressing messages came to him from the Council of War at Florence, intreating his instant return, coupled with regrets at the injurious treatment which he had recently received. A safe-conduct was sent him for this purpose. Such an appeal

proved irresistible; he therefore set off immediately, and re-entered Florence after incurring much personal risk of falling into the enemy's hands. His fellow-citizens gave him a joyful welcome; the seignory no longer undervalued his counsels; and he zealously resumed the duties of his command. Finding that the enemy's artillery was damaging the tower of the church of San Miniato (a fine specimen of mediæval architecture), he guarded it, in the true spirit of an artist, by piling around it, in the direction of the fire, bales of wool in masses, which had the desired effect. Strangers visiting the heights which this tower still crowns, are often invited to examine the defensive bastions by which Michael Angelo foiled all the efforts of the enemy in this quarter. The hill of San Miniato commands a charming view of Florence. It is best viewed towards sunset. From an eminence, studded by noble cypresses, the Arno meets the eye, reflecting in its tranquil bosom a succession of terraces and bridges, edged by imposing streets and palaces, above which are seen the stately cathedral, the church of Santa Croce, and the picturesque tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, while innumerable other towers, of lesser fame and altitude, crown the distant parts of the city, and the banks of the river, which at length—its sinuous stream bathed in liquid gold—is lost sight of amidst the rich carpet of a vast and luxuriant plain, bounded by lofty Apennines. Directly opposite to the eye, rises the

classical height of Fiesole, its sides covered with intermingled rocks and woods, from amidst which sparkle innumerable villages and villas. While surveying the glories of the scene, what anxious forebodings must have often weighed down the spirit of Michael Angelo, with respect to the possible horrors of a sackage of the city, which many anticipated.

Yet, amidst the intervals of military duty, artistic thoughts stole upon and excited his fancy. Accordingly, we are told, that he occasionally relieved the tedium of watchfulness and labour in his quarters there, by chiselling, on a block of stone, a bas-relief emblematic of Military Glory, in the form of a winged figure wearing a casque, and environed by martial devices. It has long since perished, probably by the action of the weather upon a soft material; but it was engraved by F. Gabarri; and F. Zuccharelli made a drawing from it so late as the year 1728, which he inscribed to the senator Filippo Buonarroti. This figure is, however, said by some to have been executed by Tribolo.

The last acts of the tragedy of Florence may be quickly related. The patriotic efforts and sacrifices of the besieged were continually rendered abortive by the counterplots of their commander. Again and again they carried terror and defeat into the camp of the enemy by successful sorties; and a powerful diversion was created, within Tuscany

itself, by the military talents and brilliant exploits of Francesco Ferruci, who effected wonders at the head of a small army devoted to him and to their country; but no valour, no sacrifices, could avail against a powerful enemy without, and against treachery within the walls.* Famine also was spreading its ravages among the besieged. Malatesta Baglioni, at length, casting off the mask †, introduced the Imperialists within the bastions of the Roman Gate; and Florence, thus placed at their mercy, was forced to capitulate, on August 12th, 1530. The terms granted were more favourable than could possibly have been expected; but they were perfidiously violated in the course of a few months, when the scaffolds ran with the blood of some of the most heroic of those citizens who had been foremost in the late struggle, shed in order to gratify the vengeful feelings of Clement VII., and to rivet the chains of Florentine servitude. Many more who had signalised themselves by their patriotic zeal in the cause of their country, though spared the scaffold, were doomed to exile or confiscation.

A general amnesty was one of the conditions of the capitulation, with certain exceptions, among whom was Michael Angelo. In anticipation of his danger, he had previously taken refuge,—some

* Varchi, lib. xii. p. 310.

† Nardi, lib. ix. p. 385. Varchi, lib. xi. p. 255. Sismondi, Hist. chap. cxxi.

say, in the house of a faithful friend; others maintain, and such is the tradition of his family, that he found a safe hiding-place in the tower of the church of S. Niccolo oltre Arno. The strictest search was everywhere made for him, and had he been discovered it is not improbable that his life might have been sacrificed to the infuriated feelings of the papal party; but Clement was still bent on availing himself of his talents in completing the sacristy of San Lorenzo. By his special order, therefore, public notice was given that he might depend upon the pope's pardon, on emerging from his hiding-place. This he now did, and resumed, with a heavy heart, the task imposed upon him.

With the fall of Florence the last hopes of Italian liberty expired. It is painful to think of the heroism of its defenders, in connection with the treachery of their leader, which rendered that heroism vain. The friends of constitutional liberty in all times will visit the hill of San Miniato with deep interest, as having been the last asylum of Florentine freedom; and as they survey the fair scene below, in its pomp of beauty, will think of the events of this siege in connection with the name and patriotic zeal of Michael Angelo.

The climax of Florentine humiliation was yet to come. It was completed by a decree of the emperor, passed at Augsburg, in October, 1530, appointing Alessandro de' Medici, the illegitimate son, some say, of Clement VII. when Cardinal de'

Medici, others, of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, by a black or mulatto girl,—a descent, the trace of which was stamped upon his countenance. Before his advancement to be head of the Florentine state, he had married Margaret of Austria, a natural daughter of the Emperor; and not long after his inauguration, he effected, under the influence of his papal relative, a further and total revolution in the government, so as to render himself absolute. He quickly proved a monster of iniquity; and after sullying, by his incontinence, the honour of many of the leading families of his subjects, he fell at length the victim of his crimes, by the daggers of two assassins, one of whom was Lorenzino de' Medici, his cousin. When this event occurred, his title and office passed, by virtue of the same imperial decree, to Cosmo, son of the celebrated General, Giovanni de' Medici, the lineal descendant of Lorenzo, the elder brother of the old Cosmo, the original founder of the supremacy of the family. He took the style and title of Cosmo I.

The greatness of modern Italy, extending through a period of more than four centuries, was a consequence of those free institutions which her leading states more or less enjoyed. Faction and misrule, it is true, from time to time, mingled their alloy with this freedom, and greatly debased its lustre. But, in spite of these drawbacks, the mental energy, the commanding talents, and the commer-

cial enterprise which it called forth and animated, rendered Italy at that time the central point of intellectual light, of literary and artistic eminence, and therefore of commanding influence to the rest of Europe. What Pisa and what Florence effected in their day of freedom and glory, and what an emulous and congenial spirit their success aroused in the other states and free towns of the peninsula, may well excite our admiration, mingled with regret at their present degraded condition. Though some of those states, after the fall of Florence, still retained a nominal independence, they were reduced, in point of fact, to a condition little raised above that of fiefs of the empire.

We trust the time may come when, under happier auspices, as to religion and morals, than existed in Italy during the sixteenth century, freedom, guarded by well organised constitutional government, may again revisit her classic shores, and prove what the genius of her sons is capable of effecting in an atmosphere untainted by the baneful influences of despotism, both secular and spiritual.

Soon after the capitulation of Florence, Michael Angelo was waited upon by an agent from the Duke of Ferrara, bearing a letter from his Highness, in which he claimed the picture which he had painted for him during the siege of Florence, the subject of which was Leda and the Swan. The design was highly poetical, and the drawing grand;

moreover the colouring, according to Mariette, approached the richness of the Titianesque school*; but the subject rendered it unfit for the walls of a private apartment, and unworthy, it may be added, of the dignity and moral grandeur of Michael Angelo's pencil. Possibly it might at once strike the ducal agent in this light; for we learn, both from Vasari and Condivi (though their report of what passed is very vague), that, on seeing the picture, he spoke so slightingly of it as to have highly offended Michael Angelo, who cut short the interview by declaring that, after what had passed, he must decline parting with the picture to the duke.

He soon after made a present of it to his old friend and dependant, Antonio Mini, together with a box of models, and an invaluable collection of his own masterly drawings and cartoons. Mini soon after travelled into France, where he sold the Leda to Francis I., who placed it in the palace of Fontainebleau, where, according to Mariette, it was finally destroyed by order of M. Desnoyers, one of the ministers of state, in consequence of his disapproving the subject.

Mini soon after died, and the collection of drawings and cartoons, many of which had already

* See Mariette's Notes on Vasari's Life of Michael Angelo, p. 185. What is probably the original cartoon of this picture is in the possession of the Royal Academy, London. It is in chalk; the head of the Leda is in the spirit of a fine Greek statue, and the drawing of the whole is very grand.

been stolen from him, was dispersed. Michael Angelo habitually executed his drawings with an assiduous care, an anatomical precision, and a depth of expression such as never has been surpassed. They are finished in various ways—many in chalk, still more with the pen; and most of them display less of the freedom of genius than of that profound science and truthful accuracy which made every stroke of his pencil or chisel tell.

CHAPTER II.

SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO AND TOMBS OF THE MEDICI.

1530 TO 1532.

THE tombs and their accompanying statues, destined for the sacristy of San Lorenzo, now occupied Michael Angelo until they were brought to a considerable degree of perfection and finish. He was working on those parts which were incomplete, when, in consequence of differences between him and Duke Alessandro, he found himself compelled, by motives of personal safety, to bid what proved a final adieu to Florence, and to set off for Rome.

The sacristy, which contains the tombs in question, is of a square form, surmounted by a central cupola; it has a large recess in each side, within two of which, and opposite to each other, are the statues of Giuliano de' Medici, Duc de Nemours, brother of Leo X., and of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, son of Piero de' Medici, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and father of Catharine de' Medici

of disastrous memory. It seems strange that Clement VII. should have selected these particular members of the Medici family for such high honours, since Lorenzo was a man of dissolute character, and Giuliano had no pretensions either to talent or enterprise.

The third recess is occupied by an altar-piece, surmounted by a sarcophagus; and the fourth is decorated by a most beautiful Madonna and Child from the chisel of Michael Angelo, flanked on each side by statues. The statues of the two Medici are seated: that of Giuliano is dignified and imposing; the head is admirably chiselled, and wears the expression of a handsome spirited youth, without any very distinctive character; the hair clusters in hyacinthine locks about his forehead; his hands are placed on a baton of office, which rests upon his knees; the armour is very fine in its style, and is exquisitely finished. Under both figures is a sarcophagus, surmounted on each of the inclining sides of its lid by a recumbent statue, so placed that the heads of both rise above the line of the surbase of the walls. This arrangement, the general effect of which is pyramidal, is very agreeable to the eye. The opposite figure of Lorenzo is highly idealised by the power of immortal genius, which has raised it far above the class of portraits, and impressively stamped upon it the character of profound reflection. It thus acquired the distinctive appellation of "La pensée de Michael

Ange." It is, in fact, the personification of contemplative thought. The head, surmounted by a casque of classical form, is gently declined; the elbow of the left arm reposes upon a casket on the knee of the statue; and the fore-finger of the corresponding hand is placed upon the lip in deep meditation; the crossed legs indicate complete repose; and the right arm, with the hand turned back, leans with perfect ease on the thigh. The flexure of the body is so plastic and easy, and the anatomical truth of the whole so perfect, that it seems like life suddenly congealed into marble: "Vivos educent de marmore vultus." This marvellous figure well deserves to be regarded (as it has often been called) the finest of modern statues.

The four figures which adorn the tombs are allegorical, and they are specially worthy of notice because they first set the example of connecting ornamental appendages of this description with funereal monuments. Introduced by so great an authority, this example was quickly followed by artists throughout the whole of Europe; and it still continues in force, though at present with diminished sway.

In these figures are embodied the abstract ideas—in the one case, of Aurora and Twilight,—in the other, of Day and Night. The moral meaning he had in view may have been the brevity of human life, bounded as it is by a rapid succession of these respective divisions of time.

"These recumbent statues," says Flaxman, "are grand and mysterious: the characters and forms bespeak the same mighty mind and hand evident throughout the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and the Last Judgment."

Day and Night skirt the sarcophagus of Giuliano de' Medici. The figure of Day is that of a giant refreshed, majestically raising his head from sleep into renewed existence. The attitude is grand and easy; the anatomy of the whole figure is magnificently developed, the limbs appearing to be almost animated by muscular action and energy; and yet the execution is sketchy throughout; the head in particular is left in the rough; but every stroke of the chisel has so told that, excepting on close examination, it scarcely seems to require more of finish.

The female figure of Night is grand and graceful in its contours, and the limbs and extremities are finished with indescribable perfection and beauty. She is buried in profound sleep, her head being supported by the right arm which rests upon her knee; a star between two small horns, *cornua noctis*, rises above her forehead; her foot reposes on a bunch of poppies, and behind it is the bird of night; in advance of her left arm is a mask, the expressive symbol of dreams. This figure in particular excited much admiration, and many a poet offered his tribute of praise to it in Latin or in Italian verse. One day some lines

were found upon the sarcophagus from an unknown pen, but which must have pleased Michael Angelo, since he honoured them by a poetical rejoinder. They proved afterwards to have been written by Giovanni Strozzi, and were as follows:—

La Notte che tu vedi in si dolci atti
Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e, perchè dorme, ha vita;
Destala, se nol credi, e parleratti.

Night, whom you see in soft repose,
An Angel sculptured, yet life glows
Where sleep exists: speak then, for she,
Spite of thy doubts, will answer thee.

Michael Angelo replied in the person of Night, and alludes to the public calamities of his country. We annex translations.

Grato m' è 'l sonno, e più l' esser di sasso,
Mentre che 'l danno e la vergogna dura;
Non veder, non sentir, m' è gran ventura;
Però non mi destar, deh! parla basso.

While power unjust and guilt prevail,
Stone I would be, and sleep I hail:
To see or feel would each be woe;
Oh! wake me not, and whisper low.

On the sides of the sarcophagus of Lorenzo are the emblematic figures of Aurora and Twilight. The Aurora bears upon it the impress of severe beauty, with a certain dash of melancholy in the

general expression of the features; the result, perhaps, of the painful feelings which pressed upon Michael Angelo at this crisis of his country's misfortunes. She appears just awoke, and in the act of gently rising from her couch. The sculpture is in the fine style of the Night.

Twilight is represented by a venerable old man sinking into soft repose. The subsidence of muscular tension is finely indicated in every part.

Yet grand and imposing as these figures are, and of almost matchless execution, it cannot with truth be maintained by his greatest admirers that the sculpture of Michael Angelo possesses the chaste simplicity and the refined taste of Grecian Art.

Upon this point Bell, in his Anatomy of Expression, observes*, "It is in these finely conceived figures that we have the proof of Michael Angelo's genius. They may not have the perfect purity and truth that we see in the antique, but there is a magnificence which belongs to him alone. Here we see the effect of muscular action, without affected display of anatomical knowledge." Again:

"In these statues great feeling of art, and genius of the highest order have been exhibited, combined with anatomical science and ideal beauty, or, rather, grandeur. It is often said that Michael Angelo

* Bell's Anatomy of Expression, Essay ix. pp. 206—209.

studied the Belvidere Torso, and that he kept it continually in his eye. That fine specimen of ancient art may have been the authority for his grand development of the human muscles, but it did not convey to him the effect which he produced by the throwing out of those magnificent and giant limbs. Here we see the vigour of the sculptor's stroke and the firmness of his touch, as well as his sublime conception of the human figure. We can imagine that he wrought by no measure or mechanical contrivance; that he hewed out the marble as another would cast together his mass of clay in a first sketch. Many of his finest works are left unfinished: it appears that he found the block of marble, in some instances, too small, and left the design incomplete. For my own part, I feel that the finish and smoothness of the marble is hardly consistent with the vigour of Michael Angelo's conceptions; and I should regret to think that such a genius should have wasted an hour in giving softness or polish to the surface.

"Who is there, modern or ancient, that would thus voluntarily encounter all the difficulties of the art, and throw the human body into this position? or who could throw the shoulder into this violent distortion, and yet preserve the relations of the parts, of bone and muscle, with such scientific exactness?

"Without denying the beauty or correctness of the true Grecian productions of the chisel, they

ought not to be contrasted with the works of Michael Angelo to his disadvantage. He had a noble conception of the august form of man; to my thinking, superior to anything exhibited in ancient sculpture. . Visconti imputes inferiority to Buonarroti, and, to confirm his views, compares the antique statues restored by him with the limbs and heads which he added. But I can conceive nothing less suited to the genius of the artist than this task of modelling and adjusting a limb in a different position from that which is entire, and yet so as to preserve the porportions and character of the whole. The manner of his working, and the urgency of his genius for an unrestrained field of exertion, unfitted him for that kind of labour, while it is a matter of necessity that a copy shall be inferior to an original."*

All that anatomical science can suggest, all the ideal beauties of the Torso of the Belvidere, its very spirit (says Cicognara†), are found so united in these two Herculean figures, that the eye of the spectator is enchanted, and criticism becomes mute. The broad and grand strokes of the chisel, the beauty of the forms, the plastic feeling of these marbles, the truth of the muscular action in all its various parts, attest the mastery and genius of the immortal artist.

The two female figures are so placed as to cor-

* Bell, Essay ix. p. 208.

† Sulla Scultura, vol. ii. p. 274. folio. Venezia, 1816.

respond symmetrically with the posture of the male figures, and are treated with similar grandeur of style and plastic energy.

In the year 1536, Charles V. visited Florence, and the historian Varchi gives a pompous description of the splendour of his reception. He then says, his Majesty, on the morning of his departure, which was the 4th of May, went, after mass, which he attended in the church of San Lorenzo, to see Michael Angelo's marvellous sacristy attached to it, which is justly regarded as one of the brightest glories of Florence; he then mounted his horse and took the road to Lombardy by way of Pistoia.*

* Varchi, lib. xiv. p. 584.

CHAPTER III.

ACCESSION OF PAUL III. TO THE PAPAL CHAIR. — EMPLOYS MICHAEL ANGELO TO PAINT THE LAST JUDGMENT. — MAUSOLEUM OF JULIUS II., AND STATUE OF MOSES, FINALLY PLACED IN THE CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCULIS. — NOTICE OF OTHERS OF HIS STATUES.

1533 TO 1541.

ON the return of Michael Angelo to Rome, the indefatigable Clement lost no time in making fresh demands upon his labour and genius, by inviting him to ornament the extremities of the Sistine Chapel with two vast mural paintings in fresco, the proposed subjects being the Fall of Lucifer and the Last Judgment; but he was, in the first instance, to address himself to the latter.

Such was the pope's eagerness to behold the work in progress, that he felt quite impatient at being reminded by Michael Angelo of the claim which the tomb of Julius still had upon a portion of his time. True, however, to his sense of honour, he worked upon it in secret, at the same time that he commenced the cartoons for the projected painting. It had caused him endless vexation throughout many years, but was now approaching

its termination; for the Duke of Urbino, finding, after the recent audit of the accounts, that the balance was considerably against himself, had resolved upon a great reduction of its proposed embellishments. The death of Clement VII., in September, 1534, it was at first thought would have set aside the intended painting of the Last Judgment, as a new pope is often indisposed to adopt the plans of a predecessor, especially in matters of taste. But Paul III. had hardly gone through the ceremonial of his inauguration when he sent for Michael Angelo, and, after many complimentary expressions, told him that he required his immediate services, and must have him near his person. He duly acknowledged the pope's condescending kindness, but earnestly entreated to be left at liberty until his engagements to the Duke of Urbino were completed. "I cannot consent to your wishes," replied the pontiff, impatiently: "for the last thirty years I have been desirous of employing you, and I will not, now that I am pope, be put off in this way. Leave me to act, and I will rearrange the terms of your contract with the Duke: I *must* have your services."

Though Michael Angelo ventured not to remonstrate, he felt so indignant at this attempt to force a fresh injustice upon him, and so pained in reflecting upon all the disappointments he had suffered from similar caprices of former popes, that he almost made up his mind to quit Rome

altogether, and, retiring to some spot in the romantic vicinity of Carrara, to enjoy the sweets of studious retirement, and complete, in tranquil comfort, his unfinished works, as well as undertake others. Another scheme, suggested by his attachment to the house of Rovere, was to purchase a small estate at Urbino; but he felt, on reflection, that this would be to place himself too much within the disk of papal dictation. Amidst thoughts and projects like these, he was one day surprised by the unexpected honour of a friendly visit from the pope, who came to his studio, accompanied by a suite of ten cardinals, and requested to see the statues designed for the tomb of Julius, and also any of the cartoons which he had prepared for the picture of the Last Judgment. After many expressions of pleasure and delight, they spent some time in contemplating the Moses; when the Cardinal of Mantua exclaimed, "Why, this statue alone would suffice to immortalise the memory of Pope Julius." The pope, on taking leave, repeated his wish to engage Michael Angelo's services, and to have him near his person; and throughout this interview, such was his kindness, good humour, and friendly condescension, that the excited feelings of the artist were effectually mollified, and his projects of removal suspended. Among other things, the pope said, "I feel sure of inducing the Duke of Urbino to be content with three statues only from your chisel; the remainder can be

executed by some other artist." He applied to the duke, who, soon after, signified to Michael Angelo, through his agents, his consent to such an arrangement. His reply was, that in this case he must be allowed to pay back a sum of money which would cover the cost of the statues proposed to be thus subtracted. He immediately did so, by depositing for this purpose 1580 ducats to the credit of his Highness in the bank of the Strozzi.

The monument on this reduced scale was finally erected at Rome, in the church of San Pietro in Vinculis. Not having been originally destined for this locality, it very naturally appears quite out of place there. It is too lofty and vast in its dimensions for the size and height of the church. The object which principally strikes the eye on approaching it, is the colossal statue of Moses; not placed according to the artist's original plan, on an elevated platform in composition with various figures of Prophets and Virtues, but single and alone in the centre of the façade of the mausoleum, and close to the eye.

It is some time before the spectator discovers, what ought to have been a leading object, the sarcophagus and reclining form of Pope Julius, on the second stage of the monument. It was the work of Maso del Bosco, but is devoid of dignity or effect. On each side of the Moses, in niches, are two statues emblematic of Active and Contemplative life. The idea is borrowed from

Dante. They were designed and finished by Michael Angelo himself, and are fine specimens of his sculpture. Active Life, under the appellation of Leah, holds a mirror in her hand, signifying that our actions ought to be the result of reflection; in the other hand is a wreath of flowers, the symbol of cheerfulness. Contemplative Life, under the name of Rachel, indicates, by the bent knee, by the upraised head and eye, that her rapt soul is mounting heavenwards. Above the sarcophagus is a Virgin and Child, from the design of Buonarroti, by Settignano. The Child holds a little bird in its hand, and is a model of grace and sweetness.

Immediately above the statues of Active and Contemplative Life, are two figures of a Prophet and a Sibyl by Montelupo, with which Michael Angelo was by no means satisfied. The entablature of the tomb is flanked on each side of the Moses, and at its extremities, by Termini, and is further adorned by the arms of the pope, and by two marble candelabras.

The whole looks less like a monument to the honour of Julius II. than to that of Moses.

In estimating the merits of this celebrated statue we encounter various and opposite opinions. None question the grandeur of the figure, and its mastery of execution; but the wish has often been expressed, and we unite in it, that more of the saintly character of the great Jewish Legislator had been blended in this marvellous figure with its predomi-

nant expression of lofty purpose and stern resolve. Vasari, in his style of glowing eulogy, maintains that it surpasses in grandeur and effect every ancient, and will never be rivalled by any modern, statue. "The iron of the chisel," he says, "seems to have been transformed into a pencil in the hand of Buonarroti, so soft and flowing is the finish and style of the beard; and as to the countenance, it is that of a true saint and an awful chieftain, while so brightly does it reflect the radiance of celestial light, that the spectator is almost tempted to call for a veil upon the features." He then touches on the perfection of its anatomical development. From this style of panegyric the reader will turn with interest to the more sober judgment of Sir Charles Bell. "When in Rome," he says, "I was impatient until I stood before the statue of Moses; so much had been said of its extraordinary merits, and so much of its defects. It is a noble figure, replete with all the energy of Buonarroti. It is not the anatomy alone which constitutes its perfection, but there is the same mind displayed in the attitude, the habiliments, the beard, and all the accompaniments, as in the vigour of the naked shoulders and arms. It is the realisation of his high conception of the human figure. Fault has been found," he observes, "with the arm;" and he allows that, perhaps, looking at it in one direction it may be open to criticism; "but this," he goes on to say, "was one of many figures intended

by the artist to ornament the great monument of Julius II., and, consequently, designed only to be seen in a certain aspect. It should be remembered, also, that it is an ideal figure as much as the Apollo and the Jupiter."

We will just add, that in spite of the disadvantages of its position, the Moses has found enthusiastic encomiasts among some of the highest authorities in Art; and it is chiefly in modern times that detraction has assailed it. D'Agincourt thus alludes to it*: "Let us cease to dwell on the boundless beard of Moses, and on the extraordinary attitudes of the glorious figures attached to the sarcophagi of the Medici, things very easy to criticise; and let us fix our thoughts on *that* which in execution is above all difficult, and which constitutes the sublime in Art, I mean the expression of life, character, and thought.

"Let this Moses be contemplated with an attention and candour unwarped by prejudice, and it will be found impossible not to recognise in his head, and especially in his look, the inspired mortal admitted to converse with God. If it cannot be denied that in some parts there is fantastical exaggeration, one may say of its author as Voltaire of Homer,—

'Plein de beautés, et de défauts,
Le vieil Homère a mon estime:
Il est, comme tous ses héros,
Trop souvent outré, mais sublime.'"

* D'Agincourt, Storia dell' Arte, vol. iii. p. 323.

At some time within the years 1524 and 1530, Michael Angelo sent his pupil Pietro Urbano di Pistoia to Rome, to place in the church of the Minerva the statue of Christ bearing his Cross, for which he had received a commission from Antonio Metelli. As an academical figure it ranks among the finest works of the moderns. The expression is calm and dignified; the disposition of the hair is graceful; and its anatomical truth and high finish are admirable. But, if it was intended to represent, as is said, the risen Saviour, it fails in the sublime, elevated, and tender expression, proper to such a subject; and, far from conveying the conception of a spiritualised body, displays all the muscular force and energy in which the artist so greatly excelled, but which are here quite out of character. Neither can we otherwise than condemn the absence of all drapery, as an irreverent violation of the conventional types of Christian Art. Yet all that is felt to be wanting in appropriate expression in this fine statue, is to be found in the alto-relievo medallion of the Virgin contemplating a dead Christ, in the chapel of the Hospital of the Poor (Casa dei Poveri) at Genoa. Here we behold maternal tenderness blended with devotion in the Virgin mother, and serene majesty and benignity, even in death, in the Saviour, imprinted on the marble with the deepest and most touching pathos.*

* Cardinal Nicolo Spinola, in his will, dated Rome, 1735, bequeathed this fine work to a relative of his of the same name,

Michael Angelo is great, not only in his finished statues, but appears scarcely less so in those which are little more than indicated. The marble under his stroke seems at once to become animated. Such is the case with his St. Matthew, in the cortile of the Academia of Florence. The figure appears as if struggling to break forth from the marble block in which it is imbedded. His bust of Brutus, also, in spite of its being very much in the rough, expresses, with a sort of vital energy, the deep sentiment and the inflexible purpose of the stern conspirator.

His Dying Adonis is a statue of great beauty, presented within a few years past, by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to the Gallery degli Uffizi. It may be inferred, from the inferior quality of the marble in which it is executed, that it is a work of his youth, as also from its greater conformity to the taste of the Greeks than is to be seen in any of his latter works. In looking at it one cannot but regret that he did not continue to imbue his works with more of that fine style: considering his wonderful powers of execution, what would they not then have been?

Near to the Adonis, and presented like it to the Gallery by the Grand Duke, is an unfinished statue of an Apollo from his chisel, the contours of which are truly graceful, and, like the Adonis, seem to point to an early epoch of his art.

at Genoa, calling it, "La Divina Pietà di Michelagnolo Buonarroti."

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PAINTING OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.—FINISHED IN 1541.

PAUL III. had so much admired, during his recent visit to Michael Angelo, the designs and cartoons prepared for the painting of the Last Judgment, that he adopted with enthusiasm the scheme of his predecessor, and pressed for its immediate commencement. Michael Angelo, no longer impeded by other engagements, and having already deeply studied the subject, was prompt to obey his wishes, and lost no time in preparing the principal additional cartoons required for the completion of the whole subject. This vast painting, which cost him in design and execution eight years of assiduous application and severe labour, was commenced in the year 1533, and terminated in 1541, when he was in his 68th year. At the festival of Christmas, 1541, it was first opened to public view.

The composition and merits of this picture are so well known, by means of numerous drawings and engravings, that, without attempting

in detail any fresh description, we shall give the substance of that which both Vasari and Condivi have left on record; prefacing it, however, by the following sentences, in which our great countryman Flaxman touches on its leading characteristics*:—

"The Last Judgment," says he, "is a consummate work; as sublime and terrific to all beholders in relation to the most important interests of humanity, as it was novel and astonishing to contemporary painters when first exposed to the public, and as it has been since to all admirers of the noblest productions of genius.

"Michael Angelo's composition represents the actual accomplishment of the judgment. The Divine Son, in the midst of saints and apostles, has the books opened by the angels before him, from which every one is judged according to his works. The Christian charities and the deadly sins, with the struggles of good and evil, are most strikingly expressed in characteristic groups immediately below the angels, whilst the dead are rising from their graves in the earth; thus confining the ultimate horror of the scene to a smaller space in the lower part of the altar-piece."

The description given by Vasari and Condivi of this colossal picture, derived probably from Michael Angelo's own lips, will place before our readers

* Flaxman's Lectures, p. 316.

his mind and intention as to its various details. In substance it is as follows: —

In the central space, and considerably beneath the figure of Christ, seven angels are introduced, each sounding a trumpet. They are here supposed to be summoning the dead to judgment from the four quarters of the globe; between them are placed two other angelic figures, each with an open book in his hand, in which it is supposed that every one as he rises will read his past life, and be able to prejudge himself. This portion of the picture is extremely grand; the angelic figures are finely drawn, and their action impressive and animated. At the sound of the trumpets, the graves are imagined to have opened, and the race of mankind to be issuing forth in various and wonderful diversities of condition and gesture: some, as seen in the vision of Ezekiel, having only just united bone to bone; others in a more advanced state of re-production;—here a naked figure looking about him with awe and astonishment; there one partially covered with grave-clothes, which he is in the act of casting off. Among these are some who appear to be scarcely awake, lifting their bewildered inquiring regards to heaven, as if doubful in which direction the Divine Justice calls them. The action of some represents them as breaking through the opening earth with difficulty; while others are stretching their arms heavenwards,

preparing to mount aloft. Many are, as it were, on their upward flight, and have risen to different degrees of elevation. Above the seven angels, and in a central position, is seen the figure of Christ in a human form, with his right hand and arm elevated in a menacing manner, as though pronouncing the awful sentence which is to banish the unrighteous from the glories of his presence. With the left hand he appears to be combining with this action benignant solace and welcome to his true servants. Angels, the ministers of the Divine Will, are seen between heaven and earth, aiding and encouraging the elect, whose celestial flight is impeded by malignant spirits; and rebutting the unrighteous, many of whom are presumptuously attempting to mount towards heaven. Demons, also, are seen pulling them back, the proud by their hair, and the rest in such a way as should best express what have been their most prominent sins. Terror and grief, despair and confusion, are in various ways depicted in the features of the reprobate. Directly beneath them, to the right, is seen Charon in his boat on the dark waters of the Styx, with eyes of flame, and a demoniacal aspect; his uplifted oar is ready to strike any who lag behind, and are reluctant to enter his crazy vessel. Thus urged on, fear changes into desire. On the opposite shore are seen a crowd of the reprobate just landed, and received into the opening ranks of evil spirits. They pass into the presence of Minos, who regulates

the punishment of each, which demons are ready to execute.

The angelic figures throughout are without wings. Their aspect in repelling the condemned bespeaks commiseration, while they manifest a joyful alacrity in aiding the elect. Around the figure of Christ is a vast circle of the resuscitated Blest. The Virgin Mary is placed at his feet, to the right, with the head declined.

In advance of the right-hand group is the Baptist, on the left St. Peter and St. Paul, and between their advancing limbs an animated head peeps out, which is said to be that of Dante. A little behind the two apostles are the figures of Adam and Eve, and below them a prominent group of such saints as are of most common occurrence within the sphere of painting; as St. Andrew with his cross; St. Bartholomew with his skin; St. Lawrence with the gridiron; St. Sebastian and the arrows; St. Catherine with her wheel, &c.

Mingled with and above them are pairs and companies of reunited friends folding each other in fond embrace. They soften by their action the terrors of the scene, and are beautifully imagined. On the right and left, in the upper part of the picture, are seen companies of angels and cherubs in various attitudes, lifting aloft, some the cross, others the pillar and the scourge, the crown of thorns, and the various instruments of the Saviour's passion. The sight of these impressive

emblems is supposed to remind the reprobate of the Divine Love which they slighted, and to animate the redeemed to higher notes of gratitude and praise.

In many respects the great artist has dealt with his subject in a way to excite high admiration; but we have now to allude to a capital defect, which tends to mar the interest of the whole composition. It respects the figure, the bearing, and the expression of the Christ, which, far from uniting the mild majesty of the Redeemer with the sublime dignity of the Judge, is menacing and repulsive in its aspect, and is cast in an ungraceful and Titanic mould.

The upper part of the picture, also, expresses with far less power the bliss and glory of the redeemed than the lower part does the terrors and despair of the reprobate. There is a want of that happy radiant expression of delight and triumph in the various groups of the former which are so admirably portrayed in the Paradiso of Orcagna in S. Maria Novella, at Florence, in that of Signorelli at Orvieto, and in the Paradisaical subjects of Frà Angelico. A sensation of astonishment and doubt appears to pervade even those who find themselves safe within the embraces of Divine Love. But, whatever may be the defects in various particulars, of the upper parts of the picture, the lower parts display in the most wonderful manner the great powers of the painter in giving vivid expression to

the strongest passions and emotions of the human mind under the overwhelming influence of terror and disappointment, of remorse and despair. The proud, the sensual, the avaricious, the envious, all find their types there. Fearfully depicted, also, are the writhings of convulsive agony with which the reprobate are striving to loose themselves from the gripe of the malignant spirits who have seized upon them as their lawful prey.

"Morti li morti, e i vivi parean vivi."

The boat-scene conceived in the very spirit of Dante, is replete with images of terror and wonder, and forms the tragic climax of the lower part of the composition.

The great object of the artist was to touch the highest moral chord in the soul of man,—to exhibit in powerful relief the misery and the odiousness of sin, and to point to a hell within the breast, as its final punishment, even more terrible than any combinations of outward torture. Yet it must be confessed that the highest powers of genius and art prove feeble and impotent when attempting to pourtray scenes and objects such as enter into the composition of this picture. They are so infinitely beyond the scope and the powers of any human pencil, that failure is inevitable.

Before the painting was quite finished, the pope came to view it accompanied by a train of attend-

ants, among whom was his master of the ceremonies, Biagio di Cesena, a grave and grand old gentleman, far more alive to breaches of etiquette than to wonders of Art. He looked around him with astonishment; and upon the pope's inquiring how he was pleased, he replied that such multitudes of naked figures were far more suited to the walls of a Bagnio than to those of a papal chapel. The words grated on Michael Angelo's ears. On the pope's departure he seized his pencil, and so vividly transmuted the features of his Minos, a huge figure, towering with a sweeping tail amidst a mountain of demons, into the portraiture of Biagio, that nobody could mistake the resemblance. The fact became speedily known, and created much merriment; but the Grand Master took it greatly to heart, and went in high displeasure to the pope to vent his indignation. "Where has he placed you?" said the amused pontiff. "Placed me! why, in hell," replied Biagio with emotion. "Alas, then," rejoined the pope, "he has put you beyond the reach of my help: had it only been in Purgatory I might have delivered you, but in hell there is no redemption; *in Inferno nulla est redemptio.*"

Biagio was not singular in his objection to the nudities of the Last Judgment. They formed so signal a departure from the conventional types of ancient Christian Art, as to incur frequent censure, the at length Daniele da Volterra was employed by Paul IV. to add drapery to such of the

figures as were most objected to: he was in consequence nicknamed il Brachettone.* And yet nothing was further from the intention of Michael Angelo than to violate decorum. His aim throughout this painting was, as we have shown, highly moral; but he seems not to have duly considered that few persons contemplated representations of the human form in a state of nature, with the same impassible and artistic feelings as himself.

The great object of this remarkable man, says Vasari, was to paint the human form in the finest proportions and the most diverse attitudes, and to connect with both, the powerful expression of the passions and emotions of the mind; his object being to introduce a taste for the grand style of Art, which he conceived to be best illustrated by the science of the nude.

It has been said that he was indebted to the study of Luca Signorelli's Last Judgment, in the Brizio Chapel of the cathedral of Orvieto, for some of the groups in this picture, more especially for various demoniacal forms. There is some truth in this statement; but the general conception and arrangement of the upper and middle parts of his painting are far more akin to the corresponding parts of the great picture of the same subject by Andrea and Bernardo Orcagna in the Campo Santo of Pisa. The uplifted arms of the Christ, the place allotted to the Virgin, the an-

* The Breeches-maker.

gels with the trumpets beneath, in the centre of the picture, are resemblances too significant to be mistaken.

In the lower part of the picture he is the Dante of painting: the Charon, the Boat, the Minos, with all their terrific accompaniments, vividly recall the descriptions of the "Inferno" of the great father of Tuscan song. This mixture of sacred and profane subjects is evidently incongruous, but Milton and Tasso have also sanctioned it, and its adoption is to be traced to the difficulty created by the almost entire absence of any positive description of the condition of the condemned in the Holy Scriptures. There, all is exclusively spiritual.

Spectators of the Last Judgment, in the present day, only contemplate a ruined semblance of what that picture once was. It has long since become dark and dingy from the lurid smoke of volumes of incense and of innumerable wax candles, which for more than three hundred years have been deleteriously acting upon it. The high altar being placed directly against the picture, these pernicious influences continually pervade its surface, which is altogether robbed of its glazing tints, and of every vestige of its primitive freshness. A gaunt expression is thus imprinted upon the countenances even of the finest heads, and unnatural prominence imparted to the muscular markings of the figures. The lower part of the picture also is so obscured, that excepting when the sun shines

brightly on it, no spectator can appreciate its terrific wonders, or duly conceive with what dreadful forms and faces it is thronged.

"Of his works in the Sistine Chapel," says Platner, "the Last Judgment was for a long time considered to be the masterpiece. The admirers of the artist among his contemporaries, who by their unconditional admiration for him usually fell into extravagances, declared it to be the most perfect production, both of ancient and modern times, and asserted that in this work Michael Angelo had no less surpassed himself than all other painters that had lived before his time.* It is only since the end of the last century that the opposite opinion, with which we perfectly coincide, commenced to be more prevalent among German artists and critics. According to this view, the paintings of the ceiling are superior to that colossal picture. It is remarkable, that the unfair detractors, who at a later time rose against him, agreed with those unconditional admirers of the artist, in recognising in the Last Judgment the most important of his works†; and as his admirers found in this painting chiefest matter for admiration, so the latter made it the principal subject of their criticism. Some of the defects which they censured in this work are not un-

* Platner, Beschreibung der Stadt Rom. v. i. p. 498.

† This is the expression of Varchi, in the funeral oration which he delivered at the burial of Michael Angelo, as well as of Vasari in his biography of the artist.

founded; but the censure became groundless and unfair, by its unconditional and general application to the character of the artist, and to the whole extent of his artistic powers.

"We may remark, in general, that Michael Angelo's bold and sublime imagination is not always accompanied by a pure and correct taste like that of Raphael; and hence, although in several of his works he gives the most perfect satisfaction, and excites the highest admiration, his partiality for the bold and extraordinary led him, in others, to transgress the limits of propriety and consistency, of which the upper part of the Last Judgment contains striking examples.

"The formation of his countenances, in accordance with the character of the subjects he represented, is far more individual than in the ideal works of the ancients. In the ceiling-paintings of the Sistine Chapel there is no want of individual variety, not even in the representation of naked figures; but in the Last Judgment he is more monotonous in that respect.

"The one-sided opinion about this artist, founded upon the last-mentioned work, has also given rise to the assertion, which has been pronounced without limitation, and is therefore thoroughly false, that his female and youthful figures do not answer to the character of their sex and age. It is true that in the Last Judgment the women are without the grace that becomes them, and the angels, intended

to be youthful, are too manly; but the paintings of the Sistine ceiling show the most beautiful female and youthful forms. It should, however, be observed, that his human figures, in respect of their necessary differences of age and sex, must be looked at with reference to the peculiarity of the ideal world of the artist. The children in the ceiling-paintings are of the greatest beauty, and perfectly accord with their youthful character; but those of the Last Judgment must be looked at chiefly with reference to the world of giants in which we see them. If we keep this consideration in view, it seems to be a contradiction, when Winckelman called Michael Angelo 'wonderful in strong bodies,' and then observed, that of his female and youthful figures he had made 'in frame, attitude, and gestures, creatures of a different world;' by which, in this disapproving sense, we can only understand a world produced by an arbitrary process of the imagination, and whose figures are beyond the possibility of natural beings. If this were the case with the female and youthful figures of the artist, it ought also to be applicable to the male ones, because the latter are in perfect harmony of character with the former. If, on the other hand, we would imagine the figure of a child in a painting of Michael Angelo, in which the other figures are formed in the character of real nature, it would then certainly make the impression of a creature from a different world, because its form would appear in contradic-

tion with the type prevailing in the whole of the work.

"Michael Angelo has not unfrequently shown the expression of the soul in an admirable manner; but sometimes it is vague, or even a complete failure, as is the case especially in several portions of the Last Judgment.

"His partiality for drawing the human figure in its natural state became more and more exclusive as he advanced in age, and led him, in his representation of the Last Judgment, to renounce drapery almost entirely. He seems, as Vasari observes, to have thought it beneath the dignity of Art to occupy himself with other subjects than the human figure, and therefore declined paying any attention in his paintings to the landscapes and architectural subjects of this every-day world. This, however, proves that his views were more those of a sculptor than of a painter.

"Modern writers on Art speak of the colouring and the distribution of light and shade in the paintings of Michael Angelo, as if they were things which did not exist at all. The admiration of his contemporaries, too, refers principally to his designs, in comparison with which he may have considered the colouring as a subordinate part of the Art, for his taste was pre-eminently plastic, and he accordingly confined painting to some extent within the sphere of sculpture.

"But we are at a loss to see what fresco-paintings,

at least among those seen at Rome, can be placed on an equality with his, if we except those of Raphael. His carnation is true and uncommonly fresh; simple indeed, as the grand and ideal character of his Art requires it, but by no means monotonous or without variety in the different figures. An excellent taste and a very harmonious combination prevail in the colours of his draperies, which, like those of Raphael and the earlier artists, mostly play from one into another. A characteristic representation of the materials would have been opposed to his ideal style, and cannot therefore be expected to be found in his works. Fresco-painting, moreover, must have suited his taste much more than oil-paintings, and it is doubtful whether he ever practised the latter. We only know that he thought very little of it, and that in this opinion he went so far as to declare it an occupation suited only for women.

"The roundness and the plastic character of the subjects in the paintings of this artist, seem to be unsurpassable. In the masses of light and shade they are no less grand than in their forms, and hence they have a mighty effect upon the senses. In the Last Judgment this artistic distribution of light and shade appears only in separate groups, for he did not attempt to produce a general effect of it in this work."

So intimate is the connection between the scenery of Dante in his Inferno, and the lower part of the

painting of the Last Judgment, that the admirers of both have reason to deplore the loss by shipwreck of a folio edition of *La Divina Commedia*, in the ample margins of which Michael Angelo had designed, with wonderful spirit, the principal objects and personages of that marvellous poem.

CHAPTER V.

PAINTS, IN HIS SEVENTY-FIRST YEAR, THE PAULINE CHAPEL.— CONSULTED BY PAUL III. UPON THE MURAL DEFENCES OF ROME. — EFFECTS OF ADVANCING AGE. — ENERGY WITH WHICH HE HAD HANDLED THE CHISEL IN PAST DAYS.

MICHAEL ANGELO enjoyed two or three years of comparative leisure and repose after completing the Last Judgment; but his artistic powers were again called into action when he was in his seventy-first year by Paul III., who was anxious that the walls of a chapel which he had erected beneath the Sistine, from the designs of San Gallo, and which he had denominated from his own name, the Pauline, should be decorated by him with fresco paintings. He would gladly have declined this commission, from feeling that his physical powers were becoming unequal to the required exertion, but he knew not how to refuse the pressing request of a pontiff who had shown him so much preference and personal kindness. The subjects selected were the Conversion of St. Paul and the Crucifixion of St. Peter. Of the two, the former is the best conceived and most spirited composition. The Apostle is introduced in the foreground, struck down, as it were,

and confounded by the glory of the insufferable light, supposed to proceed from the presence of Christ, who appears in the sky surrounded by Angels. The attendants are either raising the fallen persecutor, or are flying in trepidation and astonishment. His horse, divested of its rider, and furiously curvetting, forms a prominent central figure. The second subject is less happy in its treatment. The aspect of the aged Peter attached to the Cross, with his head downwards, is meek and venerable, but the composition as a whole is too straggling. Scarcely a ray of light reaches this picture, except when the chapel is illuminated on occasion of public functions. Both paintings are also blackened by the smoke of incense and candles.

These, the last productions of the pencil of Buonarroti, were finished at the advanced age of seventy-five. The labour of fresco painting on a great scale is extreme, and it cost him, on this occasion, as he assured Vasari, overpowering fatigue. As compared with the free, grand, and masterly pencilling of his works in the Sistine Chapel, the execution of these is deficient in spirit and energy. They may be regarded as forming the Odyssey of his Art.

The ceiling of the chapel was to have been adorned with stuccoes, and paintings in fresco from his designs, by Perino del Vaga, the pupil of Raphael, but his death prevented it.

About this time he was consulted by Paul III. upon the merits of a plan prepared by San Gallo for improving the defences of Rome in that part of the city called the Borgo. A conference accordingly took place between the two artists on the spot, in the presence of the pope, when they so much differed in opinion that at length San Gallo growing warm, insinuated that painting and sculpture were the proper province of Michael Angelo, and not the construction of military defences. He, who naturally prided himself upon the fame which he had acquired by his operations of this description at the siege of Florence, replied that he did, it was true, know something of the arts referred to, but that he had also given so much study to the science of fortification, as possibly to render his authority upon such matters quite equal to that of San Gallo, or any of his school. He then pointed out his objections to the plan upon which he had been consulted; and the pope, falling in with them, finally adopted his views.

The time was now come when his increasing infirmities led him to decline accepting any fresh commissions for works of sculpture, but he continued to practise the art by way of recreation or health. In this spirit he frequently worked upon a group which he intended should grace an altar, beneath which his own remains might repose. The subject was, a dead Christ supported by the Virgin-mother, to whom another female figure is

ministering. Nicodemus is introduced near them, in a standing posture. The figures are beyond the natural size, and are all in a very unfinished condition, excepting the body of the Christ, the plastic expression and the anatomy of which are very fine. Owing to the untractableness of the marble, he never finished this group. It is now to be seen behind the great altar of the Cathedral of Florence, and bears upon it the following inscription:—

POSTREMUM MICHAELIS ANGELI BONAROTÆ OPUS
QUAMVIS AB ARTIFICE OB VITIUM MARMORIS NEGLECTUM
EXIMIUM TAMEN ARTIS CANONA
COSMUS III. MAGN. DUX ETRURIÆ
ROMA JAM ADVECTUM HIC P. I. ANNO
1722.

Blasio di Vignere, who had been admitted to his studio, has left behind him the following graphic description of the energy and certitude of stroke with which Michael Angelo was wont to pursue his sculptural labours:—

"I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year, and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour, as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four hours,—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labour that I almost thought the whole

work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark, that had he passed it even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole; since any such injury, unlike the case of works in plaster or stucco, would have been irreparable." *

Among many other beautiful models executed by him, Marriette mentions one in which he had attempted a restoration, on a small scale, of the famous Torso of the Belvidere, the frequent object of his study and contemplation. In this form it was made to represent a Hercules reposing from his labours.

In the course of the year 1545, Titian visited Rome, where he was graciously and hospitably received by the Pope, and lodged in the Palace of the Belvidere. At Rome he found Vasari, who gladly accompanied him through the city, on a tour of Art. In a letter to Titian, dated October, 1545, Pietro Aretino expresses the deep interest with which he should hear what were the impressions made upon him by the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael; and also in what degree he conceived the former had rivalled in his sculpture the statues of the classical epochs. He also adds how curious he feels to be informed what he thinks of the Roman style adopted by Sebastian del Piombo. It is much

* Marriette's Notes to Condivi, p. 188.

to be regretted that there is no direct reply to these inquiries; but Vasari, in another place, tells us that he was astonished and delighted with the works of Art both at Rome and at Florence.*

One day Michael Angelo, accompanied by Vasari, visited Titian at his apartments in the Belvidere, to see his celebrated picture of Jupiter descending upon Danaë in a shower of gold.† They paid him high compliments upon it, and they were most sincere, for Michael Angelo was a warm admirer of the works of this great artist. On coming away, however, he added what, of course, he could not say in his presence,—that, although his colouring and style were extremely fine, it was much to be regretted that, at Venice, painters were not more carefully instructed, during their youth, in the principles of correct drawing, and that their studies were not conducted on a better method: for instance, he added, it would be impossible to surpass this man were he as great in design and in the learning of Art as he is highly gifted by nature,—this would enable him to turn to the best account his studies from the life: he has an uncommonly fine genius, and a most graceful and spirited manner. In fact, he continued, no one who has not assiduously studied drawing, and also the most perfect models, ancient

* Egli (Tiziano) giunto a Firenze, vedute le rare cose di quella città, rimase stupefatto, non meno, che avesse fatto di quelle di Roma. Vasari, vol. xiii. p. 373.

† Now in the Royal Gallery at Naples.

and modern, will ever be able to design with truth and confidence, nor be capable of perfecting studies from the life, by imparting to them that grace and perfection which is beyond Nature, for she is scarcely ever free from certain imperfections.

These observations, so interesting and important as coming from such an authority, glance at principles which might be expanded into a treatise upon the "beau ideal," and the great style in Art. In applying them, however, to the works of Titian, they must be received with some qualification; for, although it is true that his fondness for colour led him too much to neglect design, and although the types of his Madonnas are very inferior to the finest of the Roman and Florentine schools, yet, in his most celebrated works, — the Peter Martyr, for instance, and the Martyrdom of St. Laurence,—he has manifested great powers of design, as well as unrivalled depth and richness of colour. In the latter of these pictures, the drawing of the body of St. Laurence is so grand, that it reminds one of the style of Michael Angelo himself; nor is this picture less remarkable for its fine colouring than for its optical illusions. To another of his finest works, the Assumption, the criticisms of Buonarroti forcibly apply.* In grouping, in composition, in depth, and splendour of colour, it is truly admirable; but the ascending Virgin is scarcely raised in expression

* Vasari, Vit. Tiz. vol. xiii. p. 362 and 369.

above the type of a handsome Italian peasant girl, whereas, beneath the pencil of Raphael, her features would have been formed in some such mould of intellectual beauty and dignity as the Madonna de San Sisto, or di Foligno.

What would not Titian have been, said Sebastian del Piombo, one day, to Vasari, if early in life he could have seen and studied the models of ancient sculpture at Rome, and the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

CHAPTER VI.

ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S. — CAUSES OF ITS DEMOLITION. — VARIOUS PLANS PROPOSED FOR THE NEW FABRIC. — THAT OF BRAMANTE PREFERRED. — FOUNDATION-STONE LAID OF THE MODERN ST. PETER'S. — ARCHITECTS SUCCESSIVELY EMPLOYED TO SUPERINTEND IT. — MICHAEL ANGELO FINALLY APPOINTED. — PROGRESS AND COMPLETION OF THE BUILDING. — NOTICE OF THE OTHER ARCHITECTURAL WORKS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE cupola of St. Peter's imparts a character to Rome, the loss of which would rob it of its crowning feature. No stranger who for the first time visits the Eternal City, can ever forget the enthusiasm with which the conductor of his vehicle, be it what it may, directs his attention to it at a distance of twenty miles, while he draws in his reins to allow of its outline being seen above the horizon. When the visitant of Rome becomes familiar with the picturesque scenery of its neighbourhood, he will find how much it owes to the presiding effect of this grand object. It is beautiful in the morning dawn, when it catches in purple softness the first rays of the orb of day; it is imposing, when lighted up by its mid-day splendour; and when evening comes, its fine form, viewed from the

Pincio, imprints itself in dark shade upon the bright western sky, whilst scintillations of golden radiance break through its opposite windows.

Before entering upon the history of this noble edifice, we will state various interesting particulars relative to its venerable predecessor, the ancient basilica of St. Peter's, persuaded that they will prove equally acceptable to the amateur and the archæologist.

The area of the ancient basilica of St. Peter comprehended about half that of the present church. It was erected by the Emperor Constantine to the honour of that apostle, and consecrated A. D. 324. The south-eastern side rested on the foundations of the circus of Nero*, whence, possibly, arose the unusual orientalism of this the principal church of Western Europe, whose entrance is towards the *east*, and the altar to the *west*. The dimensions of this edifice were very considerable; the length being about 435 feet, exclusive of a spacious area, or atrium, called, in the age of the revival, "Il Paradiso," and the width about 248 feet. The bronze cone which had once graced the summit of the Mausoleum of Hadrian, and now adorns the gardens of the Vatican, was placed in the centre of the atrium under a roofed portico, where it struck the pilgrim's eye as a symbol of the wonderful triumph

* The form and dimensions of this circus are given in vol. iv. tav. iii. of Canina's Edifizi di Roma Antica.

VIEW OF THE SOUTH EAST FRONT OF THE ANCIENT BASILICA

achieved by Christianity over that Imperial power, which, during three centuries, had vainly laboured to compass its annihilation.

Though inferior in dimension to the Ulpian basilica (the finest of the many celebrated courts of justice in ancient Rome), that of the Vatican corresponded with it in form and general arrangement. This style was adopted from being found the most convenient and appropriate to Christian worship.

The church was divided into five parts by four rows of columns, consisting of a nave about 78 feet wide by the whole length, with two aisles on either side. Some idea of the magnitude of this church may be formed by the fact, that the entire cathedral of Canterbury, from the west end to the high altar, exclusive of Becket's tomb, might be contained in the nave alone.

One hundred columns of the rarest marble, the spoils of temples and imperial edifices freely used for this purpose, supported the roofs and superstructure. Of these, 46 in the nave (about 28 feet high) sustained the classical entablature and the wall above, making a total height of about 130 feet. As the requisite supply of large columns failed for the side aisles, smaller shafts (also 46 in number, and about 20 feet high), placed on pedestals, made out by this device, the corresponding height. These carried arches from column to column, in-

stead of the classical frieze*, a style employed in most of the sacred edifices of a proximate date, in consequence of the deficiency, in this period of degraded art, of materials and artificers, for the construction of that trabeated entablature which constituted one of the chief glories of classical architecture.†

This substitution of small arches for the regular frieze was one of the earliest corruptions of Roman architecture; and we may trace in it, and in the general plan and style of the Vatican basilica,—the germ of that new style which prevailed throughout Europe, during a great part of the middle ages, under the terms Romanesque, Lombard, Saxon, and Norman, all of which are but so many varieties of the same generic principle of architecture which finally resolves itself into the basilica.

A transept, extending north and south a little beyond the breadth of the entire basilica and opening at the centre into an apsidal tribune nearly corresponding with the width of the nave, imparted to the plan the form of the cross. Two columns at either end of this transept, completed, with those of

* Canina, in his work on ancient Christian churches, p. 106. fol., Roma, 1846, has shown that arches were thus introduced from the difficulty of procuring a due supply of marble entablature from the palaces or temples robbed of their columns for such purposes as are above stated. Columns were much more easily moved without injury, than masses of entablature.

† Bonanni Templi Vaticani Historia, cap. xvii.

the nave and aisles, the exact number—one hundred — to which, probably, the idea of sanctity and completeness was attached.

The apse of the Tribune was richly decorated with mosaics, representing, amidst apocalyptic emblems, the colossal figure of Christ between St. Peter and St. Paul: these were probably as old as the fabric itself, for they required repair or renewal in the seventh century. The Arch of Triumph also, dividing the nave from the transept, was adorned in a similar style; and the lofty walls above the entablature of the nave, as well as those of the transepts, were ornamented either with paintings or mosaics of scriptural subjects, or with effigies of saints and bishops.

The roof was decorated with bronze tiles, originally gilt, taken, by consent of the Emperor Heraclius, from the Temple of Venus and Rome, built by Hadrian on the Sacred Way near the Coliseum.* The central gates also were of bronze, taken by Constantine, as it was pretended, from the Temple of Solomon, enclosed in an architrave of Siena marble. On entering, the Baldaquin, or high altar, was seen in the centre of the transept, opposite the tribune, and sixty-eight altars were in process of time introduced against the surrounding walls or columns, presenting altogether an imposing aspect; of which those who remember the magnifi-

* Bonanni, cap. xvii. Canina, Temp. Christ. p. 105. &c.

cent basilica of St. Paul, and its forest of classical columns, on the Via Ostia, before its disastrous conflagration in 1823, may form a more correct idea than others possibly can.

The approach to the basilica from the east was by five flights of steps, about 145 feet wide, leading to a vestibule having three entrances. These conducted to the atrium, or Paradiso, which was surrounded by a covered columnar portico, 24 feet high, surmounted with arches; its width was nearly similar. The basilica, including the atrium, covered a space of upwards of 700 feet by 260. The eastern end of the basilica formed one of the sides of the atrium. It was ornamented with mosaics of a much later period than those of the interior, for here we find the figure of the Virgin associated with that of Christ, and below them, Apostles and Saints all on a ground of gold. In the fourteenth century the celebrated navicella of Giotto, a copy of which is to be seen within the portico of the modern St. Peter's, was also introduced.* A row on either side of cir-

* "La parte superiore del medesimo prospetto si dimostra aver conservato sino al tempo della sua anzi detta distinzione la decorazione figurata in musaico che venne per l'ultima volta fatta eseguire da Gregorio IV., e restaurata da Gregorio IX., come si contestava da una apposita iscrizione, &c., &c.

"Gràvi nell' ordine superiore effigiato il Salvatore, con la beata Vergine; e nell' ordine inferiore San Pietro con Gregorio IV., e quindi tra le finestri gli evangelisti," &c. — *Canina*, pp. 106. and 107.

cular-headed windows lighted the interior; and in the tympanum of the gable was a small circular window, possibly the original of those *Catherine-wheel* windows, which, expanding to diameters of 30 to 40 feet, constituted the glory of the gables in the western churches of Europe in subsequent ages.

In the thirteenth century a further variation of great import arose amongst the mediæval architects, from the contemplation of those far nobler modes of construction than the timber roof of the Basilica, the incombustible and magnificent vaults of brick and stone which covered the Temple of Peace and the Roman baths; requiring new principles of abutment and of structure. To rival these now became the universal aim and ambition of Europe. And though it is not our province to dilate upon this topic, it is important to notice it as marking the progress of the revival, and of a finer taste in the elegant arts, more especially in that of architecture.*

For upwards of eleven hundred years this venerable fabric had retained its original character; and though it occasionally suffered from partial fires, barbarian ravages, or those of Time, the successive

* For various suggestions, admeasurements, and technical details, contained in this chapter, the author is indebted to his late lamented, and incomparable friend, the Commendatore Canina, and to his learned and accomplished friend C. R. Cockerell, R. A., whose readiness at all times to contribute to researches of this nature is well known.

popes were prompt to repair any such damages, and to multiply its decorations.

The pencil of Giotto was employed by Benedict XII., in the year 1340, for this purpose. The apse was the first part which betrayed symptoms of positive decay. It frequently underwent reparations; indeed, the stability of the whole edifice at length appeared so questionable in the fifteenth century, that Nicholas V. projected, A. D. 1447, its entire reconstruction. Plans for this purpose were prepared by Bernardo Rosselini, aided by the renowned Florentine architect Battista Alberti, but with what degree of conformity to its original style is not known.

The death of Nicholas put a stop to the scheme; but the reconstruction of the tribune at the west end, on an enlarged scale, though without any demolition of the old one, had previously commenced, and its walls had risen some feet above the pavement of the church. Paul II. expended considerable sums in furtherance of its erection, but it remained unfinished at the time of his death. This state of things appears to have continued through several successive pontificates, till, as we have already shown, a cause, personal to himself, directed the energetic and ambitious mind of Julius II. to a serious consideration of the condition of the entire basilica.

He had not only felt anxious that his own tomb, from the chisel of Michael Angelo, should occupy

a striking position within its walls, but his presumptuous intention, in the first instance, was to have devoted the new tribune — the most conspicuous feature of the whole church — to this purpose. Soon, however, the necessity of a reconstruction of the ancient edifice became apparent from the researches of a commission appointed by him, with special reference to the collocation of the intended tomb.

Out of these inquiries originated the scheme, promoted by Bramante and his friends, of entirely removing the old church, and of erecting one in its place which should transcend any other sacred edifice in Christendom in stateliness and splendour. Within its walls it was argued, that the projected tomb might occupy a commanding position, and thus do signal honour to the memory of its founder.

The ardent mind of Julius fired at a project so congenial to his ambition. He first employed Giuliano San Gallo to prepare the plans; but subsequently his confidence was transferred to Bramante, a man of a much finer taste, and whose influence over him was fostered by that of Raphael and of Balthasar Peruzzi, that modest but distinguished master of classical architecture.

In the competition which naturally arose on such an occasion, the opinion of so distinguished an artist and confidant of the Pope as Michael Angelo could not but have a considerable weight; and per-

haps there is no tribute to the genius of Bramante more honourable than that which is so well expressed in one of his letters quoted by Vasari.

"Bramante," writes Michael Angelo "was unquestionably as able an architect as any that has appeared in modern times. He laid the foundation stone of St. Peter's upon a plan that was free from confusion in its parts; graceful, simple, luminous, sufficiently isolated also as not to interfere with the palace and its accompaniments. It was and is justly esteemed a beautiful arrangement; so much so, that every one who, like San Gallo, has essentially differed from the dispositions of Bramante, has deviated from the truth: this will be manifest upon a dispassionate survey of San Gallo's model."

Bramante, thus installed, proceeded to demolish with unsparing hand the venerable basilica; but, in the mode of effecting it, justly incurred the severe censure of Michael Angelo on account of the want of care and of mechanical skill with which the magnificent classical columns which adorned it were taken down; in consequence of which, many of them were fractured and irreparably injured.

Those lovers of Christian antiquity and of early art who deplore the loss of this ancient church and of its mosaics and paintings, may console themselves by the conviction, that, under no circumstances, would it have been allowed to retain its own proper and venerable features:

witness the blind zeal in favour of classical models exhibited by the revival architects, by means of which most of the early Christian churches throughout Italy were modernised and adulterated. It cannot be supposed that the church of St. Peter's, in its dilapidated condition, would have escaped this innovating process.

On the 18th of April, 1506, Julius II. laid the foundation stone of the new church, in the presence of an immense multitude, and encompassed by all the ceremonial splendour of the papal court; cardinals and prelates, princes and nobles.

"Wonderful was it to behold the Pope," says Grimaldus, "descend even to the foundation, determined in his great heart to carry through the mighty undertaking in vindication of Holy Church, —intrepid in the midst of the pressing crowd, which menaced the surrounding fences and overhanging buildings,—without faltering through that giddiness to which aged persons are often subject. Bold, and favoured by the Deity himself, he approached the foundation stone of an edifice which was to be the future wonder of the world. Alone with the architect, and unattended by the court or any of the prelates, he laid the first stone in white marble on which was inscribed—

"EDEM PRINCIPIS APOSTOLORUM IN VATICANO,
VETUSTATE ET SITU SQUALLENTUM, A FUNDAMENTIS
RESTITUIT JULIUS II. LIGUR. PONT. MAX. ANNO 1506."

On the reverse: —

"INSTAURATIO BASILICÆ APOSTOLORUM
PETRI ET PAULI, PER JULIUM II. PONT. MAX. VATICANUM."

Julius, after watching the progress of this great undertaking for seven years, died in 1513, and his decease was quickly followed by that of Bramante. Great was the embarrassment arising from this event; for such had been the characteristic hurry and carelessness of the impetuous Bramante, and so little had he prepared for the possible contingency of his own death, that no model or distinct indication of the plan adopted could be found, either in the hands of the papal government or in the studio of the deceased. In this perplexing emergency the new Pope, Leo X., applied to the accomplished Raphael d'Urbino, the relative, admirer, and pupil of the lamented architect, who was well acquainted with the general views and aspirations of his master in this great work, and who, cognisant as he was of all the forms of art, was alone found capable of explaining the intentions and design of Bramante in their detail.

This task was performed by the amiable and highly-gifted painter, then scarcely more than twenty years old, with all that modesty and reverence for his departed friend and master which marked his character.

The plan thus restored is given by his cotemporary Serlio in his third book, page 37.; but no elevation has been preserved, so that we are left

in the dark as to its external architecture. That of the projected cupola, however, does exist, and is to be found at page 40. of the same book of Serlio. Bramante proposed, by a bold conception, *to raise the Pantheon in the air*, at a great elevation, surrounding it with an elegant and unbroken peristyle of the Corinthian order, and placing a lantern at the top. But however graceful this composition, its execution, according to the plan given by Serlio, has been pronounced impossible by competent authorities; and Bramante, with whose soaring genius second thoughts were always needful, must have submitted greatly to alter its form and structure before he could have hazarded the erection of so faulty a design. Already he had raised the four piers which were to have received this aërial Pantheon, and the arches were also turned.

Another merit of this scheme was the nave, of 90 feet span, covered with a vaulted ceiling of solid structure, springing from a single colossal order and entablature 101 feet high. This span was subsequently reduced to 75 feet in consequence of the necessity of strengthening the foundations of the four central piers. The whole exhibited a striking departure from the previous practice of interior architecture of ecclesiastical buildings, either in the basilica form or in the German Gothic with *triforium*. This new style was originated by the architect Alberti, in the church of St. Andrew at Mantua, founded in the year 1432.

The further prosecution of the work was now committed by Leo X. to Raphael and Giuliano San Gallo; and to their local knowledge and experience was added the consummate learning of Fra Giocondo of Verona, an architect, engineer, and scholar of the highest repute, already in the service of the Emperor Maximilian, of Louis XII. of France, and of his own government of Venice. Though upwards of eighty years old at this juncture, he was still capable of guiding this vast undertaking in the most effectual manner; for, in consequence of his interference, the foundations of the four piers were greatly strengthened, though Michael Angelo subsequently found it needful still further to add to their solidity. Fra Giocondo was a master of the engineering art. He had built the bridge of Notre Dame at Paris, that over the Adige at Verona, besides various fortifications in the Venetian States; his assistance, therefore, on the present occasion must have been most useful.

The commission of the three architects was of brief duration, for the shattered state of San Gallo's health prevented his active interference. It is supposed that Fra Giocondo did not remain long in Rome, so that the chief labour finally rested with Raphael; but he himself was cut off in A. D. 1520, to the inexpressible grief of his contemporaries. Leo X. also died in the following year, and thus after eight years a new direction was to be imparted to the work.

Leo X. left the papal coffers in a condition little suited to carry on so gigantic a project as that of the modern St. Peter's. The enormous drain upon his finances from public causes, added to his own profuse personal expenditure, had proved so embarrassing, that after vainly endeavouring to relieve himself by an appeal to the Roman Catholic States for voluntary contributions, he finally resorted to that unprincipled mode, already noticed, of raising money by indulgences, the recoil of which was the Reformation.

The pecuniary result of this iniquitous traffic was so small that Leo had come to the conviction that the magnificent plan of Bramante must be greatly contracted; and for this purpose he had, after the death of Raphael, applied to Balthasar Peruzzi, whose high reputation for taste and invention, acquired by a long study of classical architecture, entitled him to this distinction. Balthasar prepared a plan based upon the central arrangement of Bramante, but abandoning his lengthened nave in the form of the Latin cross, and his entrance portico; and reducing the church to the Greek cross, terminating in hemicycles, at the extremities of which four gates of entrance were projected. The high altar was to be placed in the centre, under the great dome 135 feet in diameter, with small sacristies or chapels at the four corners, surmounted with smaller domes 51 feet in diameter. A plan of it has been preserved by Serlio. This

plan, though possessed of great beauties, was evidently the fruit of economical considerations. These indeed were so paramount that, during twelve years after the death of Leo, nothing whatever was attempted in furtherance of the great work. Within this period Adrian VI. had been raised to the pontificate, and had greatly contributed to this apathy by his personal indifference to the Fine Arts; and Clement VII., though animated by the artistic and literary tastes of his family, found his treasury empty; and, finally, became so impoverished, in consequence of the severe misfortunes and adversities which marked his reign, that he did nothing more for the fabric of St. Peter's than some advancement of the new tribune. He died in 1534. His successor, Paul III., had spent large sums in repairing and embellishing the Roman churches, and was most anxious to resume the works of St. Peter's.

Balthasar Peruzzi died (1536) in extreme poverty two years after the elevation of this pontiff. As architect of St. Peter's he had received a small salary, which had been his chief resource. Yet small as it was, this sum, and the honour which it implied, excited the envy of a rival ; and his noble talents, in their full force at the age of fifty-six, were cut short, as it was supposed, by poison.

Antonio San Gallo, nephew of Giuliano San Gallo, was now commissioned by the pontiff to remodel the scheme of Bramante. He was in great repute, and

was the author not only of many remarkable engineering works, as the well at Orvieto, the fortifications of Civita Vecchia, the restoration of the foundations of the Church of the Madonna of Loretto,—a marvellous undertaking in itself,—but also of the celebrated Palazzo Farnese, and of many other works; among which may be enumerated the fugitive glory of the triumphal arches and decorations which graced the visit of the Emperor Charles V. to Rome, A.D. 1536. Having long been in the service of the Pope, and enjoyed his entire favor, he addressed himself to his new employment with the greatest confidence, and prepared a most elaborate model, still preserved in an upper chapel on the leads of St. Peter's. This model was itself an edifice, being 28 feet long by 18 feet wide, and was executed at an expense of 4,000 scudi.

Of this model Bonanni has given two plates, which present a composition made up of an assemblage of various features of ancient and modern architecture.

San Gallo adopted in this plan the Greek cross of Peruzzi, but combined with it a vast vestibule, giving altogether an elongation equal to the Latin cross of Bramante. The great dome is surrounded with a double order of columns above columns.

A frittered effect is the result of San Gallo's composition, and the architect appears to have been put to difficulty to eke out the needful

clothing for the vast elevation of the fabric. He attains it by one small order superposed on another, and by an attic stretched beyond its legitimate height. Thus San Gallo surrounds his edifice (about 136 feet in height) by a Doric order of 58 feet only, by a lofty attic of unexampled altitude, and above this by an Ionic order. The demerits of the scheme were frankly pointed out by Michael Angelo, who, in consequence of the death of San Gallo in 1546, had been appointed architect of St. Peter's. He said of it publicly, that the interior would be deficient in light; that it failed in unity of design, and was loaded with meretricious ornaments; exhibiting a strange compound of columns upon columns, of pyramids and points; and was neither conformable to a fine classical taste, nor to the best taste of the moderns.

In contrast with this design, he formed a new plan, simple and majestic, a model of which he executed in fifteen days, and at an expense of only twenty-five scudi. It exhibited a single order of 108 feet, of a magnitude unexampled in ancient or in modern times; for the order of the great Temple of Balbec, the loftiest of antiquity, is only 81 feet.

This order he surmounted by an attic of 32 feet, making the front altogether 140 feet high. Thus, to a gigantic design he superadded gigantic features appropriate to its colossal dimensions, and imposing by real magnitude, as well as by quantity and numbers.

In this plan he restored the church to the Greek cross, a form much more adapted than any other to impart due effect to its leading and central feature, the grand cupola, whether viewed from within or from without. As respected the elevation of the interior, no choice was left him; for the piers, the tribune, and the large order of pilasters, had already so far advanced as absolutely to determine the configuration projected by Bramante. But in the exterior elevation he followed his own choice, by establishing a perfect uniformity with the interior by the lofty Corinthian order already described.

Trusting to the surrounding objects of the landscape to convey the superiority of the scale, Michael Angelo, with the freedom of a great genius and devotee of Art, calmly awaited the decision of the Pope and his advisers upon the respective merits of the two plans, turning a deaf ear to the clamours of the San Gallo party. That decision was quickly given in his favour. The economy of the proposed structure itself was in the spirit of that of the model: he computed that, by adopting it, fifty years of labour, and 300,000 scudi * would be

* By the *scudo*, in the above, and in other passages of this biography, is meant the scudo d'oro, weighing about 52½ grains, and worth, according to the present standard value of silver, 8*s*. 6*d*. The golden ducat, in the time of Leo X., and the sequin of Venice, were worth much about the same as the scudo d'oro. No papal silver scudi existed till the reign of Clement VII. This coin bore the name of ducat, and was struck at the time that Clement was besieged in the Castle

saved to the public. Thus the better taste and the superior conception of the great sculptor finally carried all disinterested suffrages, and Michael Angelo, at the advanced age of seventy-two years, entered upon the arduous duties of architect of St. Peter's.

When first invited to this undertaking by the Pope, he was so fully aware of its heavy responsibility, and of the jealousy which would inevitably accompany his acceptance of the office, that he earnestly begged permission to decline the gracious offer; modestly declaring that architecture was not his profession. But he had used a similar argument when Julius II. had invited him to decorate, as a painter, the ceiling of the Sistine chapel: the sublime result in the one case promised equal success in the other, and the Pope persisted in pressing the vacant office upon him with an earnestness and tenacity which left him no door of escape. Crowned as he already was with so many honours, and anxiously seeking repose, he might well write to Vasari:—"I call God to witness that it is against my wish and by force only that I accept this office." And to Ammanato:—"If my model is approved I must be the loser greatly, for I am not well; and I beg you will urge this fact on his Holiness."

of St. Angelo, A. D. 1527. It may therefore be considered as a siege-piece, and not as current coin. The first pope who struck silver scudi was Sixtus V.

The perfect sincerity of these professions was proved by his first act; for in the patent ordered by the Pope, appointing him sole architect, with plenary powers and a suitable salary, Michael Angelo required the insertion of his refusal of all salary in this great work, in the deed itself; and this resolution he strictly maintained during seventeen years of arduous superintendence. It is true that he already enjoyed a moderate income from another office which sufficed for his solitary and modest existence; but our respect and admiration are due to the wisdom of such a determination, as well as to his religious devotion to a work which he deemed to the glory of the Deity. Had the usual passion of age induced him to profit in a pecuniary sense by the appointment, it would have been impossible for him to have chased away, as he at length succeeded in doing, that crowd of placemen and interested parties who had long infested and encumbered the enterprise; or to have triumphed over the repeated intrigues of the San Gallo school, and of others, who on every occasion endeavoured to discredit his labours and to displace him.

The projected dome of Bramante, like that of the Pantheon, is a half sphere, a form too depressed to allow of its presenting itself imposingly to the eye of a spectator at the elevation he contemplated.

But a fatal objection to Bramante's dome was its structural incapacity to sustain the weight of

the lantern above. We ought, however, out of due respect to such an authority, to regard his dome rather as a sketch than as a finished and determinate design. And no one can fail to admire the great beauty of its unbroken peristyle, the only practical objection to which would have been the difficulty of duly lighting the interior. Our great architect, Wren, while doing honour to Bramante by imitating this feature of his plan in St. Paul's, London, has skilfully provided against this objection. Another successful imitation of Bramante's dome is the church of St. Geneviève, at Paris.

But these considerations (so readily appreciated by the amateur) with respect to the external form of the dome, are very inferior in importance compared with those of the structural means for safely erecting so vast a fabric at such an enormous elevation. It is the double dome, consisting of two thin walls connected by intermediate bands, presenting an apparent thinness, with intrinsic solidity and with all the lightness necessary in regard to its supports below, which has perfectly surmounted this difficulty, and achieved one of the greatest triumphs of architectural construction which the world has seen.

This contrivance, which justly challenges our surprise and admiration, belongs to Brunelleschi, and was applied by him to the dome of the cathedral at Florence. As no one was more qualified than Michael Angelo to appreciate the merits of

this principle, so that great man never had a more devoted admirer than himself; and it was in this spirit that upon its being said to him, "You will now have an opportunity of improving on the dome of Brunelleschi," he is said to have rejoined:

> "Io farò la sua sorella
> Più grande già, ma non più bella." *

This, however, was said with more of modesty than of truth; for though he owed to Brunelleschi the principle of the double dome, he produced a cupola far surpassing that of the cathedral at Florence in height and magnificence, and transcending it no less in the grace and beauty of its curve both within and without. In this respect it is generally allowed that the dome of St. Peter's can scarcely be surpassed.† He planted it upon an elevated tambour, and in place of the unbroken peristyle of Bramante, he introduced on the side of each window (sixteen in number) piers enriched with coupled columns, the summits of which were des-

* Mine will be its sister; more vast, doubtless, but not more beautiful.

† The elevation of the Florentine dome to the apex, measures about 322 feet; to the summit of the cross on the lantern, 382 feet. Its diameter is 134 feet.

The dome of St. Peter's at Rome, to the apex, measures about 334 feet; to the summit of the cross on the lantern, 403 feet. Its diameter is 135 feet 6 inches.

The height of the dome of the Pantheon is 142 feet, and its diameter is the same.

tined to be adorned with statues of prophets and apostles from his own designs. That magical play of light and shadow upon the cupola of St. Peter's, which charms the eye of the spectator throughout the day, is a consequence of these advancing piers, and the present effect would be greatly heightened if the statues, as seen on his model, had actually been introduced. The corresponding piers on the minor domes were also to have been adorned with statues. The interior sections of the cupola correspond with those of the exterior; the linear graces of the roof being repeated, and coupled pilasters within, answering to the coupled columns without. The lantern is singularly elegant, and was constructed with only a slight deviation from the original model.

The cupola of St. Peter's presents the striking singularity, as compared with any similar edifice which preceded it, of having for its inferior basement a fabric composed of four vast piers, sustaining the same number of great arches within a quadrangle. In order practically to transmute the quadrangular into a circular form, so as to sustain the weight of the drum of the cupola, which is of that shape, spandrils, invisible to the eye because embedded within the piers, were inserted in the interposing angles of the great arches.

Michael Angelo thus at length successfully achieved the magnificent conception of Bramante, of elevating the Pantheon in the air.

The exquisite beauty and richness of the mosaics and gilding which grace the interior of the dome, as well as their tasteful disposition, cannot be too much admired; and it is lighted in a way which leaves nothing to desire.*

Within the space of three years he covered the four naves, accomplished the external elevation, finished the two great stairs to the naves, fortified the four arches which were to support the dome, and placed additional foundations to the piers. The other parts followed with so much diligence and vigour, that Paul III., before his death in 1549, had the gratification of seeing the work rapidly progressing in its principal features, and irrevocably fixed.

* About the year 1680 a commission of architects was appointed to inquire into the causes of certain cracks or fissures in the dome of St. Peter's, which had caused great anxiety to the Papal Government. Among the members of the commission, we find the names of Carlo Fontana, Pietro Ortini, Domenico Gregoriani, &c. After full investigation, they came to the conclusion that the mischief was caused by certain staircases, which Bernini had been allowed to construct for ascending to the higher parts of the edifice, within the four great piers on which the drum of the cupola reposes. Though all agreed as to the cause of the evil, there was much difference of opinion as to the appropriate remedy. But at length that of Nicola Zabaaglia was adopted, which was to encircle the drum of the cupola with powerful iron chains. This remedy proved effectual, and at a later period the lantern was similarly girded. All these particulars are detailed in Poleno's publication on the subject, entitled "Memorie Istoriche della Gran Cupola del Tempio Vaticano." Roma, 1748, folio.

Under Julius III., the new Pope, fresh intrigues and criminations arose, which the high-minded artist answered by the fullest explanations, and by offering at the same time the resignation of his much-envied office to the commissioners appointed by the Pope to look into these alleged grievances—all which ended in the full confirmation of his powers, and a fresh recognition, in his new diploma, of his merits and his disinterested refusal of any pecuniary reward.

Julius died in 1555, and his successor, Marcellus II., survived him but a month. Paul IV., the ensuing pontiff, reposed entire confidence in Michael Angelo, but deprived him of the lucrative office which had enabled him to dispense with his salary as architect—an injustice which established the last test of our architect's magnanimity.

Notwithstanding these disgusts, and after many attempts on the part of his admirers to withdraw him to his beloved Florence, Michael Angelo remained firm in his conviction that the destiny of St. Peter's was bound up with his own.

"If I should leave it," writes he to Vasari, "I should occasion the ruin of this great monument, and this would be to me an eternal shame and an unpardonable fault. Whenever I shall have put the work in such a progress as that nothing more can be changed, I hope to join you." He uses the same argument to the grand duke of Tuscany, and he adds his prayer that "for the love of God and

of St. Peter, his highness would not insist on the request of his return to Florence."

A host of detractors had, ever since the appointment of Michael Angelo as architect of St. Peter's, busied themselves in spreading injurious reports as to his competency for discharging the duties of this office, and they had been again and again silenced by the most convincing proofs to the contrary. After the accession of Pius IV. to the papal dignity, a final attempt was made of the same nature. He was now in his eighty-seventh year, and in various ways painfully felt the infirmities of extreme old age. He was well aware that active efforts were making to fasten upon him the reproach of dotage, and he replied to them by producing a beautiful and highly-finished model of the cupola of St. Peter's*, such as it is now seen, elaborated from a smaller model made by himself. This answer was conclusive; but he was so disgusted by the whole proceeding, and so anxious to secure to himself perfect freedom from care, that he addressed the following letter to the Cardinal di Carpi, tendering his resignation. It seems almost needless to add, that the Pope would not

* The author has more than once visited this model, which is carefully preserved within the Vatican basilica. It exhibits with the utmost nicety the interior construction of the cupola; and attached to it is also the model of a ladder skilfully adapted for ascending with safety to the loftier parts of the edifice, for purposes of repair or inspection. It forms the prototype of *that* which is in actual use.

hear of his retiring, and that he was more honoured than ever as the result of this intrigue.

"To the Cardinal di Carpi.

"Messer Francesco Dandini told me yesterday that your most illustrious and most reverend lordship assured him that the building of St. Peter's could not be going on worse, a statement which has truly caused me much pain, because it proves that your Eminence must have been misinformed. I, as in duty bound, ought to be desirous, above all men, that it should go on well; and, if I do not deceive myself, I can assure you with truth, that, as far as the building has advanced, it could not have gone on better; but as I possibly may be blinded by self-interest, or deceived by my great age, and contrary to my intention may have caused mischief or prejudice to the building, I intend, as soon as possible, to ask my dismission of his Holiness; nay, to save time, I supplicate your Eminence to liberate me from this vexatious employment, which, by the commands of so many Popes, as you know, I gratuitously undertook seventeen years ago, during which period I have given manifest proofs of my zeal in the prosecution of the work. To return, however, to the subject: I earnestly entreat that I may be permitted to resign, which would be conferring upon me the most particular favour; and, with the highest respect, I humbly kiss the hand of your Eminence.

"M. A. B."

September 12, 1560.

Michael Angelo died in 1563, in the exercise of his great talents up to the day of his death. His successors in carrying on the works of St. Peter's were the most learned artists of their day. Vignola and Piero Ligorio till 1573; Jacopo à Porta and Dominico Fontana till 1591; and, finally, Carlo Maderna completed the work in 1615, with the prolongation of the nave, under the idea, among others, of including within the precincts of the edifice the entire sacred site of the antique church of Constantine. Thus the period of one hundred and three years was occupied in its complete erection.

The beautiful circular colonnades which flank the extremities of the church were designed by Bernini, and the matchless fountains in front of them are generally attributed to Michael Angelo.

The honour of completing the cupola was reserved for Sixtus V. In the year 1591 the top-stone was elevated to its proud position, after receiving the papal benediction, amidst choral symphonies and the sound of trumpets. The lantern, with the ball and cross, were attached to the cupola in the reign of Clement VIII.

St. Peter's is chiefly indebted to Paul V. for its rich and exquisite marbles; but his memory is loaded with the reproach of having authorised the first signal departure from the plan of Buonarroti, by the elongation of the entrance nave, the consequences of which are justly deplored. Had our great artist's scheme of the Greek cross been

adhered to, the eye of the spectator, on entering the church, would at once have been smitten by the sublimity of the dome, and by the fine arrangement of the subordinate parts of the fabric in connection with it.

Any such imposing effect was wholly frustrated by a change which places the opening into the dome at such a distance from the entrance portal as scarcely to allow of its being visible. But the elongation in question was still more fatal to the exterior beauty of the church than to that of the interior; for the cupola, on approaching the grand façade, is cut through in perspective by its upper story, and is therefore half concealed from the eye, instead of triumphing as the sublime and presiding feature of the whole edifice.

But another departure from his plan remains to be noticed. We refer to the substitution of the present encumbered façade, frittered into so many parts, in the place of a grand portico in the style of the Pantheon, presenting a design of unexampled hardihood and magnificence. The cupola was intended to have been seen above it in all its glory.

The subjoined Plate, which places in contrast St. Peter's as M. Angelo would have had it, and St. Peter's as it is, will clearly explain the nature of the injury done to its exterior beauty by the elongation of the central nave.*

* Those who may wish for full and clear illustrations of the various deviations to be found, in the present church of St.

S: PETRI

St Peters as Michael Angelo would have had it.

St Peters as it actually is.

We will now introduce a brief notice of M. Angelo's other architectural works, commencing with the Sacristy and Library of San Lorenzo, upon which he was first employed, shortly before the death of Leo X., by Cardinal Giulio d' Medici.

The original sacristy of the church of San Lorenzo was by Brunelleschi. In adapting it to the reception of the tombs and statues of the Medici, described in Chapter II., he had to make considerable alterations, and in particular to add a small cupola. The effect is on the whole pleasing, though he has been censured for introducing pilasters of a composite order, at variance with the general style of the interior. It was intended, Vasari states, to have relieved the cold, dead white of the walls of the sacristy, by appropriate colour and decoration, such as would have imparted relief to the statues; but this, like many other tasteful projects at Florence, has never been accomplished. The same want of relief and finish is found in the church of San Lorenzo as in the sacristy, and not less in the sister, though still nobler church of Santo Spirito, one of the glories of Florence, and a superb specimen of the ability and taste with which the

Peter, from the original designs of Michael Angelo, are referred to the Author's publication entitled "Architectural and Pictorial Illustrations of the Genius of Michael Angelo," folio, London, published by Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., and also by Messrs. Longman and Co., at the same time with this Biography.

great Brunelleschi applied the principles of classical architecture to the construction of sacred edifices.

The library of San Lorenzo, attached, like the sacristy, to the church of that name, was built at the expense of Clement VII., in order to receive the invaluable collection of manuscripts, about 9,000 in number, originally collected with princely munificence by the old Cosmo, and added to, in the same spirit, by Lorenzo the Magnificent. This collection, so honourable to the Medici, as restorers and protectors of learning, was dispersed, as has been mentioned, on the fall of the family from power, in the year 1494, but had been in a great degree recovered by Leo X., and was now restored to Florence by Clement VII. At the death of this pontiff the edifice remained unfinished, but was finally completed, about the year 1560, by Cosmo I., professedly according to the design of Buonarroti, under the superintendence of Vasari. When the work was thus resumed, the original design for the vestibule and the flight of steps which forms the approach to the library could not be found, and Vasari took much pains to procure from Michael Angelo the needful particulars; but, at the age of 85 his recollection of it failed him, and Vasari was left to his own resources. The result was a signal failure; for no one can suppose that the present confused arrangement of the staircase and its accompaniments is to be regarded as the original design.

In consequence of unavoidable restriction as to space, the library is narrow in proportion to its length, which is 175 feet, exclusive of the vestibule, which is 32 feet.

The ceiling is divided into elegant compartments in wood, and the floor, which is of terra-cotta, is finished in patterns corresponding with those of the ceiling. The windows, which are narrow and numerous, are relieved of all glare by delicately tinted arabesques, among which the armorial bearings of Clement VII. are prominent.

The entablature of the cornice is deep, and adorned with figures of masks, dolphins, and other ornamental devices, beautifully carved in wood by Tasso and Cavato, celebrated artists in that line of decoration.

A central passage traverses the length of the library, on each side of which are desks richly and beautifully carved, and the most precious volumes are attached to them by chains. Suspended at the end of each desk is a tablet containing the titles of the several manuscripts within that particular recess, so that a student or visitor is readily introduced to a knowledge of the principal treasures of learning by which he is surrounded. The quadrangular and triangular spaces on the outside of the desks are ornamented by fine carvings, and intaglios by Batista del Cinque, from drawings by Michael Angelo.

Among the numerous treasures of the Laurentian

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library the celebrated manuscript of the Pandects of Justinian is pre-eminent.

The architect Ignazio Rossi, who has published a work illustrative of its principal features, praises its general disposition and arrangements, and dwells much on the beauty of its details, though he regrets that Michael Angelo should have allowed his fancy to luxuriate by a capricious mixture of various orders of architecture.*

About the year 1540 the conservators and senate of Rome, anxious to embellish the Capitoline Hill with handsome edifices in place of the confused mass of buildings which then encumbered it, appear to have relied for the required plans upon the skill of Michael Angelo without any competition. Their confidence in his judgment was fully justified by the result. The sum of money placed at his disposal was very moderate, but the two palaces erected from his plans have ever been esteemed worthy of their memorable site by all competent judges, as well as admirably adapted to the reception of the precious fragments of antiquity which have been assembled within them.

The central building, erected by Boniface IX. at the end of the fourteenth century, as a palace for the Senator, on the remains of the ancient Tabularium of the Capitol, was left intact, excepting that a bold basement and a double flight of steps

* "Quali de' cinque Ordini abbia preteso di usare in questa fabbrica, realmente accertar non si puote," &c. &c.—*Rossi*, p. 6.

were added, so as to bring it more into keeping with the style of the new edifices. A further addition of pilasters and balustrades in a vicious style was added to this building after the decease of Michael Angelo, from the design of Tommaso de Cavalieri. One of the lateral palaces designed by Michael Angelo comprehends the palace of the Conservators, and also a picture-gallery; the other, facing the north, is wholly occupied by a gallery of sculpture. The entablature of these buildings is richly decorated, and rests upon bold Corinthian pilasters. In the place of arcades, on the ground-floor of each, is an order of Ionic columns rising to the first story. They lean against the lateral edges of the pilasters, and form a convenient and open portico.*

The volutes of the capitals depart from the classical model by the addition of fanciful heads, which have provoked just criticism. The symmetry of the façades was subsequently injured by the introduction of a large central window in each, from a design of Giacomo del Duca.

The fourth side of the piazza is bounded by a lofty terrace and balustrades, and commands a grand view of Rome. Michael Angelo here dis-

* In Rossi's Studio di Architettura, vol. i., are various plates of details of great interest and merit, illustrative of these buildings, in which, effects are exemplified which could only occur to the painter and sculptor. These are justly deemed of great value, and may be studied with advantage.

played the taste of a sculptor by assembling upon this point many fine and curious relics of antiquity.

In the centre of the piazza he planted the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which he had always regarded with admiration. On each side of the lofty flights of stairs in the centre of the Piazza, he placed the colossal statues of the Tiber and the Nile, those of Castor and Pollux, together with various trophies, figures, and fragments, among which was the Columna Milliaria, which marked the first mile of the Appian way. By these dispositions, the area of the Capitoline Hill is rendered one of the most imposing scenes of modern Rome.

Farnese Palace.

The magnificent structure of the Farnese Palace, designed by Antonio San Gallo, had reached the height of the cornice just before his death. To this crowning feature the Pope Paul III. desired to give the utmost effect, and therefore in the year 1549 invited a competition, in which, amongst various plans, that of Michael Angelo was preferred. All beholders were convinced of its superior merit by a model, full size, so placed at one of the corners of the top of the palace as to be seen in front and laterally. The effect was beautiful and imposing. He also designed and executed the second and third stories of the interior court of the palace, left unfinished by his predecessor. In the second story he conformed to the style of the sub-

structure; but in the third he threw off restraint, and indulged in his own love of originality, to the detriment of the perfect symmetry of the edifice.

He also suggested the addition of a garden to the interior court of the palace, of which the celebrated group of the Toro Farnese, then recently discovered in the baths of Antoninus, should form, together with a fountain, the central ornament. The effect on entering the first court would have been admirable, for the eye, after resting on the fountain and the group of sculpture, would have glanced beyond them upon the orange groves of the Farnesina Palace. It was altogether the idea of an architectural landscape gardener.

The restoration of a truly magnificent saloon of Diocletian's Baths, and its conversion into a church, under the title of Santa Maria degli Angeli, was another grand architectural scheme of Michael Angelo's, which was eminently successful. He so arranged, as to provide for the sacred purposes of the edifice within a space separate from this apartment, which has been thus preserved unincumbered, and therefore conveys a most striking idea of the magnificence which reigned within the Roman baths, and above all in those which claimed an imperial founder.

How far the villa, Papa Giulia, once celebrated for the beauty of its gardens and its casino, was designed by Michael Angelo, it is difficult to determine, for he was consulted upon it in concurrence with Vasari and Vignola. About the year 1560,

he was commissioned by Pius IV. to design various gates for the city of Rome. Of these the Porta Pia was alone commenced, but has never been completed.

From the year 1546 his time was almost exclusively dedicated, as we have already shown, to the church of St. Peter's; so that for the last seventeen years of his life he does not appear to have seriously engaged in any other works; and we thus close the catalogue of his architectural productions.

At a very late period of his life he gave a plan of a church designed to have been built in Rome by the Florentines, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist, of which he himself said that "if built nothing would be found to surpass it." What purports to be this plan has been preserved to us in Plates 4. and 16. in Marrietti's edition of Vignola, printed at Amsterdam A.D. 1668.

In quitting the subjects of this chapter we cannot but accord, in the main, with those who maintain that Michael Angelo was a great innovator in architecture, and that he introduced a licence which even his admirer Vasari is forced to recognise, and which, for a time, acted perniciously on the art; but it must never be forgotten that this deviation from correct taste was redeemed by great qualities of design, and in particular that it was he who, in the place of San Gallo's encumbered plan for St. Peter's, substituted one of the utmost simplicity and magnificence.

CHAPTER VII.

POETRY OF MICHAEL ANGELO. — ITS DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS.—THE POETRY OF HIS LATTER DAYS.—HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH VITTORIA COLONNA, AND SONNETS ADDRESSED TO THAT LADY.

THE poetry of Michael Angelo is deeply interesting from the light which it reflects upon his character and opinions, as well as from its intrinsic beauties. It chiefly consists of small poems, some of which are light, airy effusions of sportive fancy, whilst the greater part are of a graver character, and are replete, like his art, with original and lofty thought, and pure and noble sentiment, conveyed in language concise, vigorous, and elegant.

"I mentioned Michael Angelo's poetry" (says Mr. Wordsworth, in one of his letters) "to you some time ago; it is the most difficult to construe I ever met with, but just what you would expect from such a man, showing abundantly how conversant his soul was with great things. There is a mistake in the world concerning the Italian language; the poetry of Dante and Michael Angelo proves, that if there be little majesty and strength in Italian verse, the fault is in the authors, and not in the tongue. I can translate, and have translated, two books of Ariosto, at the rate, nearly, of one

hundred lines a day; but so much meaning has been put by Michael Angelo into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent in itself, that I found the difficulty of translating him insurmountable. I attempted, at least, fifteen of the sonnets, but could not anywhere succeed. I have sent you the only one I was able to finish: it is far from being the best, or most characteristic, but the others were too much for me." *

Such a declaration from so eminent a poet as Wordsworth will, it is hoped, procure indulgence for the present writer in those instances in which, in the course of this chapter, he has endeavoured to versify some of these pieces in the legitimate sonnet metre; while it will justify the course he has pursued with respect to many more, of presenting them to the reader in the form of blank verse; the object being to give full and faithful expression to the sentiment which they embody.

The poems of Michael Angelo were first published at Florence in the year 1623, by his nephew, Michael Angelo the Younger, himself an elegant poet. They were reprinted by Manni in 1726.

The original manuscript in his own hand-writing, very clearly and carefully transcribed, is among the literary treasures of the Vatican Library.

These poems have since passed through various editions (some of which are accompanied by comments on the text), both in Italy and France.

* Life of Wordsworth.

The collection includes sixty-two small poems, under the name of Madrigals, and sixty-four sonnets, besides a few pieces of somewhat greater compass, — the most interesting among which is an elegy, in which he deplores the death of a brother, and describes, in a touching strain of devotion and tenderness, how much this stroke had revived his feelings of grief for the loss of his father.

The madrigals are in general light, elegant effusions in a lyrical form, or in more measured numbers, the favourite topic being the charms of some nameless fair whose favour it is his object to propitiate. Others of the same class are imbued with a lofty strain of philosophical or religious sentiment.

The sonnets comprehend the most beautiful and finished of his poems — those which are most read and oftenest recurred to, and upon which his reputation as a votary of the Muses chiefly depends.

Of these some are interesting from the noble or profound sentiments which pervade them, or from their felicitous illustrations of, or allusions to, artistic principles; or from keen observations on life and manners; but the distinctive feature of no small portion of them is their Platonic sentiment and tendency. On this topic we shall presently have occasion to touch at some length, but it will suffice to add that this was, no doubt, a consequence of the early bent in this direction imparted to his mind by his intimate connexion with the

Platonic Academy of Florence, and of his having become familiar with some of the finest parts of Plato's writings in the translation, probably of Marsiglio Ficino.

In the decline of life he ceased to blend Platonism with his religious sentiments, and wrote many beautiful sonnets and other pieces, in the spirit of a humble and enlightened Christian. Some of these rank among the most exquisite and impressive examples of devotional poetry to be found in any language.

These general remarks will prepare the way for a more detailed examination of these poems; and first of all we will introduce translations of a few of his lighter madrigals, consisting of playful effusions of amatory feeling, which must be regarded as either composed to amuse his leisure, or as addressed to some nameless beauty. They seem, at least, to argue, that although there is no evidence of his ever having been seriously in love, he was no stranger to the influence of female charms.

MADRIGAL III.

What is the power which, though I'm free,
Draws me, in fetters bound, to thee,
Sweet source of all my joy and pain;
If to enchain without a chain,
If round my yielding heart to twine
Soft bands invisible be thine,

What shall defend me from the grace
The winning beauties of thy face,
What from the living splendour of thine eyes,
Where Love embattled points his arrowy sorceries.*

Chi è quel che per forza a te mi mena
Legato e stretto, e son libero e sciolto?
Se tu incateni altrui senza catena,
E d' invisibil laccio il cor m' hai 'nvolto,
Chi mi difenderà dal tuo bel volto,
Chi dal vivo splendore
Degli occhi onde saetta armato Amore?

MADRIGAL IV.

How is it that I seem no longer mine,
Who of myself has robb'd me?
Some power there seems to be,
Which moulds my will by means I can't divine;
My heart, what flutterings move
Touch'd in some viewless guise;—
What is this thing call'd Love,
Which entering by the eyes,
Pervades the inmost soul,
Where, spurning all control,

* For all the translations without a name affixed to them the author is answerable.

The number prefixed to each poem follows the arrangement of the Paris edition, entitled "Rime di Buonarroti," 8vo., 1821.

It claims resistless sway,
While countless outward acts its inward power
display ?

Come può esser ch' io non sia più mio ?
Chi m' ha tolto a me stesso,
Ch' a me fosse più presso,
O in me potesse più che non poss' io ?
Come mi passa il cuore
Chi non par che mi tocchi ?
Che cosa è questo amore,
Che sì 'l desire invesca,
Ch' all' alma entra per gli occhi,
E par che là sì smisurato cresca,
Che in mille guise poi di fuor trabocchi ?

MADRIGAL VIII.

My eyes which love to gaze on beauteous things,
Act on my soul which pants for heavenly light,
Until I almost seem endued with wings,
'Neath Beauty's smile, for a supernal flight ;
From loftiest stars shoot down, a radiance all their
own,
Drawing the soul above,
And such we say is Love ;
For nought can so controul,
Charm, penetrate the soul,

Or counsel it in monitory guise,
As a sweet face, set off by star-like eyes.

Gli occhi miei vaghi delle cose belle,
E l' alma insieme della sua salute,
Non hanno altra virtute
Ch' ascenda al ciel, che rimirar in elle.
Dalle più alte stelle
Discende uno splendore,
Che 'l desir tira a quelle;
E quel si chiama amore.
Ned altro ha gentil core,
Che lo innamori, e arda, e che 'l consigli,
Ch' un volto che negli occhi lor simigli.

MADRIGAL XXII.

Ev'n when she slays me, my loved Fair,
Delights to act a double part;
Her eyes speak promise, whilst her air
And mien, strike daggers through my heart;
Thus Death and Life
In dubious strife,
And Joy and Pain
Within me reign;
Soon will the conflict close, and Death's cold sway
Quench in the shades of night Joy's flattering ray.

Questa mia donna lusinghiera, ardita,
Allorch' ella m' uccide, ogni mio bene
Con gli occhi mi promette, e parte tiene
Il crudel ferro dentro alla ferita;
E così morte e vita
Contrarie insieme in un breve momento
Dentro all' anima sento;
Ma la gioia, e 'l tormento
Minaccia morte egual per lunga prova;
Ch' assai più nuoce il mal che 'l ben non giova.

In contrast with these playful pieces, we will now introduce, in Southey's translation, a madrigal of a graver character, expressive of the disgust with which he reverted to the faithless spirit of the world; and, in particular, to the double part which he had often had to play with pompous pretenders in high life, men whom he heartily despised, and yet had felt compelled to treat with much of outward homage.

MADRIGAL LIX.

Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The worthless world,—ill hath he chosen his part,
For often must he wear the look of ease
When grief is in his heart;
And often in his hours of happier feeling
With sorrow must his countenance be hung,

And ever his own better thoughts concealing,
Must he in stupid Grandeur's praise be loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal that none should know
What secret cause I have for silent woe;
And taught by many a melancholy proof
That those whom Fortune favours it pollutes,
I from the blind and faithless world aloof,
Nor fear its envy, nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways.

SOUTHEY.

Non sempre al mondo è sì pregiato e caro
Quel che molti contenta,
Che non sia alcun che senta
Quel ch' è lor dolce a se crudo ed amaro.
Ma spesso al folle volgo, al volgo ignaro
Convien ch' altri consenta,
E mesto rida dov' ei ride e gode,
E pianga allor che più felice siede.
Io del mio duol quest' uno effetto ho caro,
Ch' alcun di fuor non vede
Chi l' alma attrista, e i suoi desir non ode;
Nè temo invidia, o pregio onore o lode
Del mondo cieco che, rompendo fede,
Più giova a chi più scarso esser ne suole,
E vo per vie men calpestate e sole.

The following is in the same tone of feeling.

MADRIGAL LIV.

When thoughts of days long past upon me steal,
In vain I shun them; all their forms arise;
Then, oh! fallacious World I deeply feel
How steeped in error man besotted lies.
The heart which yields its faith to thee,
Charmed by thy magic sorcery;
And thoughtless thrids the giddy round
Of vain delights within thee found,
By the sad issue learns to know
That Pleasure is the Nurse of Woe:
He who is wise, at length will cease
To trust thy promises of Peace;
Convinced thou never canst bestow
The Good it is not thine to know;
The troubles I have prov'd, the griefs which dim
my eyes,
Have sprung from yielding faith to thy vain fallacies.

Mentre che 'l mio passato m' è presente,
Che indarno io schivo e innanzi ognor mi viene,
O mondo falso, allor conosco bene
L' errore e 'l danno dell' umana gente.
Quel cor ch' al fin consente
A tue lusinghe, a tuoi vani diletti,
Procaccia all' alma dolorosi guai.
Vedel chi ben pon mente
Come spesso prometti

Altrui la pace, e il ben che tu non hai.
Quant' io piansi giammai,
Quant' io soffersi affanni
Fu 'l creder troppo ai tuo' fallaci inganni.

There is another of his madrigals, which is deeply interesting from the connection which he himself traces in it, between his Philosophy and his Art. Using the term in a Platonic sense, he declares that Beauty had from the first moment of his existence been the inspiring principle of that Art, and that to its influence on his mind and imagination was to be ascribed whatever of sublime was to be found in his works, either of Sculpture or of Painting. All resolved itself into the love of Beauty and the Beautiful.

MADRIGAL VII.

Beauty, perception bright, to me was given,
When first I drew the vital breath of heaven,
O'er my vocation destined to preside,
Its great exemplar, and its faithful guide;
My light and mirror in two sister Arts;
He who her counsel spurns from Truth departs;
Her's is the power t' exalt the mental eye
With stedfastness of aim, and purpose high,
To that Sublime, which in my works I've sought,
In marble, or in glowing colours wrought.
From Truth and Reason, then, they greatly err,
Who Beauty's generation would refer

To sense ignoble; loftier far the goal
To compass which she prompts th' aspiring soul;
Th' ascent from Mortal to Divine, dazzles a feeble sight,
Nought but celestial Grace can nerve, its powers for such a flight.

Per fido esempio alla mia vocazione,
Nascendo, mi fu data la bellezza
Che di due arti m' è lucerna e specchio,
E, s' altro uom crede, è falsa opinione.
Questa sol l' occhio porta a quella altezza
Per cui scolpire e pinger m' apparecchio.
Sono i giudizj temerarj e sciocchi
Ch' al senso tiran la beltà che muove,
E porta al cielo ogni intelletto sano.
Dal mortale al divin non vanno gli occhi
Che sono infermi, e non ascendon dove
Ascender senza grazia è pensier vano.

There is great depth of thought and meaning in this little poem, and we know of no comment so suited to illustrate both, as the introduction of certain passages from Plato to which we conceive it has reference.

Beauty, in the Platonic sense, is not restricted, as in popular usage, to the exterior charms of form, and face, and colour, or to the graces of symmetry and proportion, or to the various captivating productions of Nature and Art, but is ap-

plied also to intellectual and moral qualities, such as Wisdom, Justice, Truth, Fortitude, to the equity of Laws, to scientific intelligence; and, above all, to the archetypal union of these and all other conceivable excellences in the Deity. In Plato's view, a soul thus smitten with the love of Beauty and Goodness, is a winged soul.

"That which is Divine," says Plato, "is the Beautiful, the True, the Good, and all that congenialises with them.

"By these the wings of the soul are nourished and invigorated; whilst on the contrary all that is morally base and bad, weakens and injures them.*

"The Soul imprisoned in the Body and pressed down by matter, cannot behold and apprehend the essences of things as when it first emanated a pure ray from the Divinity.

"Justice, Wisdom, all that the Soul ought to value, have lost their lustre in the faint images which exist of them here below. Embarrassed by gross corporeal organs, few among us, in contemplating these images, can understand the celestial models which they represent. Beauty (in the celestial regions) shines resplendent among all the other essences. Even here below we discern it more distinctly than any of the rest, by means of

* Platonis Opera, edit. Bipont, vol. x. p. 321. &c.

the most luminous of our senses. Sight is in fact the most subtile of our bodily organs; yet it cannot behold Wisdom—for we should feel incredible love towards it awakened in our souls, if its image and the images of other essences really amiable, presented themselves as distinctly to our sight as that of Beauty.

"It is the privilege of Beauty to be both the most amiable and the most visible of all things. But man (in his present state)* does not easily comprehend the essence of Beauty by the contemplation of its earthly image. Instead of regarding it with reverence, he rudely assaults it like a brute animal, carried away by impure desires."

These extracts are from the Phædrus, but it is more particularly in "the Banquet" that Plato uses the term Beautiful, in that enlarged sense in which it is also used by Michael Angelo. After saying that Beauty of soul is far beyond mere corporeal beauty, he adds, that he who is duly alive to the higher order of beauty will love it, and care for it, even though unaccompanied by much of outward attraction; and that he will delight to point out why and how it is so, and will so illustrate it by

* Platonis Opera, vol. x. pp. 328, 329, 330.
The passage upon Wisdom is as follows in the original,—

"ἡ φρόνησις οὐχ ὁρᾶται, δεινοὺς γὰρ ἂν παρεῖχεν ἔρωτας, εἴτε τοιοῦτον ἑαυτῆς ἐνεργὲς εἴδωλον παρείχετο εἰς ὄψιν ἴον, καὶ τἄλλα ὅσα ἐραστή· νὺν δὲ κάλλος ταυτὴν ἔσχε μοῖραν, ὡς ἐκφανέστατον εἶναι καὶ ἐρασμώτατον," &c. &c.

reason, as to minister to the instruction of the young. Thus he will teach others how to trace the Beautiful in the actions of men and in Legislation. Moral Beauty he will become convinced is everywhere one and the same, and he will demonstrate, of how little account mere physical Beauty is in comparison.

"From the sphere of Morals and of Law he will rise to that of Intelligence, and will learn to contemplate the beauty of the sciences. Attaining thus to an enlarged conception of Beauty, and set free from the slavery of narrow notions, he will launch into the ocean of Beauty, and become by intuitive apprehension so absorbed in its contemplation as to comprehend the noblest truths and lessons of Philosophy, till at length his mind, elevated and strengthened in this high sphere, will perceive one science alone, which is that of the Beautiful.* He who under the discipline of Love has advanced step by step to this high point of initiation will finally arrive at the glorious conception—the consummation of all his preceding labours—that of the Beautiful in itself; eternal, imperishable, uncreated, equally exempt from increase or decay, not beautiful in one part and deformed in another, nor beautiful only at a particular time or place,—Beauty which has no sensible form, invisible and immortal.

* Platonis Opera, vol. x. pp. 103. 197. 246. 249.

"By thus passing through the grades of inferior Beauty, to the idea of that which is perfect,—from beautiful bodies to beautiful sentiments, from just sentiments to superior knowledge, from one degree of knowledge to another, he will arrive at last at the transcendant point of all knowledge—the Beautiful itself, the knowledge of it as it is in itself. Oh, my dear Socrates, (said the stranger of Mantinea,) that which is really worth living for above all things, is the spectacle of the Beautiful in itself. In the presence of such a spectacle what is gold; what are vestments, or those lovely earthly forms, to possess which, so fills the minds of mortals with agitation and disquietude? Such an one no longer converses with the mere images of the Virtues, but with Essential Virtue and Essential Truth. He is beloved of God and partakes of His immortality."*

It is interesting to find amidst the darkness of Heathenism, passages such as these, fraught with grand ideas and bright glances at Truth, though

* The passages cited from Plato are some of them given literally; but others are compressed, especially those from the Phædrus, in consequence of their being mixed up with tedious mythological fiction and other extravagances. The principal passage cited will be found in Appendix No. 7.

Those who may wish to study the theory of Beauty as held by the modern Platonists should peruse the sixth book of the first Ennead of Plotinus. together with the comment of Proclus upon the Beautiful.

blended in the pages of the original with much of wild mythological fancy, and extravagant sentiment and opinion. That they were familiar to the mind of Michael Angelo, who for much of his life was a devotee of Plato, and that the little Poem upon Beauty was an emanation from them, we think there can be no doubt.

The following sentiments from a published lecture of his, upon one of Petrarch's Sonnets, further illustrates the poetical principles, under the influence of which, he composed and executed his works.

"The love of imitation produces in man a second Nature which is called Art, and this divides itself into distinct species, some of which are, according to their end and aim, more, and others less noble. In none is the approach to Nature so close as in Sculpture and Painting, which seem to place the very objects they represent before our eyes. The proper end of painting is to purify the affections by imitating in colour the actions and sentiments of men, and the human figure itself, which it effects, not by a mere literal imitation of Nature or Art, or of whatever object may be presented to the eye, but by giving expression to the sentiments and feelings of the human mind. Between this art of painting and that of poetry the greatest similarity exists, so that the one has often been called mute poetry, and the other speaking painting."

As Beauty, interpreted in the Platonic sense,

was the inspiring principle of his Art, so the love of Beauty or of the Beautiful, was the favourite theme of his muse. In many of his sonnets he personifies it as a mistress whose charms captivate his heart, and whose smiles or frowns form the felicity or the misery of his existence.

Here, again, we must follow him into the groves of Academus. Plato defines Love to be the desire of the Beautiful—so that the end and object of true Love is true and perfect Beauty, which, according to the doctrine he puts into the mouth of Diotima in "the Banquet," is not physical but intellectual.

Plato supposed that sensible things were fashioned according to the patterns of Eternal Ideas in the Divine Intellect. Among these he assigned a pre-eminent place to Beauty. Xenophon also in the fourth book of his "Memorabilia" carefully dwells upon the high attributes of Intellectual as opposed to mere Physical Beauty; and the Greeks have woven the whole into a fable which supposes the existence of two Venuses, and therefore two Loves; one, and the elder, without a mother, the daughter of Heaven, who is called the celestial Venus—the other, the younger, daughter of Jupiter and Dione, who is termed the terrestrial Venus. Hence there are, according to them, two species of love corresponding to these opposite deities, the one heavenly, the other earthly. The heavenly Venus is said by Plato to be prior to Japhet and Saturn;

and the reputed Orpheus calls her the oldest of all things and the source of being. The learned Cudworth* in his "Intellectual System" refers in several passages to the attributes of Urania or the Heavenly Venus, and quotes a passage from Plotinus representing her as Uncreated and Eternal. Pausanias makes repeated mention also of the Heavenly Venus, and refers to various temples dedicated to her.†

This allegory or fable appears to be a mystical comment upon the sublime principle that "God is Love;" and Plato may have derived a glimmering notion of it, either from patriarchal tradition, or from the Jewish Scriptures. Of this true and perfect Love and Beauty, Michael Angelo regarded the brightest and purest of earthly objects as faint images. He beheld it in whatever is most sublime in Nature and enchanting in Art, in all that is creative in genius or profound in science, in the noble, the amiable, the virtuous in character; and, above all, where he saw the high expression of mind, and truth and purity enshrined in a lovely female form. The transition hence to the personification of Beauty as the inspiring mistress of his mind and imagination furnishes, we conceive, the key to many of the finest of his Platonic sonnets.

What Condivi says on this subject is striking.

* Cudworth's Works, p. 577. Folio. London: 1678.

† Pausanias, lib. i. cap. 19.

"Often," he says, "have I heard Michael Angelo treat of Love; and he was wont to speak of it altogether in the spirit of Plato. I can truly say, after having so long and so intimately lived with him, that I never heard proceed from that mouth any but the purest sentiments, and such as tended to repress in youth every irregular and unbridled desire. And that no impure thoughts found place in his mind is evident from this, that he not only admired human beauty, but universally everything beautiful; a beautiful horse or dog, a beautiful landscape and plant, a beautiful mountain and forest, a beautiful situation, and in short every beautiful thing that can be imagined; surveying it with the most animated delight, and extracting pleasure from the beauties of nature as bees do the honey from flowers. In the same way," he adds, "that as Apelles formed his ideal of Beauty, from studying many particular human forms, so did Michael Angelo his, from studying all that is most exquisite in the wide fields of Nature."

We will now introduce specimens of his sonnets, illustrative of the preceding observations.

SONNET XLV.

Read by my thoughts, thy features seem to shine,
With *that* which human words can ill explain,
A soul still compassed with its earthly chain,
But beauteous, bright, and fired with Love divine;

And if the base and envious world malign
And point with scorn at those who think like thee,
Unchanging still, with firm fidelity,
My heart, my faith, my preference are thine.
Deep in that source whence our existence flows
Beauty's transcendant forms are all combined
Beyond aught other attributes of Mind.
No trace of heaven on earth we elsewhere meet;
And he who faithful love on Thee bestows,
Aspires to God, and thinks of Death as sweet.

Veggio nel volto tuo col pensier mio
Quel che narrar non puossi in questa vita,
L' anima, della carne ancor vestita,
Bella e viva è più volte ascesa a Dio.
E se 'l vulgo malvagio, sciocco, e rio
Di quel che sente altrui segna e addita,
Non m' è l' intensa voglia men gradita,
L' amor, la fede, e l' onesto desio.
A quel pietoso fonte, onde siam tutti,
S' assembra ogni beltà che quà si vede
Più ch' altra cosa dalle menti accorte.
Ned altro saggio abbiam, ned altri frutti
Del cielo in terra; e chi t' ama con fede
Si leva a Dio, e fa dolce la morte.

SONNET XLIV.

There to return whence to its earthly bonds
Th' immortal form, bright emanation came,

Came like an angel, wing'd with piety,
To sooth the mind, and to instruct the world.
This wakes my ardour, this enamours me;
Thé flame is inward, for thy light serene,
Kindles no love of perishable things,
But fixes all its hopes where virtue dwells.
And if thy beauty fires my inmost soul,
'Tis the first step whereby that soul ascends
To heav'n, and arms itself for highest deeds.
Nor does God manifest himself elsewhere
More, than through some such light and mortal veil,
Through which on the pure eye His brightness shines.

Per ritornar là d' onde venne fuora
L' immortal forma, al suo carcer terreno
Come angel venne, e di pietà sì pieno,
Che sana ogni intelletto, e 'l mondo onora.
Questa sol m' arde, e questa m' innamora,
Non pur di fuor, che 'l tuo lume sereno
Sveglia amor non di cosa che vien meno,
Ma pon sua speme ove virtù dimora.
E se talor tua gran beltà ne muove,
È 'l primo grado da salir al cielo,
Onde poi grazia agli altri s' apparecchi.
Nè Dio se stesso manifesta altrove
Più che in alcun leggiadro mortal velo,
Dov' occhio sano in sua virtù si specchi.

SONNET III.

Heavenward I'm borne by an enchanting face,
Nought else on earth can yield me such delight;
Living I soar among the sons of Light,
Rare to a mortal is such gift of Grace;
So well the Maker in the work we trace,
That fraught with thoughts divine to Him I rise,
My thoughts and words with Heaven thus harmonise,
Nor Time my love and ardour shall efface;
And if those radiant eyes shall ne'er on me,
A glance bestow, at least their gentle light,
To God will guide me by a path-way bright;
If 'neath their beams my heart all ardent glows,
In the pure flame enkindled thus I see
The joy, which Heaven's eternal smile bestows.

La forza d'un bel volto al ciel mi sprona,
Ch' altro in terra non è che mi diletti,
E vivo ascendo tra gli spirti eletti,
Grazia ch' ad uom mortal raro si dona.
Sì ben col suo fattor l' opra consuona,
Ch' a lui mi levo per divin concetti,
E quivi 'nformo i pensier tutti e i detti,
Ardendo amando per gentil persona.
Onde, se mai da dué begli occhi il guardo
Torcer non so, conosco in lor la luce
Che mi mostra la via ch' a Dio mi guide;

E se nel lume loro acceso io ardo,
Nel nobil foco mio dolce riluce
La gioia che nel cielo eterna ride.

SONNET II.

My eyes seem'd not aught mortal to behold,
When the mild lustre of thy looks serene
Upon me shone; the soul, to its true end
Aspiring, hoped in those looks to find her peace.
With outspread wings to reach her native sphere,
Above the Beauty which delights the eye
She soared, for *that* fallacious is and vain;
And thus the universal form she scanned.
I feel that to a sage, no mortal good
Rest can impart; nor should Love deign to fix
Her powers, on any object mutable.
Sense is unbridled Will, and not true Love:
It kills the soul; Love tends to perfect it,
But truly perfects it in Heaven alone.

SONNET BY WORDSWORTH.

No mortal object did these eyes behold,
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born, the Soul a heaven-ward course must
hold;

Beyond the visible world She soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes: nor will he lend
His heart to ought which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

Non vider gli occhi miei cosa mortale,
Quando refulse in me la prima face
Dei tuoi sereni, e in lor ritrovar pace
L' alma sperò, che sempre al suo fin sale.
Spiegando, ond' ella scese, in alto l' ale,
Non pure intende al bel ch' agli occhi piace;
Ma perchè è troppo debile e fallace,
Trascende inver la forma universale.
Io dico ch' all' uom saggio quel che muore
Porger quiete non può, nè par s' aspetti
Amar ciò che fa 'l tempo cangiar pelo.
Voglia sfrenata è 'l senso, e nor amore,
Che l' alma uccide; amor può far perfetti
Gli animi quì, ma più perfetti in cielo.

The following is a glowing anticipation, in the person of a Platonist, of the glories of Immortality:—

SONNET XLII.

The Phœnix.

By fire, the artist moulds the ductile steel,
Into the beauteous forms his thought defines;
And fire expels th' alloys, which else conceal
The gold's pure lustre; and its mass refines;
Nor can the Phœnix, matchless bird, resume
Its plumes except it burn. Be it my doom
Thus into death to burn; since Heav'n assigns
Triumph o'er death to such in realms of light.
O Death, how sweet! O Conflagration bright!
If thus resolv'd to ashes, upwards springs
The soul, no more a mortal home to claim;
Or rather, if transmuted into flame,
Which has by Nature's law, a heavenward aim,
I'm wafted thither on immortal wings.

Col fuoco il fabro industre il ferro stende
Al concetto suo nuovo e bel lavoro,
Nè senza fuoco alcuno artista l' oro
Al sommo grado raffinando rende.
Nè l' unica fenice se riprende,
Se non prima arsa; onde, s' ardendo moro,
Spero più chiaro sorger tra coloro
Che morte accresce, e 'l tempo non offende.
Dolce mia morte, e fortunata arsura,
Se, in cener me converso a poco a poco,
Più non vivrò fra 'l numero de' morti,

O pur s' al cielo ascende per natura
Tale elemento, allor cangiato in fuoco
Fia che diritto al ciel seco mi porti.

The little poem upon Beauty, and the passages from Plato which follow it, compared with the subsequent sonnets, must, we are persuaded, have convinced our readers that an allegorical meaning, not at first sight obvious, pervades these poetic effusions; and that it is not an earthly lover who speaks in them, but the Platonist, who in solitude contemplates the abstract idea of Perfect Beauty and Perfect Love; but, as if to make this inference certain, Michael Angelo, in the following remarkable sonnet, has distinctly declared such to be his real meaning.

SONNET VI.

The life-spring of my love is not my heart;
I love Thee with a love devoid of heart;
There tending, where nor human passion, fraught
With error, nor a guilty thought is found.
Love, when our souls proceeded forth from God,
My vision clear, and Thee all splendour made;
And still I seem its traces to behold,
E'en in Thy frame which sin has mortal made.
As heat from fire is not divisible,
Thus with the Eternal blends the Beautiful,

And I their emanations ever hail.
Beholding in thine eyes bright paradise,
Ever beneath their radiance I would dwell,
And thus return where first I lov'd Thee so.

La vita del mio amor non è 'l cuor mio;
Che l' amor di ch' io t' amo è senza cuore
Là volto ove mortal pieno d' errore
Affetto esser non può, nè pensier rio.
Amor nel dipartir l' alma da Dio
Occhio sano me fece, e te splendore,
Nè sa non rivederlo in quel che muore
Di te per nostro mal, mio gran desio.
Come dal fuoco il caldo, esser diviso
Non può 'l bel dall' eterno; e la mia stima
Esalta chi ne scende, e chi 'l somiglia.
Veggendo ne' tuo' occhi il paradiso,
Per ritornar là dove io t' amai prima,
Ricorro ardendo sotto le tue ciglia.

However abstract the spirit of the above Sonnet, it is obvious, from the madrigals which we have translated at the outset of this chapter, and from many more of his poems which might be cited, that he was very far from being insensible to the attraction of female grace and beauty. The following sonnet, which ranks among his finest, for instance, must have reference to some beloved individual.

SONNET XXI.

Lady, how can it be? and yet each day
Experience teaches, that a form or face
Chisell'd in stone, or marble's purer grace,
Lives when the framer's hand is lifeless clay:
The cause infirm to th' effect gives way,
And art on nature smiles with conquering pride;
I know it well, to Sculpture fair allied,
And Time thus plays a faithless part with me:
Haply my practised art to us may prove,
Th' enduring record of each face and mind,
In stone, or colours wrought, with power refined,
So that to distant times it may appear,
How bright thy beauty was, how deep my love,
And that true love ne'er moved in nobler sphere.

Com' esser, donna, puote, e pur se 'l vede
La lunga esperienza, che più dura
Immagin viva in pietra alpestre e dura,
Che 'l suo fattor, che morte in breve fiede?
La cagione all' effetto inferma cede,
Ed è dall' arte vinta la natùra;
Io 'l so ch' amica ho sì 'l alma scultùra,
E veggo il tempo omai rompermi fede.
Forse ad amendue noi dar lunga vita
Posso, o vũoi nei colori, o vuoi nei sassi;
Rassembrando di noi l' affetto e 'l volto;
Sicchè, mill' anni dopo la partita,
Quanto tu bella fosti ed io t' amassi
Si veggia, e come a amarti io non fui stolto.

Of the style of personifiation to which we have been alluding, and also of the allegorical mode of conveying philosophical ideas by means of amatory language, Dante furnishes a striking example in two of his earliest productions, the Vita Nuova and the Convito*, the former of which appears to have been his first publication. The fashion thus set by so commanding an authority, was largely followed by the Italian poets of the middle ages, and struck its roots also into the general literature of modern Europe. He might probably himself have borrowed the idea from Boethius, a favourite author with him; though as respects the use of allegory, in various forms, as a happy mode of communicating instruction, the practice, it need scarcely be observed, was frequent both in classical and Oriental literature.

In the Convito, Philosophy becomes a sort of Second Love to Dante, to console him under the loss of his Beatrice, who herself, in the Vita Nuova, is described in terms in which it is often difficult to distinguish the literal from the allegorical. So much is this the case that some ctitics have treated of her as altogether an ideal creation, in which the poet has given a name and semblance to an abstraction of his intellect; while others have, and (as we conceive) more justly, regarded her as

* I have pleasure in mentioning here an elegant essay by Mr. E. Taylor on the poems of Michael Angelo, accompanied by various translations. London, 12mo. 1846.

sustaining two distinct parts in his writings,—a real one in the history of his early life—an allegorical one in his later poetry.

Her name and parentage are given, and he relates with great pomp of words and of description, at the opening of the Vita Nuova, the first occasion of his beholding her, where he calls her "the glorious lady of his thoughts,"—la gloriosa Donna della mia mente. At this time Beatrice was only nine years old, and he was precisely of the same age, yet (he adds) "the cherished image quitted me no more: and so beneficial was its influence that it never allowed my desires to overcome the convictions of my reason." Dating from this period, May 1st, 1274, Dante pursues the history of his interior life, and tells us how fancy invested Beatrice with every charm and perfection; how this feeling grew with his growing years, and what a shield it proved to him against the temptations of youth; how a smile from her lips, or even a passing recognition of him, produced sensations of overpowering transport and delight, and how, though they never appear to have been more than distantly acquainted, her very looks enkindled in his soul a taste for every noble pursuit and every superior virtue. All this is told in prose, and in sonnets, and other poetic effusions; and it is when describing the elevating influence of this passion on his mind and heart, that the mortal Beauty appears to resolve herself into an angelic abstrac-

tion. At length Heaven claims this angel of his fancy as its own. In the year 1292, and in the flower of youth and beauty, her earthly bonds are broken, and she smiles a seraph in the realms of light. The poet's grief is long inconsolable; he beholds her in dreams and visions crowned with celestial glory; and after exhausting the powers of his imagination and description in tributes to her memory, he closes by declaring that he will write no more of her till he can do it in a way worthy of such a subject. This promise glances forward to his great poem, where Beatrice re-appears as still the object of his devoted love, but transmuted into a magnificent personification of Theology.

The Convito is a sort of sequel to the Vita Nuova, and it introduces us to a lady who had won Dante's affections, in a secondary degree, in consequence of the consolations she had poured into his soul for the loss of Beatrice. Her gentle and beauteous, though pensive aspect, her noble mien and address, and her lessons of Truth and Wisdom, are finely described in three successive poems, one of which, descriptive of the charms of Intellectual Love, and commencing,

Amor, che nella mente me ragiona,

appears to have been a special favourite with its author, as he puts it into the mouth of one of the spirits of his Purgatorio, who had been celebrated

on earth for his vocal powers, and is called upon in his disembodied state to exercise once more his charming talent. This lady is addressed by Dante in amatory strains often not unlike those in which Michael Angelo invokes his mistress; but after keeping his readers for some time in suspense as to his real meaning, he casts aside the veil, and explains that meaning as follows: — By "my Lady, mia Donna," I always mean her who forms the subject of the preceding poem — that most pure light, Philosophy, whose rays cause the flowers to revive, and the true nobility of man to put forth fruit." — Convito, cap. 1. treatise 4.

Again, in cap. 1. tr. 2., he states that, beneath the literal words of his poetry, there is a hidden meaning which is explained in the comments appended to each poem; and at cap. 16. tr. 2., he disavows intending to convey the idea that the love of which he treats is seated in the senses, his real object being to describe the energy with which a mind enamoured of Philosophy addresses itself to its object. He makes a special and similar statement upon the poem quoted above, and although his comments are somewhat tedious and discursive, they are replete with noble truths and passages of great eloquence, in which the fruits of ancient philosophy are powerfully described, and the far more perfect and celestial products of Christian Philosophy are recognised. A deeply Platonic vein of sentiment and feeling runs

through the whole, which closely allies the poetry of Buonarroti with that of these treatises. Deeply read as Michael Angelo was in the poetry of Dante, and delighting to tread in his steps, nothing could be more natural than that he should have personified Beauty as the Mistress of his Art and of his mind, in the same spirit that Philosophy, as we have shown, was personified by Dante as the solace of his soul, and the animating principle of his life and actions. Have we not, therefore, the key which unlocks the mystery of the real object of a great part of Michael Angelo's poetry? We occasionally find other Platonic notions introduced by him, whether seriously or poetically may be queried —such as the transmigration of souls; the doctrine of their pre-existence; their emanation from the Deity in a pure and perfect state, and their subsequent corruption in consequence of alliance with matter.

Of such passages one example shall suffice:—

Se l' alma è ver che, dal suo corpo sciolta,
In alcun altro torni
Ai nostri brevi giorni,
Per vivere e morire un' altra volta, &c. &c.
Madrigal 29.

The first of the four sonnets which follow, is a translation by Wordsworth, the last by Southey.

SONNET IX.

Yes! Hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetray'd;
For, if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

WORDSWORTH.

Ben può talor col mio ardente desio
Salir la speme, e non esser fallace;
Che, s' ogni nostro affetto al ciel dispiace,
Fatto a che fine avrebbe 'l mondo Iddio?
Qual più giusta cagion dell' amarti io,
Che render gloria a quell' eterna pace
Onde pende il divin che di te piace,
E ch' ogni cor gentil fa casto e pio?
Fallace speme ha sol l' amor che muore
Con la beltà che scema a ciascun' ora,
Perch' è suggetto al variar d' un viso.
Certa è ben quella in un pudico cuore,
Che per cangiar di scorza non si sfiora
Nè langue, e quì caparra il paradiso.

SONNET I.

Whate'er conception a great Artist fires,
Its answering semblance latent lies within
A block of marble, but the hand alone
Swayed by the intellect, can give it form.
Lady illustrious, graceful, and divine,
The Good I'd seek for, and the Ill I'd shun,
Thus latent are in thee, but I, death-struck,
Fail in my efforts to attain that Good.
Nor love then, nor thy beauty, are the cause,
Nor adverse fortune, nor thy cold disdain,
Of the sad destiny 'neath which I pine.
If death and pity each within thy heart
Together dwell, how weak my power which fails,
Tho' ardent, to extract thence aught but Death.

Non ha l' ottimo artista alcun concetto,
Ch' un marmo solo in se non circoscriva
Col suo soverchio, e solo a quello arriva
La man che obbedisce all' intelletto.
Il mal ch' io fuggo, e 'l ben ch' io mi prometto,
In te, donna leggiadra, altera, e diva,
Tal si nasconde, e, perch' io più non viva,
Contraria ho l' arte al desiato effetto.
Amor dunque non ha, nè tua beltate,
O fortuna, o durezza, o gran disdegno,
Del mio mal colpa, o mio destino, o sorte,

D A N T E.

BORN 1265. DIED 1321

Se dentro del tuo cor morte e pietate
Porti in un tempo, e che 'l mio basso ingegno
Non sappia ardendo trarne altro che morte.*

Dante having been so often referred to in these pages, as the poet who, above all others, charmed his fancy, and acted upon his art, we will close this part of our subject by translations of two sonnets, inscribed to his name, and expressing an enthusiastic admiration of his character and genius.

On Dante.

Down to the dark abyss he went, and trod
The one and the other hell; this purpose wrought,
Instinct with thoughts sublime he soared to God;
And the great truths thence gained to mortals taught;
Star of high valour! from thy depth of rays,
On our dark minds eternal secrets blaze;
Thy sole reward that persecuting rod,
With which her heroes a base world requites;
Dante's great mind left far behind the lights,
Of that ungrateful people, whose applause
Is ne'er denied, but to the wise and great;
Would I were such as he, mine the same fate,
Happiest of all that can on mortals wait,
Exile severe, endured in Virtue's cause.

* This is the sonnet on which Varchi has written the elaborate commentary referred to at p. 182. of this vol.

Dal mondo scese ai ciechi abissi, e poi
Che l' uno e l' altro inferno vide, e a Dio,
Scorto dal gran pensier vivo salìo,
E ne diè in terra vero lume a noi;
Stella d' alto valor coi raggi suoi
Gli occulti eterni a noi ciechi scoprìo,
E n' ebbe il premio al fin che 'l mondo rio
Dona sovente ai più pregiati eroi.
Di Dante mal fur l' opre conosciute,
E 'l bel desio, da quel popolo ingrato
Che solo ai giusti manca di salute.
Pur fuss' io tal! ch' a simil sorte nato,
Per l' aspro esilio suo con la virtute,
Darei del mondo il più felice stato.

How shall we speak of him, for our blind eyes
Are all unequal to his dazzling rays?
Easier it is to blame his enemies,
Than for the tongue to tell his lightest praise.
For us he did explore the realms of woe:
And at his coming did high Heaven expand
Her lofty gates, to whom his native land
Refus'd to open hers. Yet shalt thou know,
Ungrateful city, in thine own despite,
That thou hast fostered best thy Dante's fame;
For virtue when oppressed, appears more bright,
And brighter therefore shall his glory be,
Suffering of all mankind most wrongfully,
Since in the world there lives no greater name.

SOUTHEY.

Quanto dirne si dee non si può dire,
Che troppo agli orbi il suo splendor s' accese;
Biasmar si può più 'l popol che l' offese,
Ch' al minor pregio suo lingua salire.
Questi discese ai regni del fallire
Per noi insegnare, e poscia a Dio n' ascese;
E l' alte porte il ciel non gli contese,
Cui la patria le sue negò d' aprire.
Ingrata patria, e della sua fortuna
A suo danno nutrice! e n' è ben segno
Ch' ai più perfetti abbonda di più guai.
E fra mille ragion vaglia quest' una:
Ch' egual non ebbe il suo esilio indegno,
Com' uom maggior di lui quì non fu mai.

It now remains for us to notice the poems written in his declining years, than which nothing can be more touchingly impressive, since they exhibit the inmost workings of his soul upon points of vital and eternal interest.

In many of the preceding sonnets we behold Michael Angelo indulging the fanciful theories of Platonism, and wrapped up in its abstractions. A character of grandeur, highly gratifying to the pride of the human intellect, no doubt, distinguishes these theories; they address the soul as immortal, and invite it as such (spurning the objects and the bounds of time) to ascend by means

of rigid self-discipline, and on the wings of contemplation, to intimate union with God as the first Perfect and the first Fair. But however elevated in themselves such sentiments may be, it is a philosophy wholly unsuited to the condition and the real wants of mankind as a fallen race; needing, therefore, mercy and restoration, before they can thus aspire to a consummation so glorious. The distinguishing feature of Christianity, as opposed to Platonism, is, that while its end and aim are transcendantly sublime, it opens the way of access to God, in a mode revealed by Himself, bearing upon it the stamp of infinite wisdom, goodness, and love. "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." (1 John, iv. 9.) The advent of Christ was a merciful response to the groans of nature, which for ages had, in various ways, been inviting the coming of a Deliverer, a Restorer, a Redeemer.

> "In his blest life
> We see the path, and in His death the price,
> And in His great ascent the proof supreme,
> Of Immortality."
>
> YOUNG.

Michael Angelo wrote his Platonic Sonnets not without knowledge and love of these glorious truths; but his early initiation into Platonism appears in no small degree to have overlaid his

Christianity; and it was not till he reached the decline of life, that he became fully convinced that, as far as this was the case, he had been grasping at shadows, and admiring the baseless fabric of a vision. The proofs of this conviction, and of his new views of Religious Truth consequent on it, are furnished by himself. In the passages we are about to quote from his latter Sonnets, the lofty Platonist will be found transmuted into the humble Christian, who on a review of the past is deeply smitten with a sense of his unworthiness, and can find no ground for present peace, or immortal hope, but that of penitential faith in the merits of his Redeemer. It is in this spirit that we find him expressing himself, in his sixty-fourth year, or thereabouts, as follows:—

Borne down by weight of years, and full of sin,
And in bad habits rooted and confirmed,
To one and th' other Death I'm drawing near,
And still on poison partly feed myself;
Nor have I, prompt for use, the needful power
My life, love, manners, and my lot to change,
Without thy aid, enlightening and divine.
O Lord, &c.

Again:—

My spirit now, midst errors multiform,
Weak, wearied, and infirm, pardon implores;
O Lord, most high, extend to me that chain

Which links within its grasp each gift divine;
Chiefest to Faith, I bid my soul aspire,
Flying from sense, whose ways conduct to death;
The rarer be this gift of gifts, the more
May it to me abound.

Again, referring to the propitiatory Sacrifice of of Christ:

Despite thy promises, O Lord, 'twould seem
Too much to hope that even Love like Thine
Can overlook my countless wanderings;
And yet Thy Blood helps me to comprehend,
That if Thy pangs for us were measureless,
No less beyond all measure is Thy Grace.*

The great change in his religious views and sentiments, indicated by the preceding extracts, may be traced, upon his own authority, in no small degree, to the influence of a friendship which he had the happiness of forming, in the year 1537, with one of the most illustrious and accomplished ladies of the sixteenth century, the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara. Her name has come down to us encircled with all the honours, which the poets and men of letters of

* The sonnets from which the three preceding extracts are made will be found at full length at pp. 164, 163. 166.

the golden age of modern literature, could pay to rank, talent, and virtue, enshrined in a form of surpassing loveliness. Her biographer, Rota, has accumulated a collection of these tributes, both in prose and verse, from among which, we cull the following glowing eulogy from the pen of Ariosto, in which, playing upon her name, *Vittoria*, he alludes to the military triumphs of her father, and heroic husband; to the profound grief with which she had deplored his death, and to the beautiful poetic effusions in which, while giving expression to that grief, she had done immortal honour to his memory.

Come Febo la candida Sorella
Fà più di luce adorna, e più la mira,
Che Venere, o che Maja, o che altra stella,
Che va col cielo, o che da se si gira,
Così facondia più che all' altre, a quella,
Di che io vi parlo, e più dolcezza spira;
E dà tal forza all' alte sue parole,
Che orna a' dì nostri il ciel d' un altro Sole.

Vittoria è il nome; e ben conviensi a nata
Fra le vittorie; e a chi o vada, o stanzi
Di trofei sempre, e di trionfi ornata
La Vittoria abbia seco o dietro, o innanzi;
Questa è un' altra Artemisia, che lodata
Fu di pieta verso il suo Mausolo; anzi

Tanto maggior, quanto è più assai bell' opra,
Che por sotterra un uom, trarlo di sopra.*

ARIOSTO, canto 37.

This illustrious lady made Rome her residence for more than a twelvemonth after the commencement of her acquaintance with Michael Angelo, and subsequently resided for several years in the neighbouring city of Viterbo, so that he had frequent opportunities of enjoying her society. Her friendship and regard for him were mingled with the highest admiration of his talents, which he gladly

17.

"As Phœbus to his silvery sister shows
His visage more, and lends her brighter fires
Than Venus, Maja, or to star that glows
Alone, or circles with the heavenly quires;
So he with sweeter eloquence than flows
From other lips, that gentle dame inspires;
And gives her words such force, a second sun
Seems in our days its glorious course to run.

18.

"Mid victories born, Victoria is her name —
Well named; and whom does she advance or stay
Triumphs and trophies evermore proclaim,
While Victory heads or follows her array.
Another Artemisia is the dame
Renowned for love of her Mausolus; — yea,
By so much greater, as it is more brave
To raise the dead, than lay them in the grave."

Mr. Stuart Rose's Transl. of Ariosto.

exerted to give her pleasure, by making for her several beautiful drawings, in particular the original design of the Pietà, described at page 339., Vol. I., another also of Christ and the Woman of Samaria, and a third of a Crucifixion. There was also an occasional exchange of letters between them; and he has recorded in several poetic addresses his deep sense of her courtesy and kindness, and his high admiration of her character and virtues. Condivi, speaking of their friendship, says, "In particular, he was most deeply attached to the Marchioness of Pescara, of whose divine spirit he was enamoured; and he was beloved by her in return with much affection."

From these facts it has been inferred, by various modern writers, that he was smitten with a hopeless passion for this distinguished lady, and that many of his amatory poems point to her as their anonymous but real object. It will doubtless take off from the romance of these pages, but it is due to Truth, to state, that we deem this conclusion altogether unfounded. At the commencement of their friendship, he was sixty-four years of age, and she forty-eight; and though bright traces might still exist of her once dazzling beauty, yet her well-known resolution never to put aside her widow's dress, her religious elevation of sentiment, and her high rank, must have effectually repressed in all who approached her any such pretensions;

and above all in a man of so much reserve and self-control as Michael Angelo.

What his real feelings towards her were, he has himself recorded in no less than five poems inscribed with her name; and they prove, that the influence she exerted over him was indeed great, but that it pointed to that brighter world and to those immortal objects, in which her affections supremely centred. His poetic addresses to her, though marked by the highest admiration of the great qualities of her mind and heart, are throughout expressive of the most deferential respect. They gratefully acknowledge her condescending courtesy, and the beneficial influence of her piety and wisdom upon his principles and opinions; but he presumes not even to glance at her personal attractions, or to quit the ground of almost ceremonious homage. It was not till her eyes were sealed in death, that he allowed himself to expatiate, in a closing sonnet, upon her beauty; and he then does it, in terms of sacred affection, far elevated above the sphere of earthly love. He describes in strong terms the fluctuating nature of his religious opinions, and the doubts and difficulties which harassed his mind; he entreats her to be his spiritual guide, and adds that her example and influence have already shed a bright ray upon his steps in the way to heaven. How well she was qualified to respond to these earnest appeals, is attested by her sacred poetry, which, while it rivals in style the

beauties of Petrarch, is marked by enlightened piety and elevated devotion. In confirmation of these remarks we will now appeal to the poems themselves, putting two of them into simple blank verse, in order fully to bring out their meaning.

To Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara.

Midst endless doubts, shifting from right to left,
How my salvation to secure I seek,
And still 'twixt Vice and Virtue balancing,
My heart confused weighs down and wearies me;
As one who having lost the light of Heaven,
Bewildered strays, whatever path he takes;
I, Lady, to your sacred penmanship,
Present the blank page of my troubled mind,
That you, in dissipation of my doubts,
May on it write, how my benighted soul,
Of its desired end may not so fail,
As to incur, at length, a fatal fall;
Be you the writer, who have taught me how
To tread by fairest paths the way to Heaven.

Alla Signora Vittoria Colonna Marchesana di Pescara.

Ora su 'l destro or su 'l sinistro piede
Variando cerco della mia salute;
Fra 'l vizio e la virtute
Il cuor confuso mi travaglia e stanca,
Come chi 'l ciel non vede
Che per ogni sentier si perde e manca.

Porgo la carta bianca
Ai vostri sacri inchiostri,
Ove per voi nel mio dubbiar si scriva,
Come quest' alma d' ogni luce priva
Possa non traviar dietro il desio
Negli ultimi suoi passi, ond' ella cade;
Per voi si scriva, voi che 'l viver mio
Volgeste al ciel per le più belle strade.

MADRIGAL LVI.

To the Same.

Lady, I trust it is not pride,
But Obligation 's so allied
To Favour, that I seem to see
In your exalted courtesy,
Infringement on my liberty;
Oh rather injure me, than bind
Such fetters on my free-born mind:
Since the sun's radiance on the eye,
Shining in unblenched majesty,
Should heighten, not o'erwhelm the sight,
But dazzles by excess of light,
On me thus acts your presence bright;
It charms, and yet its potent ray,
Unnerves my reason's wonted sway:
Small virtue, when its path is crost
By higher far, absorbed, is lost:

They who too much bestow confound;
With such there is no common ground;
Therefore (though rarely to be found)
Love wills, that friends should equal be
In Virtue and in Quality.

Perch' è troppo molesta,
Ancor che dolce sia,
Grazia talor ch' un' alma legar suole;
Mia libertà di questa
Vostr' alta cortesia
Più che d' un furto si lamenta e duole.
E com' occhio nel sole
Disgrega sua virtù, che pur dovrebbe
Trar maggior luce quindi ove gioisce;
In tal guisa il desio, benchè il console
Quella mercè che in me da voi si crebbe,
Si perde e si smarrisce.
Poca virtù per molta s' abbandona;
Nuoce chi troppo dona;
Ch' Amor gli amici vuole, onde son rari,
E di fortuna e di virtute pari.

SONNET LVIII.

To the Same.

That I the less unworthy might appear,
Great lady, of your matchless courtesy,
Fain would my humble Art have first acquired,

Some trivial claim of merit in your eyes;
But since no innate power in me is found,
To reach this lofty scope, my will recoils
From such presumptuous thoughts, and thus at length,
Taught by my failures, I am grown more wise.
I see how much he'd err, who should suppose
Any frail, transient work of mine could vie,
With the celestial grace that flows from you.
Here genius, art, and lofty daring fail;
No mortal virtue with its countless works,
Novel and fair, can rival heavenly gifts.

Per esser manco, alta signora, indegno
Del don di vostra immensa cortesia,
Con alcun merto ebbe desire in pria
Precorrer lei mio troppo umile ingegno.
Ma scorto poi ch' ascender a quel segno
Proprio valor non è ch' apra la via,
Vien men la temeraria voglia mia,
E dal fallir più saggio al fin divegno.
E veggio ben com' erra, s' alcun crede
La grazia che da voi divina piove
Pareggiar l' opra mia caduca e frale.
L' ingegno, e l' arte, e l' ardimento cede;
Che non può con mill' opre, e chiare, e nuove
Pagar celeste don virtù mortale.

SONNET LVII.

To the Same.

When of some form and face, Art, pure, divine,
Has caught th' expressive mien, the features' play,
A model next it forms of humble clay,
Then th' idea, and the first birth combine;
But next in marble fair those features shine,
If truthful genius prompt the artist's care;
And thus renascent, beautiful, and fair,
Its glories neither Place nor Time confine.
Lady, both great and good, in me you view
That first imperfect model; thanks to thee,
Re-modelled, born anew, 'tis mine to be.
If my defects thy pious aid supply
And the redundant smooth, what shall excuse
My vain dark mind should it such aid refuse?

Poscia ch' appreso ha l' arte intera e diva
D' alcun la forma e gli atti, indi di quello,
D' umil materia, in semplice modello
Fa il primo parto, e 'l suo concetto avviva.
Ma nel secondo in dura pietra viva
S' adempion le promesse del martello,
Ond' ei rinasce, e, fatto illustre e bello,
Segno non è che sua gloria prescriva.
Simil di me model nacqu' io da prima,
Di me model, per opra più perfetta
Da voi rinascer poi, donna alta e degna.
Se il men riempie, e 'l mio soperchio lima
Vostra pietà, qual penitenza aspetta
Mio cieco e van pensier se la disdegna?

Any lengthened comment upon these poems is needless ; they speak, we conceive, for themselves. Here there is no approach to the language of love. All is admiration of the rare talents and Christian virtues of the lady, whom the writer addresses, conveyed in the most deferential manner. Their friendship, it is obvious, had taken a religious turn; and Michael Angelo had found in Vittoria's conversation an answer to the harassing and painful doubts to which the first of these four poems alludes. The last is in a different strain. He addresses her in the most grateful terms, as having been the instrument of remodelling his opinions, and of making him almost feel, as it were, a new man. The tenor of the poems of his latter days, which will conclude this chapter, leave, we conceive, no doubt as to the nature of the change that had ensued. In them, he bids a final adieu to all false philosophy; he is become a humble learner in the school of Christ, and the consequence is, peace with God, and peace in his own conscience.

The interpretation thus given of the spirit of that friendship which subsisted between Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo is further confirmed by various letters addressed to him by that lady, which we have been permitted, by favour of the present accomplished head of the Buonarroti family, to hear read. They are five in number; and there is a sixth, addressed by her to a friend, which relates to Michael Angelo. Two of these

letters refer in very grateful terms to the fine drawings which he had been making for her, and to which she alludes with admiration; another glances with deep interest at the devout sentiments of a sonnet, which it appears he had sent for her perusal, and which will be found headed No. XLVII., among those which follow. She identifies this as being such by referring to a line in it,

"Vicin mi veggio all' una e all' altra morte."

Another tells him, in playful terms, that his duties as architect of St. Peter's, and her own to the youthful inmates of the convent of St. Catherine at Viterbo, admit not of their frequently exchanging letters. This must have been written just a year before her death, which occurred in 1547. Michael Angelo became architect of St. Peter's in 1546.

These letters are written with the most perfect ease, in a firm strong hand; but there is not a syllable in any of them approaching to tenderness.

In saying, at page 156., that he intreated Vittoria Colonna to become his *spiritual guide*, I quote Roscoe's words in chapter 16th of his Leo X.

Roscoe has incurred the censure of Roman Catholic writers, for having added, that Vittoria Colonna was suspected of being "inclined to the doctrines of the Reformed Church," without stating also that Tiraboschi had fully refuted the charge. We cannot admit, that he has by any means refuted it, as respects the leaning of her mind to

reform, and in particular to the prominent Lutheran, or rather Scriptural, doctrine, — *that* of Justification by Faith, — although he has fully proved that she adhered to the communion of the Romish Church, at the time, that some of her intimate friends separated from it. The question is full of interest; and we shall endeavour to state the truth on both sides, in our biographical sketch of this lady, towards the close of the present volume. In the meantime we beg to disavow any intention of implying that Michael Angelo, though holding, as the following sonnets indicate, the great doctrine above alluded to, shared, at any time, in the charge which Roscoe mentions in connection with the name of his illustrious friend; a charge which, as he justly adds, in his esteem, does her honour.

The Church of Christ, in its various branches, highly appreciates the enlightened and devout spirit of the Confessions of St. Augustine. The sonnets of M. Angelo's latter days may be termed his "Confessions," conceived and expressed in the very spirit of St. Augustine, and emitting a light which would appear bright in any age, but was doubly so at a time when, to use the words of De Thou, as quoted by Roscoe, "the wildest infidelity and levity of conduct, were a reproach to no one, provided he conformed to the established creed."

In order to do justice to the sentiments and powerful expression of these sonnets, they are given in blank verse, with the exception of the first and the concluding one, addressed to Vasari.

SONNET XLVI.

False Love! with thee, for many a livelong year,
I've fed my soul; in part my body too;
For thy seductive arts th' unwary woo
To flowery paths, with pitfalls lurking near;
Now wearied, on wing'd thoughts I upwards steer,
Where purer, nobler objects charm the view:
Pardon I ask of God, with sorrow true,
For faults which traced on endless sheets appear.
Far other Love points to Eternal Day;
Imperishable Beauty leads me there;
To its bright shafts my bosom I unbare;
One urges on, the other smooths my way;
Hope smiles celestial; in those smiles I'll trust,
Till 'neath some marble sleeps, at length, my dust.

Io di te, falso amor, molti anni sono,
Nutrita ho l' alma, e, se non tutto, in parte
Il corpo ancor, che tua mirabil arte
Regge altri in vita ch' al cader è prono.
Or, lasso! alzo i pensier su l' ali, e sprono
Me stesso a più sicura e nobil parte,
E de' mie' falli, onde ben mille carte
Son piene omai, a Dio chieggio perdono.
Altro amor mi promette eterna vita,
D' altre bellezze, e non caduche, vago,
Mentre a' suoi strali il cuor tutto disarmo.

Questo mi punga, ed ei mi porga aita;
Che di celeste speme al fin m' appago,
Anzi che 'l cener mio copra d' un marmo.

The spirit of this sonnet may remind the reader of that exquisite one of Petrarch's in his latter days, commencing, —

"Io vo piangendo i miei passati tempi."

MADRIGAL LII.

Ah, woe is me! alas! when I revolve
My years gone by, wearied, I find not one
Wherein to call a single day my own.
Fallacious hopes, desires as vain, and thoughts
Of love compounded and of lover's woes
(No mortal joy has novelty for me),
Make up the sum; I know—I feel 'tis so.
Thus have I ever stray'd from Truth and Good:
Where'er I go, shifting from right to left,
Denser the shades, less bright the sun appears,
And I, infirm and worn, am nigh to fall.

Ohimè, ohimè! che pur pensando
Agli anni corsi, lasso! non ritrovo,
Fra tanti, un giorno che sia stato mio.
Le fallaci speranze e 'l van desio,
Piangendo, amando, ardendo, e sospirando,
(Ch' affetto alcun mortal non m' è più nuovo)

M' hanno tenuto, ora il conosco e provo,
E dal vero e dal ben sempre lontano.
Io parto a mano a mano,
Crescemi ognor più l' ombra, e 'l sol vien manco,
E son presso al cadere, infermo e stanco.

SONNET LIV.

No earthly object is more base and vile
Than I, without Thee, miserable am.
My spirit now, midst errors multiform,
Weak, wearied, and infirm, pardon implores.
O Lord most high! extend to me that chain
Which with itself links ev'ry gift divine:
Chiefest, to Faith, I bid my soul aspire,
Flying from sense, whose paths conduct to death.
The rarer be this gift of gifts, the more
May it to me abound; and still the more,
Since the world yields not true content and peace.
By faith alone the fount of bitter tears
Can spring within my heart, made penitent:
No other key unlocks the gate of heav'n.

Non è più bassa o vil cosa terrena
Di quel che, senza te, misero! io sono;
Onde nel lungo error chiede perdono
La debile mia 'nferma e stanca lena.
Porgimi, alto signor, quella catena
Che seco annoda ogni celeste dono;

La fede, dico, a cui mi volgo e sprono,
Fuggendo il senso ch' a perir mi mena.
Tanto mi fia maggior quanto è più raro
Dei doni il dono; e maggior fia se, senza,
Pace e contento il mondo in se non have.
Per questa il fonte sol del pianto amaro
Mi può nascer nel cor di penitenza,
Nè 'l ciel si schiude a noi con altra chiave.

SONNET XLVII.

Borne down by weight of years and full of sin,
And in bad habits rooted and confirm'd,
To one and to th' other death I'm drawing near,
And still on poison partly feed myself:
Nor have I, prompt for use, the needful pow'r
My life, love, manners, and my lot to change
Without Thy aid enlightening and divine,
To my fallacious course a guide and curb:
Oh Lord! but Thou must do for me far more
Than to invite my soul there to return,
Where, out of nothing, it was formed by Thee;
Before this mortal frame Thou layest low,
So by Repentance smooth for me the way,
That this return to Thee be sure and blest.

Carico d' anni, e di peccati pieno,
E nel mal uso radicato, e forte,
Vicin mi veggio all' una e all' altra morte,
E in parte il cuor nutrisco di veleno.

Nè proprie ho forze ch' al bisogno sieno
Per cangiar vita, amor, costume, e sorte,
Senza le tue divine e chiare scorte,
Nel mio fallace corso, e guida e freno.
Ma non basta, signor, che tu ne invogli
Di ritornar colà l' anima mia,
Dove per te di nulla fu creata.
Prima che del mortal la privi e spogli,
Col pentimento ammczzami la via,
E fia più certa a te tornar beata.

SONNET LII.

Alive to Sin, dead to myself I live;
My life is not my own—Sin masters it,
Around me an obscuring cloud it spreads,
So that I wander blind, to reason lost.
My liberty, of which I boasted once,
Is now enslaved; oh, miserable fate!
To what excess of woe and grief I'm born,
If Lord, through Thee, I be not born again!
When I look back, retracing the sad course
Of my past years, with error thickly strown,
Sole I accuse my insane hardihood.
T'was thus I loosed the curb to my desires,
Quitting the radiant path which to Thy Love
Conducts. Oh! still stretch out thine arm to save.

Vivo al peccato, ed a me morto vivo ;
Mia vita non è mia, ma del peccato,
Dalla cui fosca nebbia traviato,
Cieco cammino, e son di ragion privo.
Serva mia libertà, per cui fiorivo,
A me s' è fatta, o infelice stato !
A che miseria, a quanto duol son nato,
Signor, se in tua pietade io non rivivo !
S' io mi rivolgo indietro, e veggio 'l corso
Di tutti gli anni miei pieno di errore,
Non accuso altri che 'l mio ardire insano :
Perchè lentando a' miei desiri il morso,
Il bel sentier che n' adduce al tuo amore
Lasciai. Porgine or tu tua santa mano.

SONNET L.

Much it afflicts, and yet it soothes my mind
To dwell upon each thought of Time gone by
Which memory recalls ; though reason mourns
Th' irreparable ill of wasted hours.
It soothes me, when the thought of Death suggests,
How brief, how transient is each human joy ;
It grieves me, since I scarcely dare to hope
Pardon and Grace thus late for all my sins.
Despite thy promises, O Lord, t'would seem
Too much to hope that even love like thine
Can overlook my countless wanderings :

And yet Thy Blood helps us to comprehend
That if Thy pangs for us were measureless
No less beyond all measure is Thy Grace.

Mentre m' attrista e duol, parte m' è caro
Ciascun pensier ch' a memoria riede
Del tempo andato, e che ragion mi fiede
De' dì perduti, onde non è riparo.
Caro m'è sol, perch' anzi morte imparo
Quant' ogni uman diletto ha corta fede;
Tristo m' è, ch' a trovar grazia e mercede,
Negli ultimi anni, a molte colpe è raro.
Che, bench' alle promesse tue s' attenda,
Sperar forse, signore, è troppo ardire,
Ch' ogni soperchio indugio amor perdoni.
Ma pur nel sangue tuo par si comprenda,
S 'egual per noi non ebbe il tuo martire,
Ch' oltre a misura sian tuoi cari doni.

His faith in the efficacy of Prayer is finely developed in the following sonnet; and in that which succeeds it, we find a touching description of his attainment of peace of mind, and of the truly Scriptural basis on which it rested.

SONNET LIII.

What sweetness will attend my acts of prayer,
If Thou, to pray to Thee, wilt give me power!

Within my heart's bleak soil, no means are found
Fruits to produce of innate excellence.
Thou art the seed of just and holy works;
Where'er Thy power is felt they germinate:
None have th' heroic will to follow Thee,
Unless Thou teach them first, Thy beauteous ways;
Pour into my mind prolific thoughts
Of vital energy, that so my feet
May in the track of Thy blest footsteps tread;
And that my tongue with pure impressive words,
All ardent for Thy glory, Thy great name;
May ever magnify, exalt, adore.

SAME BY WORDSWORTH.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed;
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may:
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it; Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe these thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

Ben sarian dolci le preghiere mie,
Se virtù mi prestassi da pregarte;
Nel mio terreno infertil non è parte
Da produr frutto di virtù natìe.
Tu il seme se' dell' opre giuste e pie,
Che là germoglian dove ne fai parte;
Nessun proprio valor può seguitarte,
Se non gli mostri le tue belle vie.
Tu nella mente mia pensieri infondi
Che producano in me sì vivi effetti,
Signor, ch' io segua i tuoi vestigj santi;
E dalla lingua mia chiari e facondi
Sciogli della tua gloria ardenti detti,
Perchè sempre io ti lodi, esalti, e canti.

SONNET XLIX.

From a vexatious, heavy load, set free,
Eternal Lord, and from the world unloos'd,
Wearied to Thee I turn, like a frail bark
'Scaped from fierce storms, into a placid sea.
The thorns, the nails, the one and the other hand,
Together with thine aspect, meek, benign,
And mangled, pledge the grace to mourning souls,
Of deep repentance, and Salvation's hope.
View not my sins in the condemning light,
Of justice strict; avert thine awful ear,
Nor stretch forth on me Thine avenging arm.
May Thy blood wash my guilt and sins away;

As age creeps on may it abound the more,
With timely aid, and full forgiveness.

Scarco d' una importuna e grave salma,
Signore eterno, e dal mondo disciolto,
Qual fragil legno, a te stanco mi volto
Dall' orribil procella in dolce calma.
Le spine, i chiodi, e l' una e l' altra palma,
Col tuo benigno umil lacero volto,
Prometton grazia di pentirsi molto,
E speme di salute alla trist' alma.
Non miri con giustizia il divin lume
Mio fallo, o l' oda il tuo sacrato orecchio,
Nè in quel si volga il braccio tuo severo.
Tuo sangue lavi l' empio mio costume,
E più m' abbondi, quanto io son più vecchio,
Di pronta aita e di perdono intero.

We shall close this collection with the following beautiful sonnet, addressed to Vasari, written in his eighty-third year, in which, bidding adieu to Fancy, to Art, and to all the glories of this perishing world, he invokes the embraces of Eternal Love.

SONNET LVI.

To Vasari.

Time, my frail bark o'er a rough ocean guides,
Swift to that Port, where all must touch that live,
And of their actions, good or evil, give

A strict account, where Truth supreme presides.
As to gay Fancy, in which Art confides,
And even her Idol and her Monarch makes,
Full well I know how largely it partakes
Of error; but frail man in Error prides;
My thoughts, once prompt round hurtful things to twine,
What are they now, when two dread Deaths are near!
The one impends, the other shakes his spear.
Painting and Sculpture's aid in vain I crave;
My one sole refuge is that Love divine
Which from the Cross, stretch'd forth its arms to save.

Giunto è già 'l corso della vita mia
Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca
Al comun porto, ov' a render si varca
Giusta ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia;
Onde l' affettuosa fantasia,
Che l' arte si fece idolo e monarca,
Conosco ben quant' era d' error carca;
Ch' errore è ciò che l' uom quaggiù desia.
I pensier miei già de' mie' danni lieti,
Che fian or s' a due morti m' avvicino?*
L' una m' è certa, e l' altra mi minaccia.
Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queti
L' anima volta a quell' amor divino,
Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

* For the expression "the second death," see Rev. xx. 6.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF PAUL III. — CONFIDENCE OF HIS SUCCESSOR, JULIUS III., IN MICHAEL ANGELO. — HIS INTIMACY WITH AND ATTACHMENT TO VASARI. — MONSIGNORE *TANTE-COSE*. — GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY'S ANXIETY TO BRING HIM BACK TO FLORENCE. — EXCUSES HIMSELF ON THE GROUND OF DUTY TO WATCH THE PROGRESS OF ST. PETER'S. — VARIOUS LETTERS OF HIS. — HIS GRIEF AT THE LOSS OF HIS OLD SERVANT URBINO. — VISITS HERMITAGES OF SPOLETO. — HIS TRIUMPHANT REFUTATION OF THOSE WHO ACCUSE HIM OF DOTAGE. — VISIT OF COSMO I. AND HIS DUCHESS TO ROME, AND THEIR FLATTERING ATTENTIONS TO MICHAEL ANGELO. — LETTER FROM VASARI TO HIM RESPECTING THE CHAPEL OF SAN LORENZO. — LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH. — HIS FUNERAL FINALLY TAKES PLACE AT FLORENCE. — DISTINGUISHED HONOURS PAID TO HIS MEMORY.

1549—1564.

MICHAEL ANGELO was seventy-three years of age at the death of his illustrious friend the Marchioness of Pescara, and survived her sixteen years. Throughout this long period his thoughts and time were chiefly occupied by his important duties as architect of St. Peter's. Paul III. died in the year 1549, and his successor was Julius III., who wishing to construct a marble chapel in the church of San Pietro Montorio, in memory of certain

members of his family, consulted Michael Angelo upon it; but the scheme was finally abandoned. Out of it grew a long sojourn at Rome by Vasari, who, to his great delight, was thus privileged to enjoy intimate converse and association with the man whom above all others he admired and venerated. Michael Angelo and he met daily, frequently rode out together, and held long and interesting conversations upon Art, which Vasari promised himself the pleasure of recording in the form of dialogue, an intention which, it is greatly to be regretted, was never accomplished.

Julius III. was much occupied, soon after his accession to the popedom, with embellishing his favourite villa, situated near the Porta del Popolo, and called Vigna Giulia. We find mention of a model for the façade of a palace for this villa, constructed from a plan which appears to have been the joint work of Michael Angelo and Vasari. How far this particular plan was carried out is uncertain, but Vignola finally became the presiding architect, and under him a great expenditure was incurred; for we hear of porticoes, the ceilings and walls of which were painted in fresco by Zuccheri, and of gardens embellished with a fine fountain by Ammanati. What was once this villa is now a vineyard, but the changes it has undergone by no means render it difficult to ascertain the original design. The artists employed upon it had throughout to endure all sorts of petty vexations, from the incon-

stancy of the pope, and from the meddling interference of his Maestro della Camera, Pier' Antonio Aliatti, Bishop of Forli. This prelate, whom Michael Angelo named *il Monsignore Tante-cose* (Busybody), had great influence with his papal master, whom he contrived to delight by a succession of frivolities, and by a clever charlatanism of false knowledge. The nickname thus affixed to him has become proverbial, and is applied to men who, without being able to produce anything valuable themselves, are a nuisance to others.

Vasari, about this time (1550), published his Biography of the Italian Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, confining himself, with the single exception of Michael Angelo, to those who had already paid the debt of nature. Many of the critical opinions contained in the work were culled (Vasari tells us) from his conversations with Buonarroti, and the execution of the whole pleased him so much that he honoured the author with a commendatory sonnet.

Upon Vasari's return to Florence they frequently corresponded; and the almost filial attentions which this lively, amiable man paid to his illustrious friend, proved a great solace and amusement to him in his declining years.

Michael Angelo, writing to him soon after his departure, mentions having recently had an interview with the pope on the subject of the above-named chapel, and then adds, "As respects your

three last letters my pen knows not how to reply to such compliments; but if I really could flatter myself that I am in any degree what you represent me, I should chiefly value it from its proving that you have in me a friend not altogether worthless. But when I think of you as a sort of resuscitator of the dead (alluding to his Biography), I cease to wonder that you can prolong life to the living, or at least, that you can rob Death for a length of time of his triumph over those who have lived but to little purpose. In brief, whatever I may be, I am altogether yours."

The following note to Vasari alludes to the chapel at San Pietro Montorio, and to the statues destined to adorn it: —

"My Dear George,—As soon as Bartolommeo* arrived here I went to the pope, and, finding that he wished to proceed with the monuments in San P. Montorio, I provided a mason from St. Peter's. The *Tante-cose*, hearing of it, thought proper to send one selected by himself; and I, not wishing to come into conflict with one who has power *to raise the winds*, sounded a retreat, for being of a light figure, I might possibly have been whirled away among quicksands.

"Let me add that the church of S. Giovanni appears to be no longer thought of. Come back

* The sculptor Bartolommeo Ammanati, who executed the statues in question.

to us soon, and take care of your health. I have nothing more to add.

"Rome, October 13. 1550."

In how spirited a way he met the groundless charges which, as we have stated in our chapter on St. Peter's, were frequently made against him as its architect, will appear from the following. Cardinal Salviati had been told that he was spoiling the fabric, and in particular that it would be very defective in point of light. Cardinal Cervino, afterwards Pope Marcellus II., took up the same idea; and they raised so great a clamour that Pope Julius III., having assembled them all before him, told the architect what was said against his plans. "I should like," he replied, "to hear from the deputies themselves their objections." Cardinal Cervino then spoke for the rest; and in reply Michael Angelo showed how entirely they were in the dark themselves as to his provision of due light for the edifice. "You never explained this matter to us in this way before," added the Cardinal. "I am not," rejoined he, with some warmth, "nor will I be, obliged to tell either your Eminence or any one else that which I ought or intend to do. Your office is to see that the needful money is provided, and that thieves are guarded against. Mine is to provide the requisite drawings for the building." Then turning to the pope, he said, "Holy father, you see what I gain; unless the labours I endure

minister to my spiritual welfare, I lose both my time and my reward." The pope, who was very partial to him, put his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Don't doubt, you will be a gainer both in soul and body." He thus put an end to the discussion, and gave him fresh proofs of his esteem and regard, desiring him to come the next day with Vasari to meet him at the Vigna Giulia to inspect all that was doing there; nor did he accept any designs for its embellishment without their being first submitted to Michael Angelo.*

About this time the artist Tribolo was despatched to Rome by the Grand Duke Çosmo, to request that Michael Angelo would come to Florence and finish the statues of the sacristy of San Lorenzo; but he excused himself by stating how impossible it was for him at this moment to quit Rome. Tribolo then inquired whether he could not at least furnish a plan for finishing the stair-case conducting to the library of San Lorenzo. But, with many regrets, he said it was impossible, for he could not recollect the original plan. Vasari soon after, by the duke's direction, wrote to him further on the subject; and he replied as follows, under date, Rome, Sept. 15. 1550:—

"My dear friend George,—As to the stair-case, about which so much has been said to me, be assured that, if I could possibly recall the parti-

* Vasari, p. 90., 4to ed.

culars, I should require no pressing. A sort of dreamy recollection floats around me about a certain stair-case, but I cannot persuade myself it is the scheme I formerly contemplated, because it seems to wear an awkward aspect." He then gives some technical details, which it would be tedious to repeat, of what appeared to him to have been the original project, and finishes by expressing an apprehension that what he had written might possibly prove inapplicable.

Vasari soon after returned to Rome, and was often there till the year 1554 superintending the works of Santa Pietro Montorio. As he and Michael Angelo, in one of their rides, were passing over the bridge of Santa Maria, which had been placed under his direction for needful repairs, but had afterwards, by means of a cabal, been committed to an unskilful architect, he exclaimed, "Let us push on, George, lest the bridge should give way; it actually trembles under us." Three years later the catastrophe of its downfall occurred as he had thus anticipated. In the year 1554 Vasari, having completed his commission, returned to Florence, where his presence was required by the Grand Duke Cosmo. His departure grieved Michael Angelo; and George himself felt it no less deeply. However, they constantly corresponded; and Vasari having in the month of April informed him that the name of Buonarroti was likely to be perpetuated by the birth of a son and heir to his nephew Lionardo, he replied as follows: —

"My dear friend George,—I have derived the greatest pleasure from your letter, seeing that you still think of the poor old man, and that you were present at the festal triumph which you describe, where you beheld, as it were, the revival of the name of Buonarroti. I thank you for everything you say on the subject as far as I can foresee the future; but this pomp somewhat displeases me, since merriment seems out of place at a time when the world all around us mourns. Moreover, it seems to me that there is less reason in hailing the birth of a child with such festivities than there would be in celebrating the memory of one who had lived well."

He finishes by declaring himself quite unworthy of many complimentary things addressed to him by Vasari in a recent letter.

Upon the accession of Pope Marcellus, the San Gallo faction renewed their old cabals. The duke and Vasari, hearing of it, both pressed his return to Florence. The duke even addressed him an autograph letter to this effect by his chamberlain Marinozzi; but at this juncture Pope Marcellus died, and was succeeded by Paul IV., who in the most flattering manner entreated that he would continue to superintend the erection of St. Peter's. Upon this he answered the Duke, through Vasari, as follows: —

"My dear friend George, — I call God to wit-

ness how much against my will, and by what overpowering constraint, the charge of the fabric of St. Peter's was imposed upon me ten years ago by Pope Paul III. If the work had since been prosecuted with the same spirit as then, it would now have reached such a point as might possibly have made me desirous of acting as you suggest; but great delays have occurred through the want of funds, and we are now precisely about to commence the most important and difficult parts of the construction.

"To abandon my post at such a juncture would cover me with shame; for it would be a sin to forego the fruit of all the labours I have endured for the last ten years from love to God. I have entered into these details by way of reply to your letter, and because I have one also from the duke, written in such a spirit of kindness as makes me wonder that his Highness should have condescended thus to address me. I thank God, and his Excellency, as far as I am able and can. But I am wandering from my subject because my head and memory fail me; and writing is the more a task to me as it is not my art. In conclusion, I leave you to imagine what would be the consequences were I by departing hence to abandon St. Peter's to its fate. In the first place, I should delight a set of public robbers, and should cause the ruin of the fabric, which, perhaps, would never afterwards be finished."

At the time of writing this letter he was eighty-one years of age, yet what vigour both of mind and body does it evince! In reply to subsequent pressing invitations to Florence, he tells Vasari that he wanted courage for almost everything except to die, and that, as for quitting Rome, he could not think of it, as he had a house and effects there of great value, as also, that he suffered from a chronic complaint which made it needful for him to live near his physician Realdo, to whose skill and care he owed, as he conceived, his prolonged existence. In conclusion he begs Vasari to make his excuses acceptable to the duke, and to assure him that if his strength had admitted of it, he would gladly have taken horse and have ridden to Florence.

We will here introduce a note to Benvenuto Cellini, followed by two letters, in the first of which Michael Angelo refers with no small pleasure to the able comment of Varchi the historian, on one of his sonnets.* The second is to Varchi himself, and is full of interest, being in reply to one from him inquiring what was his opinion upon a question, then much discussed, as to the respective superiority of sculpture or painting.

* Sonnet I., page 142.

To Cellini.

"My dear Benvenuto, — I have very long regarded you as the first of artificers in gold that ever was; and henceforth I shall deem you as no less great in sculpture. You must know that Bindo Altoviti recently showed me his own portrait in bronze, executed, he assured me, by you, which delighted me; but he little understood me, for he had placed it in a very bad light. Had it been in its proper light, the beauty of the work would have been manifest.

"M. A. B."

To M. Luca Martini.

"I have received yours, with a little book* commenting on one of my sonnets. My sonnet is well enough; but the commentary is from heaven, being indeed a marvellous production, not only according to my own judgment, but to that also of very superior men, especially of M. Donato Giannotti, who is never weary of reading it, and sends you his remembrance. As to the sonnet, I can easily measure its merit; but whatever that may be, I cannot but feel somewhat elated from its having given occasion to so beautiful and learned a comment. And since I am almost persuaded by the praises and commendations of

* By Varchi.

its author, to imagine myself to be that which I am not, I must entreat you to convey to him some expressions from me appropriate to such love, affection, and courtesy. I must commit this to you, for I feel myself to be of little worth; and he who stands well in public opinion should not tempt fortune, for it is better to be silent than to to fall from an eminence. I am now an old man*, and death has robbed me of the thoughts of youth; and he who does not know what old age is, let him have patience till it comes, and he will then understand it well. Remember me, as I have requested, to Varchi, as his most affectionately, and deeply sensible of his worth and services, as long as I shall exist.

"M. A. B."

To M. Benedetto Varchi.

"I have received your little book, and will now endeavour to reply to your questions, though I fear it will be inefficiently. I should say that painting is considered to be more perfect in proportion as it approaches to the relief of sculpture, and that such relief becomes less effective in proportion as it approaches to painting. I therefore have been used to regard sculpture as the light of painting, and that between the one and the other, there might be the

* He was at this time in his eighty-first year.

sort of difference of relation that there is between the sun and the moon. But since I have read in your work the passage in which you say that, speaking philosophically, those things which have the same end are in fact the same, I have altered my opinion, and would say that, if greater judgment, difficulty, impediment, and labour do not imply greater dignity, then painting and sculpture are one and the same thing; and that if such be the case, no painter should esteem sculpture inferior to painting, nor a sculptor in a similar way underrate painting. I understand by sculpture, that which produces its effect by removing from the material used, be it what it may, the superfluous, and by painting, the laying on what is necessary to produce the desired effect.

"Since, then, the same species of intelligence presides over both sculpture and painting, why not make peace between them, and close those endless disputes, the time consumed in which would be much better employed in producing works of art. If he who maintains that painting is more noble than sculpture, writes upon other subjects as he does upon this, my old woman would have written much better. Endless things might be stated much in the same manner, upon similar sciences; but they would consume, as I have already said, a great deal of time; and I have little to spare, for I am not only aged, but already, as it were, numbered with the dead. Therefore I am sure you will ex-

cuse me, and accept my best thanks for the too great honour you have done me, which I little merit.

"M. A. B."

The following remarkable letter, upon architectural principle, is found addressed, in some collections of his letters, to Cosmo I., in others to a reverend ecclesiastic:—

"When a plan (or elevation) has different parts, all those which resemble each other in quality and quantity, ought to be decorated in the same style. But when the plan changes its form altogether, it is not only permitted, but necessary, to alter its ornaments, and those also of its corresponding parts. The means of doing so are subject to the discretion of the architect. As, for example, the nose, planted in the middle of the face, depends not on one or the other eye, but the one hand must necessarily resemble the other, and the one eye should answer to the other, and also relatively to the corresponding parts of the face in which they are placed; thus the members of architecture may be said to depend in a certain sense on those of the human body. He who is not a good master of the human figure, and especially of anatomy, cannot comprehend the principle I insist upon.

"M. A. B."

Whilst his attention was thus engrossed by the works of St. Peter's, he was told that Paul IV.

was thinking of taking means to correct the nudities of the "Last Judgment." "Tell the Pope," he replied, "that this would be but a trifling feat, for the faults of pictures admit of easy correction, and may be quickly accomplished; but let him rather take means to reform mankind." In the course of this year an office of some emolument, the chancellorship of Rimini, was taken from him; but a monthly salary was at the same time again tendered to him in return for his services at St. Peter's. He did not condescend to inquire what had led to this change, but declined, as on former occasions, receiving any salary, and continued to render his invaluable services as a free gift to God and the Church. At this time, the death of his beloved servant Urbino occurred. He came to live with him upon the close of the siege of Florence, in the year 1530, when his old pupil Antonio Mini left him to settle in France. During twenty-six years of service, Urbino so won upon his master by his attentions and fidelity, that Michael Angelo had in various ways enriched him, and he loved him to such a degree that, old as he was himself, he now nursed him in his last illness, and even watched over him at night—sleeping for this purpose by his side in his clothes. Vasari, who wrote a letter of sympathy to him on this event, received the following touching reply:—

"My dear George,—I scarcely know how to

write, but I must just acknowledge your letter. You have heard of Urbino's death—an event for which most grateful thanks are due from me to God, though as respects myself the loss is most severe, and my grief profound. My thanks are thus due because, while living, his care of me was such as greatly to prolong my life, and dying, he has taught me to meet death not with aversion but with desire. He lived with me twenty-six years, and I ever found him incomparable and faithful; and now when I had rendered him rich*, and regarded him as the prop and the repose of my old age, he has passed away, leaving me no other hope but that of rejoining him in Paradise: and of this God has vouchsafed me as it were the pledge, by the great blessedness of his last moments. His chief regrets in the prospect of death were, that he left me in this deceitful world pressed upon by so many sorrows, though, indeed, the greater part of me is departed together with him, nor does aught remain behind but a deep sense of bereavement.—Ever yours."

The following letter to Cornelia, Urbino's widow, written some time after his death, illustrates his

* In order to secure his comfortable maintenance in case of his own death, he had in various ways been liberal to him, and on one occasion presented him two thousand scudi. As Urbino had a wife and children, this kindness was of no small value to him. After his death his master continued to befriend his family.

master's condescending kindness and the benevolence of his heart: —

"I had heard that you were displeased with me, but could not divine the cause; but I think I have found it out by your last. When you sent me the cheeses, you told me that you wished to have sent me the other things, but that the handkerchiefs were not procured; and I, to prevent your being at any expense for me, wrote to you not to send me anything more, but that if you wished to make any request to me, I should receive it with the greatest pleasure, since you must and ought to be fully certain of the love that I still bear to Urbino, though departed, and to all that concerns him. As to my visiting the children, or having Michael Angelo sent to me, I must tell you how I am situated. To send Michael Angelo here would be out of the question, as I have no females in the house, nor any housekeeper; and the child is too young to send in this way, for should any accident occur to him, it would give me very great concern. Besides all this, the Duke of Florence has been pressing me for the last month, and with most liberal offers, to return to Florence. I have begged him to allow me time enough to settle my affairs here, and to bring the fabric of St. Peter's to a satisfactory condition, so that I shall probably spend the summer here; and after settling my own business, and yours relative to the Monte della Fede, I

purpose removing to Florence altogether next winter; for I am an old man, and when once I have quitted Rome, it will be with the intention of no more returning. Should M. Angelo be entrusted to me there, I will treat him with even greater love than the children of my nephew Lionardo, and will teach him all that I know, and all that his father wished him to learn. I yesterday received your letter of March 27.

"M. A. B."

In the year 1556 Michael Angelo, in combination with Salustio Peruzzi, was employed by Paul IV. in strengthening the fortifications of Rome, in consequence of the approaches of the French army to that city. Warned by the terrors which attended the capture of the city by Bourbon in 1527, he himself retired for safety to the mountains of Spoleto, accompanied by his new servant Antonio di Castel Durante. Here he visited the hermits of that locality, and alludes to his stay there in the following note to Vasari:—

"My dear friend George,—I received Cosimo's little book which you sent me. I beg you to send him the inclosed letter of thanks. I have just been visiting, with no small fatigue and expense, but with great pleasure, the hermitages of the mountain of Spoleto. I have scarcely brought the half of myself back to Rome, because one only finds true liberty, peace, and happiness amidst such

scenes. I have nothing more to say to you just now, except that I am charmed to hear that you are in good health and happy. I commend myself to you.

"September 18. 1556."

At this time he continued to amuse himself, occasionally, by working on the group of four figures already referred to; but the marble continued to prove so tough and intractable, that in a moment of impatience he fractured it. Tiberio Caliagni, a Florentine sculptor whom he had recently admitted into his friendship, asked him one day what could have induced him to do violence to this fine group. It was a consequence, he replied, of the importunity of his old servant Urbino, who often urged him to finish it, and that one day in his haste he had unfortunately struck off a piece of the Virgin's elbow. He added that, besides all this, he had been so harassed by a blemish in the block, that he should have absolutely destroyed the group altogether, had not his servant Antonio begged that he would bestow it, just as it was, upon him." Tiberio, who longed to possess something from the hand of Michael Angelo, now entreated Francesco Bandini to intercede in his favour; and at length it was ceded to him, on condition that he should pay two hundred crowns of gold to Antonio. Michael Angelo also consented that Tiberio should be allowed the use of his models

for its repair; but his death, occurring about the same time as Michael Angelo's, prevented it. These facts equally illustrate his impetuosity and his kindness of heart. Vasari adds, that he subsequently, by way of daily occupation, commenced a similar subject in marble on a smaller scale; but no particulars are given, nor is it said to have been ever finished.*

In a letter to Vasari, in his eighty-third year, he thus pleasantly alludes to a calumnious charge: —"God wills, Vasari, that I should hold death at bay some time longer. You might with reason tell me that, being so old, it is a folly in me to be writing sonnets; but since many say I am in my dotage, I may be excused for being childish. I see by your letter the lively affection you feel for me; be assured that I should deem it a privilege for my infirm bones to repose, as you entreat they may, beside those of my father; but were I now to depart hence, I should be the cause of great ruin to the fabric of St. Peter's, and should load myself with shame and guilt. When once this edifice shall have reached a point which admits not of its being altered, I hope to do as you propose; if, indeed, it be not a fault to disappoint certain intriguers who long for my departure."

The following sonnet written with his own hand came in this letter: —

* Vasari, 4to ed., p. 99.

Giunto è già 'l corso della vita mia
Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca
Al comun porto, ov' a rendersi varca
Giusto ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia;
Onde l' affettuosa fantasia,
Che l' arte si fece idolo e monarca,
Conosco ben quant' era d' error carca;
Ch' errore è ciò che l' uom quaggiù desia.
I pensier miei già de' mie' danni lieti,
Che fian or s' a due morti m' avvicino?
L' una m' è certa, e l' altra mi minaccia.
Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queti
L' anima volta a quell' amor divino,
Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.*

In the chapter on St. Peter's it has been stated that in his eighty-seventh year detractors reported that he was fallen into second childhood, and that he triumphantly met the charge by producing a beautiful and highly-finished model of the cupola of St. Peter's, executed in many of its parts by his own hand.

We find him at the age of eighty-three constructing a model for the vault of the chapel of the King of France (in St. Peter's). Prevented by age from personally superintending its execution, the master mason fell into a grave error in some part of the measurement. Michael Angelo availed himself of Vasari's aid to correct it. How much it annoyed

* See translation of this sonnet at p. 170.

him is expressed in the following words written at the foot of the plans: —

"I had made a special model in this case, as is my custom in every work that I undertake; and this error only occurred in consequence of my not being able from my great age to visit the work. My hope was that this vault would have been finished immediately; but the spring will elapse before its completion. Could one die of grief and shame I should ere this have ceased to exist. Pray inform the duke I cannot possibly at present visit Florence."

In the year 1558 Giovanni de' Medici, son of the duke Cosmo, came to Rome to receive a cardinal's hat from Pope Pius IV. Vasari was in his train; and he had great delight in bringing with him, for the inspection of Michael Angelo, a model in wood of the ducal palace at Florence, and in particular of the apartments which had recently been constructed according to his plans, and painted in fresco by his own hand. Michael Angelo, who took a lively interest in his friend's reputation, had been curious to see this model, and bestowed upon it much commendation. Many of the painted ornaments of these apartments were mythological in their subjects; the remainder were illustrative of the lives and actions of the most celebrated of the Medici family, including not only the old Cosmo

and Lorenzo the Magnificent, but the worthless and vicious Alexander and the reigning duke. We know with what inward dissatisfaction Michael Angelo, who had not ceased to mourn over the extinction of the Florentine Republic, must have surveyed many of the drawings connected with the model; but his friendship for Vasari, and his grateful sense of the duke's personal kindness to himself, led him to regard the whole with the feelings of an artist rather than of a politician; and he even listened with complacency to an imaginary dialogue from the pen of Vasari, explanatory of these compositions, which was read to him by Annibale Caro.

Among the improvements proposed for the ducal palace was the elevation of the ceiling of the grand reception room, and its embellishment with paintings; but his Highness declined giving his assent to the plan until it had been submitted to the critical eye of Michael Angelo, who recommended its adoption in terms flattering to the taste of Vasari.

In the course of the same year, 1558–9, the duke Cosmo I., accompanied by his duchess Leonora, visited Rome; and Michael Angelo hastened to pay his respects to them. The duke, who, as we have seen, had already bestowed upon him the highest marks of consideration, now paid him the most winning personal attentions, making him sit down by his side, telling him in a spirit of

friendly confidence all that he was then doing at Florence, and all that he meditated, in the line of sculpture and painting, and consulting him about the ornamental details of the above-mentioned grand apartment.

Michael Angelo, after offering him various suggestions, expressed his regret that his great age forbade his rendering him any active services. He listened also with much interest to the duke's account of a mode which he had discovered of working upon porphyry. Buonarroti appearing incredulous, the duke insisted on presenting him a Bust executed in this material by Francesco del Tadda, with which he was much pleased. He frequently revisited the duke during his stay in Rome, and was invariably received with similar kindness. Don Francesco de' Medici, the duke's son, soon after came there, and quite won upon Michael Angelo by his amiable manners and affectionate attentions. While he talked to him, the Prince held his cap in his hand, and seemed unable to express the delight which he felt on finding himself in the presence of a man of whom he had heard so much, and whom he had long wished to see.

Michael Angelo afterwards told Vasari how greatly he had been pleased by the appearance and manners of this amiable youth, and what pains he had taken to discover some antique fragment worthy of his acceptance.

There is a letter from Vasari to M. Angelo, written to him when he was eighty-eight years of age, which is rendered very interesting by its furnishing an idea of the decorations with which he had originally intended to give relief to the statues of the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and finish to the whole of the interior. The date of the letter is 1562, at which period, could the great artist have given his time and attention to such things, the duke Cosmo I. was anxious to have realised them. The letter is written with the usual diffuseness of its author, and in a high style of panegyric. We shall endeavour to give the essence of it in fewer words. After some introductory matter detailing the liberal patronage extended by the duke to the fine arts in Florence, he proceeds to say: "His Highness is anxious to finish under your direction the sacristy of San Lorenzo, which, in consequence of your unavoidable absence, remains incomplete. It is now under consideration to fill the empty niches above the monuments, as also over the doors, with statues; and the idea is, that the best sculptors of our academy should each, in competition, model a statue for this purpose.

"It is proposed, on the same principle, to introduce paintings in the arches of the chapel, as you yourself intended, as well as stuccoes and other ornaments. The academicians are anxious to take part in this work, in order to do honour to your genius, and not to leave in an unfinished state the

receptacle of works the most rare which were ever produced by mortal hands. It is by command of his Highness that I thus address you; and he begs me to add, he would feel much obliged if you could inform him what was to have been the character of the figures intended to fill the four niches belonging to the tombs of the dukes Lorenzo and Giuliano, as also of the eight statues which were to have been placed over the door and in the adjoining niches. The one prevailing desire of his Highness is, that whatever is done should be in perfect accordance with your original intentions; and such is no less the desire of the whole academy. I am commanded also to say that, if you have a sketch, or any part of the original designs, and would favour us with the use of them, it would be doing us a great service. Or, should age or other engagements render this impossible, we at least hope that you will deign to send a description of it by another hand, to guard us from doing anything contrary to your judgment. His Highness has already given orders to Tribolo, Montelupo, and others, to execute some of the statues. As to painters who are to take part in the work, we have Bronzino and other excellent masters, besides many young artists of great merit, to say nothing of myself, who, in affection, deference, and love, may boast of being before them all, at least in point of time.

"In case of compliance, pray make your com-

munications through me, to whom the duke has deputed the honour of being your correspondent on this occasion.

"Since there is not one of our academicians who has not learnt all that he knows of art in this sacristy, we are desirous to make you the best return in our power in the way described. On their parts I am desired to say, it is impossible to express their feelings towards you. We pray for your health and prolonged life; and, recommending myself to you a thousand times, I am, &c. &c.,

"GEORGIO VASARI.*

"Florence, 1562."

So onerous were his responsible duties now become to him, that he was at length glad to carry them on in concert with the able architect Vignola, whose reverence for his genius rendered him worthy of acting as his coadjutor.

As his health was now evidently breaking up, the duke Cosmo, who had been made aware of it, suggested to the pope, through his ambassador, that it would be well to have a careful list made of his drawings and papers, as also of taking means to guard them inviolate. He suggested that, among the plans, some might possibly be found that would prove useful to himself in finishing the works of S. Lorenzo, while others might be of equal consequence to the fabric of St. Peter's.

* Lettere Pittoreche, vol. iii. p. 78.

Vasari continued his endeavours to amuse him by entertaining letters; but he now almost ceased to live, except in the contemplation and in the hope of a more glorious state of existence. The time was now at hand when the great man whose exemplary and memorable career we have followed throughout a period of nearly ninety years, was to pay the common debt of human nature, and when the most remarkable union of the sculptor, painter, architect, and poet which the world has seen, was to become an extinct phenomenon never probably to be repeated.

A slow fever manifested itself in the February of 1564; and in the anticipation that it was the messenger of approaching death, he desired that a letter might be addressed to his nephew Lionardo to come to him. Lionardo, aware of his uncle's failing strength, had already made arrangements for spending the approaching Lent with him, but, on receiving this summons, hastened his departure. The malady, however, made such rapid progress, that in spite of the skill of Federigo Donati, his physician, his spirit had taken flight to a better world ere his nephew arrived. Shortly before his death, in the presence of Donati, of Daniele da Volterra, and other friends, he characteristically dictated his last will and testament in the following laconic form: —

"I commend my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my property to my nearest of kin."

He breathed his last on February 17th, 1563, in the ninetieth year of his age, and in his last moments requested those around him to remind him of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, proving that he met death in the spirit of his fine sonnet, introduced at page 169. of this volume.

In the course of his illness he had expressed a wish to be buried in Florence, the city where the remains of his nearest relatives reposed, and to which he had ever been fondly attached. It is probable that this request was not made known to the pope; for he gave directions for his interment in the church of the Santi Apostoli, until such time as a sepulchral monument should be prepared for them in St. Peter's. Thither, therefore, his body was in the first instance conveyed and entombed in the presence of an immense concourse of people, including the most eminent professors, artists, and literati of Rome.

When the news of his death reached Florence, the grand duke Cosmo, acting upon what he knew to be the general wish of his subjects, and which, he had ascertained accorded with the expressed desire of the great deceased, took means in concert with Lionardo Buonarroti, his nephew, to remove his body from its first resting place, and to convey it privately to Florence. In the meantime, the principal artists had assembled upon the summons of the president of the Florentine Academy, to consider the best means of celebrating, with all

possible honours, the obsequies of him whom they justly regarded as their chief, and whose name headed the list of their members. Four academicians were appointed to arrange, in concert with the President, Frà Giovanni Agnolo Montorsoli, the best mode of giving effect to this resolution. These were Agnolo Bronzino and Georgio Vasari, painters, and Benvenuto Cellini and Bartolommeo Ammanati, sculptors. Application was immediately made by the president in writing to the grand duke to sanction and to aid their intentions.

The duke's reply partook of the enthusiasm of the address, and concluded with an assurance that the Academy might depend upon his cordial co-operation and assistance. He also charged them to omit nothing which they deemed essential to the interest and effect of the intended ceremony. The poet and historian Varchi was specially requested by the duke to prepare a funeral oration.

The mortal remains of the great artist reached Florence on the 11th of March; and it was decided to convey them, in the dead of the ensuing night, to a chapel in the church of Santa Croce. A great concourse of artists assembled for this purpose; the elder bore torches in their hands, while the younger contended with each other for the honour of aiding in carrying the bier, over which was cast a velvet pall studded with gold. Happy, in after times, did any of them feel who could boast of having shared in this office. In order to avoid confusion, it was

arranged that the artists only should take part in this preliminary solemnity; but the fame of it became so diffused that the church was crowded to excess, and the procession with difficulty made their way to the sacristy. Here the temporary coffin was opened, many present being most anxious to behold the features in death, of him whose name they so highly revered, and whom they had never yet personally beheld. The body had already been enclosed twenty-two days; but instead of appearing, as was expected, materially changed, it was very little altered, and conveyed the impression of an old man in a gentle and profound sleep.* When the public enthusiasm and curiosity had been thus gratified, the bier was placed near the door which conducts to the chapter cloister, awaiting the preparations for the funeral; and here it was often visited and revisited by the literati and artists of Florence, the poets among whom scattered over it tributary verses both Latin and Italian.

The obsequies did not take place till the following 14th of July, on account of the time required for the various preparations, and partly in consequence of the illness of one of the most zealous of the deputies, Benvenuto Cellini. The sentiments which animated them all are well de-

* Many years afterwards the tomb was opened at a time when some needful reparations of the monument went on. The senator Filippo Buonarroti, and other persons present on that occasion, found the body still in good preservation.

pictured by the pen of Vasari, who says,—"Having to do honour to the genius of such a man as Michael Angelo, and professing the arts which he had cultivated, we felt that our riches consisted in our talents rather than in silver or gold; so that we ought not to aim at royal magnificence, nor at what might be deemed ostentation. Our aim, we were convinced, should rather be to manifest our admiration by works the product of our own genius and talent; in one word, that we ought to do honour to Art by the power of Art. Although we justly expected from the Duke Cosmo whatever funds we might require (of this he had already given us sufficient proof), we knew that *we* were looked to for ingenious and beautiful inventions, rather than for vain pomp and splendid display."

The magnificence of the preparations did, however, vie with the artistic beauty of the works prepared by the genius of the Academicians. The church of Santa Croce, that great depository of the illustrious dead of Florence, was fixed upon as the final receptacle of the honoured remains, but the ceremonial of the funeral was reserved for the church of San Lorenzo, whose spacious sacristy contains his noblest productions as a sculptor. In the centre of the nave of this church was erected a temporary quadrangular edifice fifty feet high, surmounted by a figure of Fame. Opposite the principal gateway of the church were placed recumbent colossal figures of the Arno and the Tiber,

the latter with extended arm catching the abundant flowers which seemed to fall from the cornucopia of the former, by which was signified the high degree in which Rome had profited, in the person of Michael Angelo, by the artistic genius of Florence. These figures flanked the basement of the monumental edifice.

It was divided into elevated compartments, in front of the façades of each of which, and at their angles, the arts of painting and sculpture vied with each other in historical, mythological, and emblematical devices, representing the principal events of Michael Angelo's life, or illustrating the powers of his mind and genius. It would be tedious to follow Vasari through the details of his minute description of these decorations ; in which fancy and invention were exhausted in order to give expression to the sense entertained by the Florentines of his intellectual pre-eminence. Three out of the four sides of the first advancing compartments were occupied by the same number of pictures. The first, looking to the church portal, represented Lorenzo the Magnificent, as recognising and fostering the early indications of Michael Angelo's genius. The second represented the gracious reception given by Clement VII. to him, after the siege of Florence. The pope was supposed to be commissioning him to resume the unfinished works of the Sacristy of the Library of San Lorenzo, and to be treating him with high distinction. On the third

façade, fronting the high altar, was the following inscription:—"The Academy of Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, under the auspices of Duke Cosmo de' Medici, their head and patron, in admiration of the rare merits of MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI, and in recognition of the benefits they have professionally derived from his sublime productions, unite, with the utmost energy of affection, in dedicating this monument, wrought by their own hands, to the memory of the greatest of painters, sculptors, and architects."

In the fourth side, facing the cloister, Michael Angelo was painted in the act of fortifying the hill of San Miniato, and of taking a leading part in the defence of Florence.

The Duke Cosmo must have felt his throne quite secure, otherwise this allusion would have been deemed objectionable, as calculated to re-arouse popular feeling in favour of the old constitution.

The second stage of the various compartments, resting on the base of the first, was adorned with pictures and groups conceived in the same spirit. The subject of one of the paintings, for instance, was the presentation of the model of the cupola of St. Peter's by Michael Angelo, to Pius IV.; that of another was his own portrait, as if engaged in poetical composition, surrounded by the Muses under the conduct of Apollo. Various groups or statues, among which those of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Poetry, were conspicuous, deco-

rated the four compartments, all of which were modelled and finished in such a way as to wear the appearance of real marble.

The church was hung with black cloth tastefully festooned, so as to display to view all the lateral chapels, the fronts of which were adorned with paintings having some relation to the predominant object. In one of these Michael Angelo was placed in the Elysian Fields, surrounded to the right by the greatest painters and sculptors of antiquity, each distinguished by some peculiar attribute; and on his left by the principal Italian artists, from Cimabue and Giotto down to his own time, all seeming to be offering him pre-eminent honours, in the same spirit of admiration as that in which Dante makes the greatest poets of past times do homage to the genius of Virgil; and in order to fix the meaning, the epigraph was added,

"Tutti l' ammiran, tutti onor gli fanno."

Giotto, in particular, was represented as holding a tablet in his hand bearing upon it the portrait of Dante, as kindred to that of Buonarroti.

Upon a pyramid surrounding the second base was his own bust, in alto-relievo, repeated on its other sides, in two oval compartments, and admirably modelled after nature.

On a pedestal, opposite the Sacristy, a pleasing tribute was paid to his religious character, in a composition, finely modelled, representing Christian

Truth, surrounded by the Theological Virtues, confounding Vice and Impiety.

The church was splendidly lighted, which greatly added to the effect of all these decorations. A bronze chair, bearing upon it bas-reliefs by his great predecessor Donatello, was placed in an appropriate central situation for the delivery of the funeral oration. This part of the ceremonial took place after the mass for the dead, and was an eloquent and impressive tribute to the talents and the virtues of the illustrious departed. It was listened to by a crowded auditory, who flocked in from every part of the city, and its vicinity, to witness these functions.

The Academicians entered the church in due order, escorted by the duke's halberdiers and the captain of the guard, and took their places between the great altar, and the raised monument. An innumerable throng of spectators had long awaited their arrival, arranged according to their birth and quality.

After the ceremonial had concluded, the duke directed that, in order to gratify public curiosity, the various decorations should remain undisturbed for some time to come.

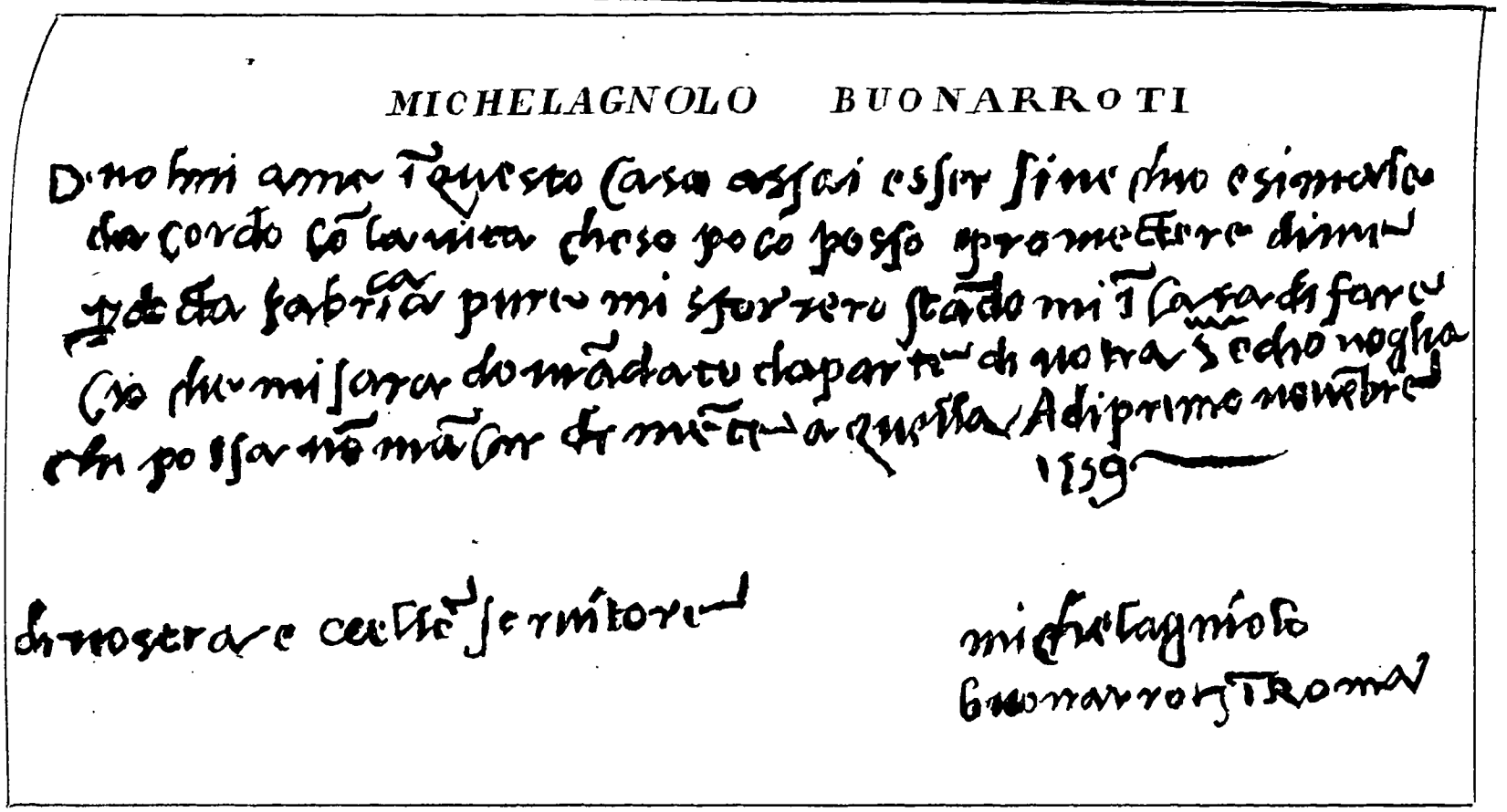
A conspicuous position was subsequently selected by the duke, in the church of Santa Croce, for the monument of Michael Angelo, and he presented his nephew Lionardo with the requisite marbles. It was designed by Vasari, and its execution was con-

fided to Batista Lorenzo, an able sculptor. Its most prominent features are a fine bust of Michael Angelo, and statues of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in allusion to his triple artistic honours. The bust is distinguished by an expression of dignified amenity. Recorded honours gathered round his monument in the form of innumerable poetical tributes in Latin and Italian, the most admired of which were afterwards published.

The following is the inscription on his monument:—

MICHAELI ANGELO BONAROTIO E VETVSTA SIMONIORVM FAMILIA — SCVLPTORI. PICTORI. ET ARCHITECTO — FAMA OMNIBVS NOTISSIMO. — LEONARDVS PATRUO AMANTISS. ET DE SE OPTIME MERITO — TRANSLATIS ROMA EIVS OSSIBVS. ATQVE IN HOC TEMPLO MAIOR — SVOR. SEPVLCRO CONDITIS. COHORTANTE SERENISS. COSMO MED. — MAGNO HETRVRIAE DVCE. P. C. — ANN. SAL. CIↃ. IↃ. LXX — VIXIT ANN. LXXXVIII. M. XI. D. XV.

Had Michael Angelo lived another fortnight he would have entered on his ninetieth year; a fact which reconciles the somewhat varying statements of his exact age.


MICHELAGNOLO BUONARROTI

Dino hmi arma q̃esto casa assai essir sine che esimarsi
da cordo cõ la mia che so poco posso ppromettere dimẽ
q̃sta fabrica pure mi sforzero stando mi q̃ sana di fare
cio che mi sara domãdato che parte di mia sechonoglia
che possa nõ mãcar di mẽte a questa Adi prime nouebre
1559

di vostra e certe̅ seruitore

michelagniolo
buonarroti Roma

FAC-SIMILE OF HAND-WRITING OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

CHAPTER IX.

DESCRIPTION OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S PERSON, HABITS AND MANNERS.—GENERAL ANECDOTES.—CASA BUONARROTI.

MICHAEL ANGELO was of middle stature, of a spare habit of body, bony and muscular, active in his gait and movements, and of a ruddy complexion. His forehead was square, lofty, and somewhat projecting; his nose might have been fine but for the flattening injury inflicted upon it early in life by Torrigiano; his cheek-bones were a little prominent; his eyes were rather small, sparkling, of a grey colour inclining to blue, and but slightly overshaded; his lips were thin, the lower lip somewhat projecting; his hair and beard raven black, till extreme old age shed its snows upon them; the beard terminated in two points. The cranium was large in proportion to the face. His aspect was amiable and animated, blended with an expression of resolute firmness and decision. He was rather broad in the shoulders; but his limbs were in good proportion.

His habits of temperance were rigid. In youth, when absorbed in study or by professional labour; he lived chiefly on bread and a little wine; and in

old age he exercised the greatest moderation. At the age of sixty-six, when pursuing the gigantic labour of painting the Last Judgment, he contented himself with little more than a frugal repast at the close of the day. He was, in consequence, ever active both in body and mind; seldom accepted or gave invitations to dinner; and declined receiving presents, which he regarded as involving dangerous obligations. He required but little sleep, and often rose in the dead of night to pursue his artistic occupations. At such times, if employed in sculpture, he would put on a paper cap or casque so constructed as to bear in its front a candle, by means of which his hands were left at liberty while pursuing his work. Vasari having observed that the candle he used, though it afforded adequate light, was of coarse material, once sent him four packets of a better kind, weighing about forty pounds, which were brought to him two hours after midnight. At first he refused them, "upon which," adds Vasari, "my servant said to him, 'Sir, their weight is so great that I have almost broken my arms in conveying them thus far; and be assured I shall not carry them back to our house. There is a mass of clay in front of your house, into which, if you continue to reject them, I'll stick the candles and light them.' 'Well, well,' replied Michael Angelo, 'put them down then, for I decline any such buffoonery at my door.'"

The imaginative faculty in him was so powerful, and so high was his standard of perfection in art, that he was seldom satisfied with his own works; for, whilst others viewed them with admiration, he compared them with their expressive and glowing images in his own mind, of which they fell far short. Hence he was known on many occasions to have laid aside statues, or even groups, on which he had spent considerable labour. Florence contains some examples of these his impatient aspirations towards a higher end than he had accomplished.

He had one day been working on a group, little to his own satisfaction, upon which he observed to a friend, "He who would extract a Minerva from the head of Jupiter ought to wield the mallet of Vulcan." On the same principle he destroyed, not long before his death, many fine drawings which would have proved of inestimable value to the artist and the collector.

Mention is made by Pagliarini of a Madonna and Child by Buonarroti, in marble, of the most beautiful workmanship, which was purchased and conveyed to Flanders by certain merchants. It may probably be the fine Madonna ascribed to him, on good evidence, now to be seen in one of the churches of Bruges.

Among the students with whom he became intimate in the school of Ghirlandajo and the Garden of San Marco, was Giuliano Bugiardini. It was not his talent, which was moderate, that won the

regard of Buonarroti, but his love of art and his honest simplicity. One of his chief infirmities was an unweening admiration of his own works. Michael Angelo, when he saw him so easily satisfied, pronounced him to be a superlatively happy man. He was permitted by Ghirlandajo to assist in some parts of the frescoes of Santa Maria Novella. In after times the good nature of Michael Angelo induced him to yield to the earnest wishes of his friend that he would sit to him for his portrait. Bugiardini was an amusing gossip, and so won upon Buonarroti that he gave him at once a two hours' sitting. The painter then exclaimed, "Michael Angelo, do take a look at yourself. I flatter myself I have completely caught your expression." "What in the world have you been at?" was his reply, on looking at the picture, "why, you have planted an eye in my forehead." The painter, somewhat disconcerted, compared the face and the likeness, and then said in a positive tone of voice, "I don't believe I have deceived myself, but sit down and let me have another look." Michael Angelo complied, stifling his mirth. "No," said Bugiardini, "I cannot allow I have at all deviated from nature." "If so," calmly replied Buonarroti, "I suppose the defect must be in myself. Courage, my good friend, push on." And he allowed him to proceed after his own fashion.

Bugiardini, when old and poor, undertook to paint a Pietà within a tabernacle; and in allusion

to the mysterious darkness which covered the earth at the Crucifixion, painted on its doors a figure of Night, copied closely from the fine statue of Night in the sacristy of San Lorenzo. The sole emblematic figures attached to the original, it will be remembered, are a mask, with poppies, and an owl; but Bugiardini accompanied his copy with various devices,—for instance, a lantern such as is used at night for catching thrushes, together with a lamp, night-caps, cornets, pillows, and bats. On beholding this strange medley, Buonarroti almost died of laughter.

One day he found his old friend in despair, from inability to introduce into a picture of St. Catherine a group of soldiers whom he wished to represent as struck by lightning from heaven, at the same moment that it had consumed the spokes of the wheel, the appropriate instrument of the saint's torture. The great artist was much amused, and came to the rescue. With a coal he drew for him a whole file of figures in masterly style, and in various attitudes and foreshortenings — some wounded, others stretched out in death. Bugiardini afterwards carefully worked upon the outline; and critics came to view his work, which displayed, they observed, a successful imitation of the manner of Michael Angelo.

In an age of gross venality and corruption, Michael Angelo shone forth as a model of strict honour and high principle; his hatred of intrigue,

jobbing, and peculation, it was, which so often provoked the malignant spleen of a party who had hoped to have enriched themselves by the exercise of these arts through the medium of the building of St. Peter's; and his irreproachable morals formed a striking contrast to those of the times in which he lived. These qualities united to his philosophical turn of mind, and intense devotion to art, disposed him to contemplation and solitude. Hence he acquired the reputation of being proud and singular; but it was only in the above sense that he courted solitude, for his heart was inclined to friendship, and he enjoyed the intimacy of many of the most distinguished of his contemporaries. The cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, the friend of Ariosto, took much pleasure in his society, and was a great admirer of his works. Having heard that Michael Angelo, who much noticed beauty in animals, greatly admired his Arabian horse, he sent it to him as a present, and in a princely spirit dispatched with it ten mules laden with oats, and a groom well acquainted with the temper of the horse. It was offered in so friendly a manner that, in spite of his habitual shyness of receiving presents, he gratefully accepted it. Cardinals Pole and Contarini, both learned and virtuous men, were among his intimate friends; so was also the accomplished and amiable Cardinal Bembo, to say nothing of many other distinguished ecclesiastics. Annibale Caro, Lorenzo Ridolfi, and other eminent

literati, besides the most able artists of his day, were among his friends and admirers. And here it is interesting to add, what Condivi assures us, that in spite of some little jealousy between him and Raphael, he highly admired the works of that illustrious artist, though he was wont to say that they were more the fruit of study than of nature.*

Few among his friends shared so much of his affectionate regard as Tommaso de' Cavalieri, a Roman gentleman devoted to art. For him, who practised it as an amateur, he made many fine heads and drawings to copy from; he also executed for him the masterly design, so well known by prints, of the Rape of Ganimede, the Fall of Phaeton †, and a Tityus with the Eagle preying on his Vitals. Mention is made, too, of a group, full of spirit, of Bacchanalian Children and Satyrs, executed for him. He was no less liberal in the gift of his designs to Daniele da Volterra, and Sebastian del Piombo; and at the earnest instance of the said Tommaso he made designs for some of that gentleman's friends. Among them was an Annunciation, from which Marcello Venusti painted a Picture, now in the Corsini palace at Rome, and

* Solamente gli ho sentito dire, che Raffaello non ebbe quest' arte da natura, ma per lungo studio. (*Condivi*, cap. 67.)

† Michael Angelo wrote at the foot of this drawing the following friendly words:—

"Ser Tommaso, si questo schizzo non vi piace, ditelo a Urbino a cio chio abbi tempo da averne fatto un altro .... come vi promessi, e si vi piace, e vogliate ch' io lo finisca."

a Christ in the Garden, from which there is also a picture by one of his scholars. The celebrated design of Youths shooting at a Target, is very generally ascribed to him, and on good grounds, as it is much in his manner; but we ought to add, that a fresco painting from it in the Borghèse palace at Rome is ascribed to Raphael. He may have copied it from the design of Buonarroti.

Those artists who, instead of faithfully copying his designs, aspired to rival his mode of drawing and conception, signally failed of success, with the sole exception of Daniele da Volterra. In fact, it is much easier to reproduce the extravagances of his art, than to emulate its beauties.

Before quitting the subject of his designs, we will proceed to remark that the Drawings of Michael Angelo form an important addition to the grander and more finished productions of his art. In general, they bear witness no less to the care with which he got up his subjects, than to the originality of his conceptions. The anatomical development of his figures in them, is often in the highest degree accurate and energetic; and they prove that the most soaring flights of his genius were always sustained by an unrivalled depth of learning and experience.

In the collection of his drawings in the Gallery degli Uffici, at Florence, the following are among the finest: —

Prometheus and the Vulture; highly finished and spirited.

The Rape of Ganimede; much like the published print, and very fine.

Study for a Minerva; half length, remarkable for its expression of severe and awful beauty. Highly finished.

A fine drawing of the Lybian Sybil.

A very fine one also of the supporting figures of one of the compartments of the Sistine Ceiling.

His design for the Tomb of Julius II.

His drawing, in black chalk, of a Lost Soul; highly finished, and of terrific aspect.*

One more of his designs merits special notice, a painting from which, probably by Venusti, is now in the National Gallery, in London. It is a striking and interesting example of his highly imaginative and creative conception; and I give the following description of it in the words of a friend.

* It is now useless to repeat regrets, often feelingly expressed, that the noble collection of drawings made by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence was not purchased, after his death, by the British Government. It was very rich in those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and many of the finest of them were sold on the Continent. It is highly honourable to the University of Oxford that it came to the rescue, to the utmost of its power, by purchasing what remained of these fine drawings, at an expense of 7000*l.*, of which sum no less than 4105*l.* was munificently contributed by the Earl of Eldon. They are displayed to public view in a noble apartment, and combine to form a centre of high attraction to amateurs, and an important school of art for the student, in painting and sculpture. In Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art" will be found an enumeration of the drawings by Michael Angelo which exist in the various collections of this country. Among the drawings sold at the

"In our National Gallery is seen the 'Sogno' of Michael Angelo,—a picture so full of the noblest display of moral feeling, that we must endeavour to describe the impression it makes on us. A magnificent figure, a grand specimen of the human race, is represented as awakening from the dream of life at the blast of an archangel's trumpet, who is descending towards him. He is reclining on the globe, but seems to be spurning its attractions, and arousing to a full perception of the transcendent glories of immortality. Shadowy representations of the sins of Violence, Avarice, Inebriety, and Sensuality, seem fading away in the full blaze of the archangel's light; and the attitude and countenance of the mortal, express earnest desire and firm resolve to walk in that light, to respond to that call, to become henceforth one of the redeemed sons of heaven."

A painting of a circular form, the subject a Holy Family, now in possession of Mr. Labouchere,

Hague were those made by Michael Angelo for the great picture of the Resurrection of Lazarus, now in our National Gallery, including the figure of Lazarus, and some of the adjoining group. We will take this occasion of stating, that without supposing Michael Angelo to have been at Rome for some time (as indicated in Vol. I. p. 306.) towards the close of the Pontificate of Leo X., it is impossible to account for the fact that the drawings for the Lazarus were made by him for Sebastian del Piombo, at the time that Raphael was employed in painting the Transfiguration. The fact of such residence is neither stated by Vasari nor Condivi, but it must have been so to make the aid thus rendered possible.

of Stoke, near Windsor, remains to be mentioned, as being ascribed, on just grounds, to the pencil of Michael Angelo. The author saw it soon after its arrival in England, when it was called a Ghirlandaio, and he then expressed his confidence that it was an early work of Michael Angelo. This opinion has recently been confirmed by the high authority of Dr. Waagen, in his "Treasures of Art," volume 2., page 417. The Doctor most justly observes, that he has never seen in any painting by Ghirlandaio so great a freedom of lines, such nobleness of forms, and so high a character of expression.

Like most great men, he had a profound and tenacious memory; and it was difficult for him to forget anything the impression of which he had once received. A story is told of him, that being at a supper party in his youthful days, with a set of young artists all full of fun, they agreed to try who could best produce the image of one of those monsters which one often sees drawn upon walls by those who have not any knowledge of design. Here his memory came to his aid; for he recollected having long before been struck by one of these monstrosities on a wall, and he drew it as though it had been at that moment before him. All present assigned the palm to him.

He very rarely, if ever, exercised the art of portrait painting, being disinclined, says Vasari, to make an exact drawing from any form which did

not correspond with his idea of perfect beauty. Thus, though he once made a cartoon portrait, of the size of life, of his friend Tommaso de' Cavalieri, he would not afterwards paint it.*

His wealth, if a moderate fortune deserves the appellation, was the result of great talent, hard labour, and habitual frugality. He had always money at his command, and was generous in aiding the wants of others, especially of young or of decayed artists. "How dare they to accuse of avarice," says Vasari, "one who was most liberal in presents of his fine drawings to artists, and to individuals of acknowledged taste, and who often, to oblige others, inspected and gave his advice upon paintings and objects of virtù, without accepting any pecuniary return,—who, with the money gained by the sweat of his brow, succoured the unfortunate, provided portions for poor but meritorious young females, and enriched his dependents." He was most generous to his nephew Lionardo during his lifetime, often presenting him three or four thousand crowns† at a time; and it will be remembered in

* Vasari's words are (p. 126.):—"Nè prima, nè poi di nessuno fece il ritratto, perchè abboriva il fare somigliare il vivo, se non era d' infinita belezza." A very fine portrait of M. Angelo is in the possession of Sign. Giuseppe Fedi, belonging to the household of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The hair and beard are raven black, the complexion fresh, and the lines in the face and forehead strong.

† The crown here referred to was the scudo d' oro. See p. 87.

what a spirit of kindness he bestowed a sum of tw thousand crowns upon his servant Urbino, in order that, in case of losing his master by death, his comfortable independence might be secured.

His natural disposition was fiery and impetuous, especially when touched upon the point of honour; but he was far from cherishing feelings of resentment, and as he advanced in life this natural infirmity mellowed down into prudent discretion, tempered with much of point and acuteness in his replies and observations. He was modest and retiring in his manner, and shunned rather than sought observation. It was difficult for men of rank and fortune to induce him to accept commissions for works of art, in consequence of the multitudinous demands upon his time; but he would readily put himself to much inconvenience in order to serve young and meritorious artists with his advice and professional assistance.

We will conclude these general statements, chiefly collected from the biographies of Vasari and Condivi*, with a selection of various facts, anecdotes, and repartees, scattered up and down the pages of the former.

A priest, a friend of his, one day said to him "Why have you never married? You might have had children to whom you would have left your

* Vasari, pp. 121—137., edit. Roma, 4to. 1760; Condivi, cap. 65—69.

fine productions." "I have a wife who is too much for me already," he replied; "one who unceasingly persecutes me. It is my art; and my works are my children. Think of Ghiberti; who would have remembered him had he not made the gates of San Giovanni? His name still lives in virtue of those gates, but not on account of the wealth he amassed, which has long since been dissipated by his children and nephews."

Being told that Sebastian del Piombo was about to paint the figure of a monk in a chapel of the Church of San Pietro Montorio, he said it would spoil the chapel. An explanation being asked, he replied, "The monks have corrupted the vast world; a single one, therefore, is sufficient to spoil a small chapel."

Meeting one day in the streets of Rome a religionist, a friend of his, loaded with rich vestments, he affected not to know him. At length being informed by him of his name and titles, he exclaimed, feigning surprise, "You are so superb that I could not be expected to know you."

Hearing that Baccio Bandinelli, who had been copying the Laocoon, boasted that he had surpassed the original, he observed, "He whose own productions are indifferent, knows not how to appreciate duly the works of others."

Some painter having introduced an ox into a a picture, which proved to be the best figure of the whole group, Michael Angelo was asked how

this could have happened. "Every painter," he replied, "best succeeds in his own similitude."

Passing one day the Baptistery of Florence, the bronze gates of which bear upon them the masterpieces of Ghiberti, "They are so beautiful," he exclaimed, "that they are worthy of being the gates of Paradise."

In a similar spirit of just homage to his great predecessors in art, he stopped before the statue of St. Mark by Donatello, which, with many others almost equally fine, adorns the exterior of Or San Michele; and in allusion to its animated expression, exclaimed, "Mark, why don't you speak to me."

Of the painter Gentile di Fabriano, he well remarked that his name corresponded with the grace of his style.

On seeing the medals of Alessandro Cæsari, such was his admiration that he said, "Art has reached its last hour, for beyond this it cannot go."

He had a great regard for an artist of the name of Menighella, whose works were of little merit, but who was a most agreeable man. He was a native of the Vale of Arno, and came from time to time to entreat of him a design for a St. Rocco or a St. Anthony, or some other popular saint, from which he afterwards made paintings, which he sold to the country people. Michael Angelo often amused himself with listening to the adventures of this wandering artist. A peasant had ordered a St. Francis of him. Menighella very properly gave

the saint a sober grey dress. The peasant was dissatisfied, and wished him to be made fine, upon which the complaisant artist added a splendid cope of brocade.

It was thus that this great man readily lent his aid to one and another needy applicant.

There was a stone-mason at Carrara named Toppolino, whom Michael Angelo employed to raise marbles, for him. He thought himself born to be a great sculptor, and therefore, when shipping the marbles seldom failed to put up little figures of his own modelling, of a description greatly to amuse his patron. This man finally settled at Rome, where he executed a Mercury in marble, and pressed Michael Angelo to call and view it. He did so, and, on seeing it, exclaimed, "Thou art a goose, my poor Toppolino, for spending such pains on this figure. Why, it is more than a foot too short from the knee to the ancle. Thy Mercury is dwarfish and crippled." "Oh! if that be all," replied Toppolino, "I'll soon put it to rights." Michael Angelo smiled, and was hardly departed when Toppolino cut off the legs of his Mercury, lengthened the limbs, and encased them in light boots so managed as to conceal the juncture. Michael Angelo being persuaded to pay the statue a second visit, was exceedingly amused at this device, and observed to Vasari, that a blockhead sometimes hits on an expedient which would never have occurred to a man of real talent.

Jacopo Indaco, a clever but idle artist, and full of humour and buffoonery, amused Michael Angelo so much that he often admitted him to his meals. One day, being quite wearied with his guest, he sent him, by way of getting rid of him, to buy some figs. Upon his return he found the door fastened, and no notice taken of his frequent knocks. Furious at this insult, he plastered the door of the house with crushed figs and their leaves, and for some months would have nothing to say to his old friend. At length his ire yielded to the kindness of his patron, and their meetings became more frequent than ever. He was one of the artists dismissed by Michael Angelo when he was painting the Sistine Chapel, in consequence of incompetency to paint from his designs.

Vasari had become intimate in Northern Italy with Giulio Romano, who had there loaded him with attentions. He went thence to Rome, just at the moment when Michael Angelo had displayed to public view his Last Judgment. Vasari made three drawings from this picture, of the Seven Mortal Sins, which he sent as a present to Giulio, and he adds that the sight of these magnificent figures opened a new field to his ideas, the inspiring influence of which was visible in a cartoon, soon afterwards produced by him, of the Vocation of the Apostles.

Michael Angelo had made a design for Alphonso Davalos, Marchese di Vasto, the subject of which

was "Noli me tangere." The marquis requested Pontormo to paint it for him, Michael Angelo having mentioned to him how capable he was of doing it full justice. Pontormo undertook the commission; and the picture united so much of his own grace with the grandeur of the original design, that it was universally admired. Soon after, Pontormo, whose credit was much raised by the preference thus shown him by Buonarroti, painted a picture from another of his designs, for Signore Bettini, the subject of which was "Venus kissing Love." The grandeur of the drawing left no doubt as to its author; and the painting was so much admired, that the duke Cosmo took means, and those not the most honourable, to disappoint the hopes of Bettini, and to acquire the picture for himself. The original cartoon was returned to Bettini; but he laid claim in vain to the picture. Michael Angelo was highly displeased on hearing of this proceeding, and of his friend's disappointment; but it does not appear that Pontormo was a party to it. This incident might well make the Florentines painfully aware of the despotism of their new Government.

Pontormo quitted in mature age the path of his early master Andrea del Sarto, and the great style of Michael Angelo, and sank into an extravagant and unsuccessful painter.

Bastiano di San Gallo, called Aristotile, from his gravity of manner, and the resemblance of his head

to that of the great Grecian philosopher, made a complete copy of the famous Cartoon of Pisa; Vasari does not say of what dimensions. After its destruction, this copy became an object of much curiosity and admiration, and Bastiano made a favour of showing it to his friends, and to artists. In the year 1542 he painted, by Vasari's advice, an oil picture in chiaroscuro*, from the drawing, which he sent to the French king Francis I., who recompensed him for it generously. Neither its size is mentioned, nor any particulars.

During the troubles incident to the expulsion of the Medici from Florence in 1527, a bench was hurled from the palace of the Seignory into the piazza below, which broke into three parts one of the arms of the David of Michael Angelo. For three days the precious fragments lay in the mire of the street without being carried away. At length the artists Vasari and Salviati, full of zeal for the honour of Michael Angelo, and fearless of any danger they might incur, succeeded in bearing them away from amongst the soldiers, and in concealing them. They were subsequently replaced with the greatest skill and care.

He said to a friend, respecting Julius III., who was every day changing his purposes, "He is like a weathercock in a bell-tower, which moves to and fro with every gust of wind." He was taken one day to see a statue just finished, and destined for

* *Quære.* Could this have been the picture now at Holkham?

some public situation. The artist was continually changing the light upon it; at length M. Angelo said, "Don't give yourself all this trouble; the light which will greatly try it will be the light of the piazza," meaning the public judgment. After looking at various statues in terra cotta, by Antonio Bigarini (an admirable artist in that line) "Woe," he exclaimed, "to the antique statues, if these could become marble."

The Cardinal Farnese, meeting him one day walking towards the Coliseum, inquired where he was going through the snow. "I am going to school," he replied, "still anxious to learn."

Casa Buonarroti.

The Casa Buonarroti is full of interest, both from the striking reminiscences it contains of Michael Angelo, and from the inspiring influence of the genius of the place. In the handsome saloon or gallery is to be seen the spirited bas-relief executed in marble by him almost in his boyhood, an etching of which is given in our Folio of Engravings; an early painting, the subject, a Holy Family; a small bas-relief in marble, of the Virgin and Child, full of sentiment and grace; various small casts modelled by himself; a highly finished drawing, in one of the cabinets, of the design he made by command of Leo X. for the façade of the

church of San Lorenzo; various specimens of his drawings, especially a fine one of a Madonna in black chalk; his bust in bronze, of the size of life, by Giovanni di Bologna, the expression pensive and dignified, and the execution masterly. A print from it is given by permission of the Cavaliere Buonarroti in the said folio of engravings.

The saloon was added to the original mansion, at no small cost, by his great-nephew Michael Angelo the younger, and its walls and ceiling are adorned with paintings by able Florentine artists, illustrative of the most striking events of his life; and there are many family relics of him justly prized and carefully preserved.

It is pretty generally known in the literary world that in the archives of this house are many original letters to and from Michael Angelo, as well as some of his unpublished poems and papers. The author has been favoured, more than once, to hear interesting selections from them read by their possessor, and he must be permitted to add that the gratification of visiting this remarkable mansion is much enhanced to those who are privileged to make the acquaintance of that gentleman, by his kind courtesy, and by the lively sense he manifests of the dignity stamped upon his line by the genius of Michael Angelo.

In the collection of papers above referred to, besides the letters from Vittoria Colonna to Michael Angelo, already described, are several letters to him

from Cosmo I., Duke of Florence, highly complimentary, and pressing his return to that city—the duke's official seal hangs to them; a letter from the Duke of Ferrara, with reference to the picture which Michael Angelo had promised to paint for him, and which he never obtained, for the reason given, volume second, page twenty-four; two brief letters from Catherine de' Medici, Queen of France, written by her secretary, but signed by herself—relating to a promised statue or statues; one from Clement VII. upon the plans for the library of San Lorenzo, the postscript of the letter written with his own hand, and very gracious in its expressions; a most kind letter from Alessandro, Count of Canossa, claiming him as a relation, and expressing his anxious desire to make his personal acquaintance, and to introduce him to his family.

The substance of one more letter, of the greatest interest, has been communicated to us by a friend, in the following words:—

Among the letters preserved in the Casa Buonarroti, is one addressed by Daniel da Volterra to M. Angelo's nephew Lionardo, at Florence, a very short time before his uncle's death. Daniel da Volterra, in the beginning of his letter, speaks of M. Angelo's general infirmities, and of his being then indisposed; recommending the nephew to come and see him as soon as he conveniently can. Further on, and writing apparently a little later, he states that the illness has become more serious, and

entreats the nephew to lose no time in hastening to Rome, concluding with further more urgent expressions to the same effect.

The letter is written by Daniel da Volterra in his own person, but Michael Angelo has added his name in a faltering hand, leaving part of the word "Buonarroti" unfinished.

We venture not on any farther reference to these papers. We trust they will ere long see the light under the editorship of their accomplished possessor.

In conclusion, the author may be permitted to express the gratification it will afford him, should the preceding pages, in spite of their many imperfections, have excited in his readers something of the same interest which he himself feels in their inspiring subject. The name of the great man, so often repeated in this biography, has long since been identified with our native literature by the admirable Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the late Mr. Rogers used to be fond of telling of his having been present when Sir Joshua delivered his last lecture at the Royal Academy, which he concluded by saying, with great emotion,—"And I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of

"Michael Angelo."

ON THE ORIGINAL ARRANGEMENT OF RAPHAEL'S TAPESTRIES IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

BY CHEVALIER BUNSEN,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

THE following Dissertation on the original arrangement of the Tapestries of Raphael in the Sistine Chapel, by Chevalier Bunsen*, is introduced with the permission of that distinguished personage.

There is no place on earth in whose ornament all the arts are united with such splendour as the Sistine Chapel. A highly venerable and faultless architecture, adorned with altogether tasteful and masterly sculptures, offered the most beautiful frame-work for paintings. The great masters of the Florentine school and Pietro Perugino divided, from the beginning, the whole space of the high walls into architectural compartments,

* Translated from "Beschreibung der Stat Rom," vol. ii. p. 208, &c.

and at the same time indicated, by their works, the right tone of picturesque representations. They adorned the lower part of the walls, up to the height of the railings which intersect the chapel, after the fashion of a rich drapery; next they represented, up to the height of the windows, the Law and the Gospel in the lives of Moses and Christ, opposite to each other,—a contrast which was more conspicuous at the time when, instead of the Last Judgment on the right hand side of the altar, there was seen the Birth of Christ, and on the left, the Finding of Moses; and lastly they placed single lofty figures of the heroes of the Church in the spaces between the windows. The sublime genius of Michael Angelo gave to these fundamental ideas a much richer development, and revealed to the astounded beholder a still more magnificent sight in the realm of sacred beauty and art; for, in the vaulted ceiling, he represented, in six large paintings of incomparable perfection and sublimity, the leading features of the earliest history of the earth and of the human race: on the sides of it he introduced the Prophets and Sibyls, uniting the prophetic voices of Seers of paganism with the Seers of the Old Covenant; in the smaller spaces above the windows he exhibited the hopes and expectations of mankind in the ancestors of Christ, figures which are full of deep significance; and lastly, in the four corners, he showed the miraculous delivery of the people of

God. This was the state of the Sistine Chapel when Raphael was commissioned to sketch designs for tapestries, which, according to the ancient fashion of Byzantium and Rome, were to cover and adorn the lower parts of the walls of the sanctuary, and had already been actually indicated by the first painters. Raphael thus entered into a beautiful structure, apparently completed, and had to contend with his greatest rival: and how did he conceive the commission? how did he carry on the further development of the great idea of the sanctuary?

He who is convinced that, in painting as well as in poetry, the highest cannot be comprehended without the conception of the poetical idea which forms the foundation, and through which a work of art becomes a compact whole, will consider that these questions are sufficiently important and interesting to attempt to answer them in as satisfactory a manner as possible. Their consideration will, at the same time, confirm the truth of the view propounded in the description, respecting the complete distinctness of the two rows of tapestries, and will, perhaps, also facilitate and complete the explanation.

It is strange that at present there exists at Rome no tradition respecting the manner in which those tapestries adorned the Sistine Chapel; we must therefore consult the representation and the place itself.

The tapestries, like the compartments of the chapel, are separated by pillars adorned with arabesque figures, and these pillars form the painted pilasters of the chapel. We must therefore seek for suitable places in these compartments. Now, in the first place, it is obvious that the tapestries were not sufficient for the whole chapel, for each of the long sides has six compartments, each about 20 feet in breadth, and they are separated by those painted pilasters, each of which is 2½ feet broad. The ten spaces must consequently be found in the inner part, the presbytery, which is separated by the iron railings from the fore part — as it were the narthex of an ancient basilica. There we have on each side four spaces, and two others must therefore be sought on the two sides of the altar. These last compartments, now filled up by the Last Judgment, were then in perfect architectural correspondence with those on the side: their paintings formed the beginning of the two rows, being of the same height and depth as the others, and separated from each other by the breadth of the altar. According to the architectural principle of the whole arrangement, we shall thus find two rows of representations standing opposite each other, and each consisting of five pieces of tapestry. The one beginning on the right of the altar must have ended in a narrow piece of tapestry, since the place set apart for the singers leaves only 4½

feet of the last compartment; the one on the left of the altar contains one compartment, in which the throne of the pope is erected, and which therefore leaves room only for a representation of two thirds of the size of the rest, as one third of the compartment is covered by the canopy, which is fastened to the wall with iron hooks.

Now these two rows present themselves at once: five representations belong to the life of St. Paul; and the five others represent the early history of the Church, from St. Peter's Miraculous Draught of Fishes, to the Stoning of St. Stephen, St. Peter being the central point, as the Apostle of the Gentiles is in the former. This row has four large pieces of tapestry, and one of smaller size, measuring only two thirds of the others; and among the tapestries representing St. Paul, there is one containing a very small representation, The Earthquake, and measuring only 4½ feet. The series relating to St. Paul, therefore, belongs to the right side of the altar, and the other fits the left. If this view is correct, the succession which follows from it must lead us to the recognition of the internal connection existing between the two cycles. With this object we subjoin a tabular view both of the main representations and of those on the sockets. The numbers inclosed in brackets refer to the above description of the tapestries.

FIRST SERIES.

ON THE LEFT OF THE ALTAR.

1. Above the altar (below the Finding of Moses):

   [12.] St. Peter's Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
   Cardinal Medici enters Rome to attend the Conclave, and is elected Pope. (1513).

2. First compartment of the long side:

   [9.] The Surrender of the Keys.
   The Cardinal's Flight from Florence (1494).

3. Second compartment (throne of the Pope):

   [2.] The Stoning of St. Stephen. (Acts, chap. vii.)
   The Cardinal enters Florence as Legate (1492).

4. Third compartment:

   [3.] The Cure of the Lame Man. (Acts, chap. iii.)
   The Cardinal imprisoned and set free again (1512).

5. Fourth compartment:

   [11.] The Death of Ananias and Sapphira. (Chap. v.)
   The Cardinal returns to Florence from exile (1512).

SECOND SERIES.

ON THE RIGHT OF THE ALTAR.

1. By the side of the altar (below the Birth of Christ):

   [5.] The Conversion of St. Paul. (Acts, chap. ix.)
   Scene from the Persecution of the Christians. (Chap. viii.)

2. First compartment of the long side:

   [1.] The Punishment of the Magician Elymas. (Chap. xiii.)
   (The representation on the socket is lost.)

3. Second compartment:

[14.] St. Paul and Barnabas in Lystra. (Chap. xiv.)
John's (Marcus) taking leave at Antioch. (Chap. xiii. 13.)
St. Paul teaching in the Synagogue. (Chap. xiii. 14.)

4. Third compartment:

[13.] St. Paul preaching at Athens. (Chap. xvii.).
St. Paul weaving Carpets. (Chap. xviii. 3.)
St. Paul scorned by the Jews. (Verse 6.)
St. Paul lays his Hands on the Converted. (Verse 8.)
St. Paul brought before Gallio. (Verse 12.)

5. Fourth compartment (place for the singers):

[4.] St. Paul in Prison during the Earthquake. (Chap. xvi.)
A Warrior, or Traveller, with a Staff, seated before a Kneeling Man.

As regards the cycle of subjects taken from the life of St. Paul, it becomes most plain in this arrangement: every principal representation is accompanied by two secondary ones on the socket, which are most intimately connected with the former, and among themselves perfectly agree with the succession of events as narrated in the Acts of the Apostles, as those of the fourth piece of tapestry show even in the smallest details. We may, therefore, conjecture almost with certainty that the last representation on the socket of the second tapestry represented either the consecration of St. Paul and his companions (chap. xiii. 1—4.), or his preaching at Antioch (verse 16.); and, according to this,

there seems to be no doubt that the mysterious representation on the socket of the fifth tapestry is like the principal representation taken from the 16th chapter of the Acts, and more especially from verse 9.: "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night: there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us." For the vision which St. Paul had in Troas was the cause of his journey to Philippi, the scene of the event seen in the principal representation: it is conceived as if the man of Macedonia—a traveller in warlike attire—appeared to the Apostle, who, recognising in him a heavenly vision, falls down and listens to him. The fact of the well-known features of the Apostle Paul being scarcely perceptible, cannot surprise us, if we consider the smallness of the figure and the manner in which it is executed.

The representations themselves follow one another in the chronological order in which the events occur in the Acts, except that the earthquake during the imprisonment at Philippi is placed after the preaching at Athens, whither the Apostle did not go till after he had left Macedonia. The reason, however, is clear; for this is the only representation that, as it occupies only a small space, was suited for the last compartment.

The arrangement of the opposite series may at first seem more complicated and doubtful. The purely chronological order would encounter two im-

possibilities; for, in the first place, the second compartment, of which one third is occupied by the throne and its canopy, would have to receive a large tapestry, and the only small one, which covers only two thirds of a compartment, would come upon the last large compartment. In the second place, it would be impossible, in this manner, to obtain the natural succession of the events from the life of Leo X., and this succession would not have been neglected. The arrangement, on the other hand, which is indicated by the nature of the place, and according to which the small piece of tapestry, which, chronologically considered should be the fifth, is assigned to the third compartment, can be shown to be the only correct one, for the order of the principal pictures becomes very plain and symmetrical, as soon as we take the throne to be the middle point. St. Peter's Draught of Fishes, and the picture called the Surrender of the Keys, between the throne and the altar, represent the two evangelical events which relate to the foundation of the Church; in the compartment of the throne itself, the death of the first martyr is represented; to the left of this are seen the first great feats of apostolical power and authority, in the succession in which the events appear in the narrative of the Acts. All the tapestries are, moreover, fitted, externally no less than internally, to the places assigned to them; and the fact that the second tapestry, has the apparently immoderate

length of 23 feet, is accounted for by its having to cover, in addition to the whole of the first compartment, the painted pilaster also, which separates it from the second. The most decisive proof, however, that Raphael took the throne as the middle point of this series, from which the representations extend on both sides, is contained in the representation of the sockets, which thus only appear in the chronological succession which we have a right to expect in these representations of the events from the life of Leo X., since there evidently exists a symbolical connection between them and the principal representations of the tapestries. If looked at from our point of view, the agreement is most striking. On the right-hand side of the papal throne, and in the same compartment, we find the first of the events of his life which are here represented: it belongs to the year 1492. From this point, there follow on the right and left two representations which stand in a strictly chronological connection with the former: the homage of the cardinals is very properly the nearest to the altar, where it takes place in reality.

But this whole arrangement was necessarily disturbed, when Michael Angelo painted the Last Judgment, which not only did away with the architectural separation of the compartments in the wall, but the upper part of the space, which was destined for the tapestries, was filled by the large

painting. There is no doubt that at that time the two tapestries destined for the compartments on the side of the altar were hung up outside the railings, and this accounts for the statement, that Paul III. proposed that a much lower hanging should be made for that particular space.

Let us now once more cast a glance at the connection between Raphael's representations and the earlier ornaments of the chapel. How significantly were they joined to the last of the representations from the life of Christ, his Ascension, by showing in two rows the foundation of the Church, the history of the two greatest Apostles, and the death of the first martyr! This one space thus comprised the whole sacred history of mankind, viewed from the central point of the Divine Council of Salvation, beginning above with the earliest history of the earth, and ending with the primordia of the history of the Church. Who would deny that Michael Angelo's Last Judgment formed a worthy and final conclusion to this poetry? From that time it remained for Rome to watch and guard with conscientious care that sanctuary of Christian Art; and we may be permitted to wish, that these wonderful paintings may from time to time be cleaned, which can be done without danger, if proper care is bestowed upon it*, as has lately

* It is well known that this is done by patiently and carefully rubbing them with crumbs of bread.

been done with the Florentine paintings, and ought soon to be done with others; but may it never be permitted that any artist or workman, under the pretext of restoration, put his unholy hands of destruction on those invaluable treasures, as has unfortunately been the case with many remnants of antiquity, which in this manner have been destroyed before their time. May those of the chapel escape this and all other dangers, and may the venerable spaces of this sanctuary of Christian Art never cease to hear the sublime and beautiful sacred music of Palestrina and this school, which alone is worthy to sound amid such paintings!

MEMOIR OF VITTORIA COLONNA,

MARCHIONESS OF PESCARA.

The friendship of Michael Angelo for Vittoria Colonna, is termed by Mr. Roscoe (in perfect unison with the spirit of our own observations on it, page 152.), "*a sacred affection.*" It added so much to his happiness, both social and religious, as long as she lived, and her memory was ever after so cherished by him, that a memoir of this illustrious lady must be regarded as an appropriate appendage to the history of his own life.

Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, a celebrated military commander and grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, by Anna Montefeltro, a daughter of Federigo, Duke of Urbino, was born in the year 1490, at Marino, a feudal possession of the Colonna family, about twelve miles from Rome. When only four years old she was betrothed to Ferdinando Davalos, Marquis of Pescara, of the same in-

fantine age; her father having yielded his consent to this early engagement, at the earnest solicitation of Ferdinand, the youthful king of Arragon, who was much attached to the family of Pescara. It was of Spanish origin, but had obtained large estates in Italy, from the military services its heads had rendered in that country to the house of Arragon. Fabrizio Colonna had also embraced their cause, so that his family and that of Pescara were on terms of intimacy.

The literary ardour which marked the fifteenth century had passed from colleges and universities into the ranks of private life; and as the parents of Vittoria partook of it, her education was such as to ensure her the highest mental cultivation, united with every accomplishment suited to her station. She grew up lovely in person, in mind, and in manners, all which, together with her illustrious rank, procured her many devoted suitors, among whom are named the Dukes of Savoy and Braganza; but her heart confirmed, as she herself has recorded, in one of her own beautiful sonnets, the engagement of her father, to the youthful Pescara, as it was seconded by his own ardent affection for herself,—

"A pena avean gli spirti intiera vita,
Quando il mio cor proscrisse ogn' altro oggetto;"

and he became in consequence the husband of her

choice, in the year 1507, when they had each attained the age of seventeen. They had known each other from childhood, and his qualities were such as had made a deep impression on her heart. When quite a little boy, he was full of romantic ardour, and had lived in circles which had early inspired him with a taste for the military profession.

Often, in those days, was he seen waving a standard in front of an array of little companions, who used to follow him about as their chief; he planned battles and sieges, and would break out into addresses to his youthful band, which were occasionally interrupted by the appearance of his tutor, coming to remind him that his Latin lessons were behindhand. His memory was replete with Spanish ballads, relative to chivalrous exploits, which he loved to repeat, and which fed his dominant passion.

The marriage of this young couple, thus devoted to each other, was celebrated with the greatest splendour, and they resided together, for some years, at a villa in the delightful Isle of Ischia, on the Bay of Naples.* Their married life was most happy, the only alloy being, that they had no children. All this while, the military tastes of the young Marquis only wanted some stirring cause actively to rekindle them. This was pre-

* Paulus Jovius, Vita d'Avalos Liber I., and Giambatista Rota, Vita di Vittoria Colonna, 8to., Bergamo, 1760, are my principal authorities for the early portions of this memoir.

VITTORIA COLONNA

BORN 1490 — DIED 1547.

MARCHESE DI PESCARA

BORN 1489 — DIED 1515

sented in the year 1511, when Julius II. persuaded Ferdinand of Arragon to unite with himself and the Venetians for the purpose of expelling the French from Italy. This alliance was called the *holy league*, and the Marquis of Pescara lost no time in proffering his services to Ferdinand. They were graciously accepted; and though the idea of a separation from her husband was deeply trying to Vittoria, the blood of the Colonnas, which flowed in her veins, led her to enter into his sentiments of duty and honour, and to stifle her own selfish grief. As the time for his departure approached, she presented him a beautiful tent, over the entry of which, amidst branches of palm, were the words justly applied to Vespasian, "Nunquam minus otiosus quam cum otiosus erat ille." At length, after a tender parting, he set off for the army, well supplied with horses, and with all the muniments of war. The high estimate formed of his talents was manifest on his arrival at head-quarters, for he was immediately appointed general of the cavalry, and led them into action, at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512, when a signal victory crowned the French arms, under the youthful Gaston de Foix. Pescara, whose valour and ability were conspicuous throughout the action, was among the wounded, and was conducted to Milan, among other distinguished prisoners, one of whom was the Cardinal de' Medici, afterwards Leo X. His principal solace, during his brief captivity, was

epistolary converse with his accomplished consort, and the composition of a Dialogue on Love, of which she was the chief object, and which he addressed to her. Her own leisure, during his absence, was divided between the study of classical literature, in which she attained great proficiency, and that of the finest productions of the Tuscan Muse. She passed her time between Ischia and Naples, a city in which she found many literary advantages.

For brief, and at rare intervals, during the ensuing twelve years, she enjoyed the society of her husband, whose reputation had risen so high, both in the council and the field, as to have procured him one of the most important commands in the armies of Charles V. The reiterated triumphs of the Imperial arms over those of France were in no small degree a consequence of his enterprise and talent; but so absorbing were the duties thus imposed upon him that, although his heart was with his young and beautiful wife, he was almost wholly precluded from her society.

When the Imperial and French armies were opposed to each other, in the Milanese in the year 1521, the command of the former was pretty much divided between Prosper Colonna, called the Italian Fabius, and the Marquis of Pescara; but in consequence of the inconvenience accruing from divided command, Prosper was at length appointed General-in-chief. The Marquis was so dissatisfied

with this act on the part of the Emperor, that, when the army went into winter quarters, he made an expedition from Genoa to Madrid, to lay his complaints at his feet. As the troops under Pescara were chiefly Spanish, and he himself was half a Spaniard, his fame was at its height in that country, and he was everywhere received with great distinction. The Emperor loaded him with honours and with favour, and soothed his feelings by reminding him that Prosper Colonna was an old and veteran commander, with whose family he was himself closely connected, and that the time could not be distant when he would become General-in-chief. At parting he made him rich presents, and, at his request, conceded high military promotion to his nephew, the Marquis of Vasto. He landed, on his return, at Naples, and there for a time found delightful repose from disappointed ambition, and military fatigue, in the society of Vittoria.

In an engagement at Biagressa, in the year 1524, fell the celebrated Bayard, denominated by his gallant countrymen the *Chevalier sans peur et sans tache*. Mortally wounded during the action, he desired those around him to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy, and was found in this situation by his countryman, the Duke de Bourbon, who had transferred his allegiance from his rightful monarch Francis I. to the Emperor. In reply to some words of sympathy from him, he said, "Pity me not; those are objects of pity who

have proved faithless to their king, their country, and their oath." Just then the Marquis of Pescara came up, and immediately employed himself in rendering every service in his power to the dying hero, and from him they proved truly grateful. He had a tent pitched for him upon the spot; he took means to procure him every needful assistance and solace; and upon his death, had his body embalmed and sent to his relations. We may readily conceive with what heartfelt sympathy and delight Vittoria contemplated these acts of her heroic husband.

The bloody day of Pavia, so fatal to the French arms, and in which Francis I. was made a prisoner, soon afterwards occurred. In this battle, after various changes of fortune, the French cavalry, a formidable body, was broken by that of the Imperialists, led on by Pescara; but he himself received such severe wounds, during the action, as to require immediate repose and surgical attention. During this interval, a scheme was agitated among the princes and statesmen of Northern Italy, including also the pope, which presented strong baits to his ambition. The object was to cast off the yoke of Charles V., which, it was argued, would, in consequence of his military triumphs, be speedily imposed upon all Italy. An attempt was made to induce Pescara to take part in a projected league, by an offer of the crown of Naples as a bait. His ardent ambition, and the conviction which rankled in his breast, that his eminent services had not been

duly rewarded, led him for a moment to listen to the proposals; but at this juncture, says Paulus Jovius, the counsels of his admirable wife, who was made privy to the offer, contributed not a little to secure his plighted allegiance to the Emperor. On this occasion, we are told by that historian that she addressed him a letter, beseeching him to be duly mindful of those great deeds, by means of which, he had acquired a reputation far above the fortune and glory of crowned heads, adding that the honour which descends to posterity with permanent brightness, depends not on kingdoms and titles, but on unblemished virtue, and that she herself had no ambition to be the consort of any king, but only of that eminent commander, who, by his valour in war, and by his dignified counsels in peace, far surpassed the renown of the greatest monarchs. It was well for Pescara that he listened to her advice, for the Emperor was already master of the whole project, and its leading advocate, Moroni, had just been arrested and imprisoned. But it was well for him in another and a higher sense, that he adhered to his allegiance, for the contrary conduct would have inflicted an indelible stain upon his memory, almost at the very moment that he was summoned to a higher and more awful tribunal. His wounds in the battle of Pavia had inflicted fatal injury on his constitution; and in the course of the year 1525 he sank under their consequences, leaving behind

him a name, coupled with the highest military reputation.

The moment he was apprised of his imminent danger, he despatched an express to his beloved wife, entreating her to join him without delay at Milan. It may be imagined with what promptitude she obeyed the summons, but in the midst of her painful journey, she was arrested at Viterbo, by the sad intelligence of his death; and after a brief pause at Rome, whither she first proceeded, she returned to Naples, and remained there, or in its neighbourhood, for seven years, an inconsolable widow. After the lenient influence of time had softened her feelings, they found further relief in depicting her own grief, and the great qualities of her departed husband, in a series of sonnets and other poems, fraught with noble sentiment and poetic beauties. In her esteem, Pescara was the phœnix, the paragon of his age, the first and noblest of mortals; nor could he have desired, in his most ambitious moments upon earth, as Ariosto has said, a more able or persuasive recorder of his fame than she proved.

"Per lei sì 'l nome tuo rimbombe
Che da bramar non hai più chiare trombe."
ARIOSTO, canto xxxvii.

In these poems she expresses an utter indifference to the pleasures of the world, now that he was gone, with whom alone she desired to share

Sebas. del Piombo. pinx. *L. Gruner. direx.*

VITTORIA COLONNA.

FROM HOLLAR'S PRINT.

them, and pants for reunion with him in a higher state of existence.

In addition to upwards of one hundred sonnets, devoted to his memory, and to her own grief, she has pursued the same theme in her justly celebrated canzone, and also in her stanze in ottave rime. They are fraught, the former especially, with exquisite beauty and pathos. She almost rivals Petrarch in the delicacy and grace of her style, while she pours forth her feelings with a dignity and purity of sentiment all her own.*

Pescara, in addition to his great qualities as a commander, must, we conceive, have been a man of highly cultivated mind, and of an affectionate heart, to have inspired such a woman as Vittoria Colonna with such devoted and tender love; it must, however, be acknowledged that the Italian historians represent him as singularly haughty, reserved, and insincere†, but they looked upon him as a Spanish, rather than an Italian hero, and he was such in everything but birth; so that he naturally shared in the prejudice and dislike with which the native Italians regarded the Spanish portion of the armies of Charles V., which he commanded.

Vittoria, at the time of his death, was only thirty-five years of age, and her beauty had gained in expression, what it had lost in brilliancy. When

* At the close of this Memoir will be found various specimens of her poetry.

† Guicciardini, Hist. d' Italia, lib. xvi. p. 243.

sufficient time had elapsed, to render it possible to address her on such a subject, her hand was earnestly sought by various princes and personages of illustrious rank, and her brothers pressed her to choose between them; but her reply was, that, had the choice been given her, she would never have survived her husband; and that though others thought of the sun of her existence as set, he lived, and ever would live, in her constant remembrance. After the lapse of seven years, her grief, as she herself has said in one of her sonnets, was still fresh, and though literary society, and intellectual pursuits, solaced her leisure, higher influences were wanting to restore her to true peace of mind. It was in the school of Christ, and at His feet, that she found this happiness. Here, she learned to recognise a Father's hand in her afflictions, and here, her faith found objects and hopes suited to fill the highest capacities of the immortal spirit.

This era in her life, she has herself marked in the first of a second series of her poems, entitled, "Rime Spirituale." In the first of these, she binds herself henceforth to control her long-cherished grief, and to devote herself to Him who has "brought Life and Immortality to light by the Gospel."

"Since a chaste love my soul has long detained
In fond idolatry of earthly fame;
Now to the Lord, who only can supply
The remedy, I turn——"

And a little further on,—

> "Me it becomes not, henceforth, to invoke,
> Or Delos, or Parnassus; other springs,
> Far other mountain-tops, I now frequent,
> Where human steps, unaided, cannot mount."
>
> *Rime Spirituale*, sonnetto 1.*

The lofty energy with which her mind now poured its whole current of feeling into the channel of Christian devotion, may be judged of by the following two sonnets: —

"If I could vanquish, with celestial arms,
Myself, my senses, and my reason vain,
Then the world's honours, and its painted charms,
I'd spurn with holy triumph and disdain;
On Faith's bright wings, my thoughts with new-born powers
Would soar, and pluck Hope's amaranthine flowers;
Far-raised above this vale of sin and pain,
And quickened by true Virtue's holy flame;
My eye is fixed intent on this great aim,
Though I but creep, when fain I'd mount on high
By yonder track —— where, bursting on my sight,
Signs of the Sun I see, th' Aurora bright;
When shall I rise where angel choirs invite,
And the true Light shines forth uncloudedly."

* "Chiamar qui non convien Parnaso, o Delo;
Ch' ad altra acqua s' aspira, ad altro monte
Si poggia, a' piede uman per se non sale."
Rime Spirituale, sonnetto 1.

SONETTO 59.

" Se con l' armi celesti avess' io vinto
Me stessa, i sensi, e la ragione umana;
Andrei con alto spirto alta e lontana
Dal mondo, e dal suo honor falso dipinto.
" Sull' ali della fede il pensier cinto
Di speme omai non più caduca e vana,
Sarebbe fuor di questa valle insana
Da verace virtute alzato e spinto.
" Ben ho già fermo l' occhio al miglior fine
Del nostro corso; ma non volo ancora
Per lo destro sentier salda e leggiera.
" Veggio i segni del Sol, scorgo l' Aurora;
Ma per li sacri giri alle divine
Stanze non entro in quella luce vera."

SONNET 28.

" Deaf I would be to earthly sounds, to greet
With thoughts intent, and fixed on things above,
The high angelic strains, the accents sweet,
In which, true Peace accords with perfect Love;
Each living instrument the breath that plays
Upon its strings, from chord to chord, conveys,
And to one end so perfectly they move,
That nothing jars th' eternal harmony:
Love melts each voice, Love lifts its accents high,
Love beats the Time, presides o'er ev'ry string,
Th' angelic orchestra one signal sways;
The sound becomes more sweet, the more it strays
Through varying changes, in harmonious maze;
He, who the song inspir'd, prompts all who sing."

"Vorrei l' orecchia aver quì chiusa e sorda
Per udir coi pensier più fermi e intenti
L' alte angeliche voci, e i dolci accenti,
Che vera pace in vero Amor concorda.
"Spira un aer vital tra corda e corda,
Divino e puro in quei vivi stromenti;
E sì move ad un fine i lor concenti,
Che l' eterna armonia mai non discorda.
"Amor alza le voci, Amor le abbassa;
Ordina, e batte ugual l' ampla misura,
Che non mai fuor del segno in van percote;
"Sempre è più dolce il suon, se ben ei passa
Per le mutanze in più diverse note;
Che chi compone il canto ivi n' ha cura."

It was either at this time, or very soon after her mind had become thus deeply interested by the great truths of Christianity, that we find her name mentioned, among others, by the historian of Naples, Giannone, in connection with the promulgation of Lutheran opinions, in and around that city; but before entering upon the facts related by him, it is essential to preface them by a brief statement with reference to the inchoate, but finally extinguished, Reformation in Italy.

Europe had now for fifteen years been agitated by the heart-stirring questions excited by the Reformation; and the great truths which it had vindicated and illustrated, on the authority of the Bible, had passed the Alps, and, in spite of Papal bulls

and edicts, had found a response more or less decisive, in the leading Italian States. At the court of Ferrara in particular, under the auspices of Renée, the accomplished consort of Hercules II., the reigning duke, not only the truths, but the active promoters, of the Reformation had found a welcome. This princess was a daughter of Louis XII. of France ; her marriage took place A. D. 1527 ; and she had imbibed in her native country some of those great principles of Protestant truth, which had begun to dawn upon Italy. Madame de Soubise, who had been governess to the Duchess, her son Jean de Parthenai, Sieur de Soubise, afterwards a principal leader of the Protestant party in France, and other members of the same family, were now resident at Ferrara, and aided in giving effect to the kind disposition of the Duchess, to befriend all such of her Protestant countrymen as had been driven from France by the spirit of persecution. They found a welcome in the character of men of letters, which her highness could hardly have ventured to extend to them in that of reformers. Calvin himself, under the assumed name of Charles Heppeville, partook of her kindness for some months, and being frequently admitted to her society, strengthened by his personal influence and exhortation, her previous disposition in favour of the Reformed faith. Although the Duchess was finally obliged to part with her French attendants,

the new opinions had by this time, acquired many Italian converts in Ferrara. Under the date of 1530, the annalist Rinaldus quotes a rescript of Pope Clement VII., in which he states that he had learnt, with great grief of heart, that in different parts of Italy, the pestiferous heresy of Luther, prevailed to a high degree, not only among secular persons, but also among ecclesiastics, and the regular clergy.

From about the year 1530 to 1541, the reformed faith gained great ground in the Venetian States, in Modena, Bologna, and in some parts of the papal territory, and the cry for a reform of abuses became so general, that Paul III., in the year 1537, made a show of yielding to it, by appointing a commission of cardinals and prelates, to confer on the subject; but proceeding from such a quarter, the attempt very naturally came to nothing, and the commission was dissolved, after probing the wounds of the Church more deeply, on certain important points, than their master approved or desired.

Giannone's description of the reform movement at Naples, is prefaced by a description of the rapid progress it made in Italy, and he accounts for it by stating, "that the corruption of manners among the ecclesiastics, and at the court of Rome, was such, that the public calamities of the times, were regarded by many, as the execution of a

Divine sentence, in punishment of these abuses, in consequence of which many persons were inclined to the reform."* In private houses, and in various towns, particularly in Faenza, within the Papal territory, he describes preaching as going on against the Romish Church, and the number of Lutherans as daily increasing.

Charles V. was at Naples in the year 1536, and put forth, in consequence of hearing of these proceedings, a rigorous edict, menacing with loss of goods, and even of life, any who should consort with persons infected by the German heresy; and before his departure, he charged his viceroy, Toledo, strictly to guard against its further dissemination.

But in spite of these measures, the doctrines gained ground, and had warm advocates and promoters among many personages of rank and education, who found the means of communicating with each other, upon the questions they had raised, without attracting public attention. Among these,

* "In Italia vedendosi tanta corratela de' costumi nell' ordine Ecclesiastico, e nella corte di Roma, credevano molti, che fossero calamità, per esecuzione d' una sentenza Divina, vendicatrice di tanti abusi onde molte persone s' accostavano alla Riforma: e nelle case private, *in diverse città, massime in Faenza*, Terra del Papa, si predicava contra la chiesa Romana, e cresceva ogni giorno il numero de' Luterani, i quali si facevan chiamare Evangelici." — *Giannone, Istoria di Napoli*, edit. Haya, 4to., 1753, vol. iv. p. 81.

one of the most remarkable and influential, was John Valdez, or Valdesso, whose name must be well known to those of our readers who are familiar with Isaac Walton's Life of the pious George Herbert, since that good man published a translation of one of his works, and paid a high tribute in it to the soundness of his views on the doctrine of justification.

A Spaniard by birth, Valdez was a man of family, of considerable learning, and of a highly intellectual cast of mind. He had been knighted, for his military services, by the emperor, who placed great confidence in him, and had often sent him on missions to Germany, where it is supposed he made acquaintance with the writings of Luther, and became a convert to his opinions. He was a perfect gentleman, of winning manners and address, and of great powers of conversation; and as his heart was deeply affected by the new principles he had embraced, he spared no pains to communicate them to others. He thus drew over many to his views, and in a short time became the centre of a sort of religious association, whose members held private meetings, which were confined, in the first instance, to the higher classes.

"Not only," says Giannone, "had the poison penetrated the breasts of some of the nobility, but had reached the ladies; and it was believed that the highly celebrated Vittoria Colonna, wi-

dow of the Marquis of Pescara, and Julia Gonzaga (judging from the intimate terms on which they lived with Valdez), had become contaminated with these errors."* Julia Gonzaga, Duchess of Trajetto, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her day, and not less virtuous than beautiful. Giannone further states that private meetings, of the nature above described, took place at the houses of these ladies. These meetings were frequented by the celebrated Marco Flaminio, one of the most elegant among the modern Latin poets, of whom it has been remarked, that his verses have the amenity and sweetness of Catullus with none of his licentiousness; by Peter Martyr, also; by Giovanni Caserta, a gentleman of high birth; and by his friend, the young Marquis of Vico, a Neapolitan nobleman of the first class. Vittoria Colonna was on terms of special friendship with Flaminio.

These opinions, at first confined to the select few, quickly obtained increased currency through the preaching and influence of a celebrated Capuchin friar, Bernardino Ochino, who came to Naples in the year 1536. He was a man of commanding talents and ascetic habits, who, under the monkish

* Giannone's words are: "Si credette che oltre avere il velèno penetrato ne' petti d' alcuni Nobili, era arrivato sino ad attaccar le Dame: e si credette che la cotanto famosa Vittoria Colonna vedova del Marchese di Pescara, e Giulia Gonzaga, per la strettezza che tenevano col Valdes, fossero state anche contaminate da suoi errori."— *Hist. Napoli*, lib. xxxii. p. 84.

hood of his order, concealed a mind and heart deeply persuaded of the Scriptural truth of Lutheran opinions, though not as yet avowedly a convert to them. Valdez, it appears, contributed to deepen and confirm him in them. He preached the Gospel, Giannone tells us, quite in a new mode, by a reference to the authority of the Scriptures, and in a way which led his auditors to consult the Bible for themselves upon such points as justification by faith, purgatory, the papal power, and similar questions which had been hitherto confined to experienced theologians and to the Schools. He adds that in consequence of his popular mode of preaching, these topics soon came to be discussed by unlettered men. Even the humblest artisans, he says, had imbibed this licence, and were in the habit of reasoning upon the most difficult parts of the Epistles of St. Paul.*

In fact, he addressed his auditors with a spirit, a vehemence, and an eloquence which procured him high credit with the people, and even with persons of the highest rank. In the main, it was the doctrine of Luther which he disseminated, but he did it with just enough reserve, not at first, to awaken suspicion.

Giannone then describes the crowds that flocked to hear him during Lent (1536) at the Church of San Giovanni in Naples, and how other churches

* Giannone, lib. ii. cap. v.

were comparatively deserted, and how the Emperor Charles V., who occasionally went to hear him, exclaimed one day, "This man preaches with a spirit and a devotion, to make the very stones weep."

Amongst his most admiring auditors was Vittoria Colonna, as we learn from letters addressed to her by Cardinal Bembo, which we shall hereafter have to quote, and these letters lead also to the inference that her influence over him was great.

But though Ochino was not as yet called to account for his opinions, the suspicions of Toledo were soon after so awakened that he commissioned the Vicar of Naples to inform himself respecting them; Ochino, however, proved quite an overmatch for the vicar, and so parried his questions, that he was still allowed to preach, and rose higher than ever in popularity. Three years afterwards he was again invited to Naples, to preach in the Cathedral, and by the exercise of caution, he gave increased currency to his opinions, without furnishing any distinct proofs of his alleged heterodoxy. It was not, as we shall find, till the year 1541, that these proofs became, in the estimation of his opponents, distinct, and unquestionable.

The influence of Ochino's preaching at Naples was much aided, at the same period, by that of the learned and excellent Peter Martyr, whose name is honourably and intimately connected with the history of the Reformation in England, and Germany,

no less than in Italy. A Florentine by birth, and well read in classical and theological learning, and also a proficient in Hebrew, he was elected Abbot of Spoleto in the year 1530, and afterwards Provost of the College of San Pietro ad Aram at Naples. Here he became acquainted with Valdez and Flaminio, who strengthened the impressions in favour of the Reformed faith, which he had already imbibed from some of Bucer's commentaries on the Scriptures; and while Ochino charmed crowded audiences by his eloquence, Peter Martyr and John Mollio, preacher at San Lorenzo at Naples, who had also embraced the same opinions, delivered learned lectures on the Epistles of St. Paul, which were attended by many of the nobility and bishops, and by monks from different convents. They used so much prudence in advancing their tenets, as to escape any positive or open censure. An interdict was at length put out, by authority, against the preaching of Martyr, but it was quickly withdrawn. In fact he was protected at this time by Gonzago, Cardinal of Mantua, and was favourably regarded also by other members of the Conclave, in particular by Cardinals Contarini, Pole, and Bembo.

In spite, says Giannone, of the prohibitory measures adopted by Toledo, the seeds scattered by the discussions which had been carried on at the houses of Vittoria Colonna* and Julia Gon-

* "Non meno in Calabria che in Napoli fu d' uopo al Duca d' Alcala usare il medesimo rigore. Erano ancor quivi rimasi

zaga continued to germinate; and such was the progress of the Reformed faith in Calabria, and other parts of Southern Italy, that Toledo adopted the most rigorous measures to counteract it. The secession of Ochino produced a strong outburst of this spirit. Many books, deemed heretical, were publicly committed to the flames by the Viceroy's orders, among which were various treatises by Melancthon and Erasmus. Further severe measures were carried on in the year 1544, and at length an attempt was made to introduce the Inquisition at Naples, but the nobles and the commonalty were invincibly opposed to it, and Toledo was obliged to give way. The project was renewed by Philip II., but with no better success. Giannone gives a list of many distinguished persons of both sexes who during the ensuing twenty-five years, suffered imprisonment, and some even

molti semi di falsa dottrina. Le conversazione che si tennero a tempo del Toledo in casa di Vittoria Colonna e di Giulia Gonzaga, sospette d' eresia, aveano contaminati molti; con tal occasione, invigilandosi assai più, che non erasi prima fatto, se ne scoversero molti, che ne devano sospetto; onde furone con severissimi editti citati a comparire fra breve termine avanti il Vicario de Arcivescovo di Napoli sotto pena della confiscazione de' beni; ma sopra due cadde più severo castigo.

" Questi furono Francesco D' Alvis, e Bernardino d' Aversa, i quali incarcerati, e come eretici condannati a morte, furono a 24 di Marte del 1564 publicamente nel Mercate decapitati, e poi abbruciati." — *Giannone*, lib. xxxii. cap. v. p. 106.

death itself, with the greatest constancy, in vindication of the Reformed faith; and he well observes that, although persecution finally put it down, it extinguished together with it all just inquiry after truth, so that learning and reason became stunted at Naples.*

Thus it will be seen how closely Vittoria Colonna and her friends were connected with the Reform movement at Naples, and with how much reason, therefore, the impartial and able historian Thuanas, and after him Giannone and Roscoe, have alluded to her as favourably disposed to it.†

The Marchioness of Pescara left Naples for Ferrara, before the close of the year 1536, and on her way thither made a short stay at Rome, taking up her abode at the Casa Colonna, with her sister-in-law, Giovanna di Arragona; and here these illustrious ladies had the honour of a visit from Charles V., whilst he was a guest in the Roman capital.

At Ferrara the Marchioness was received by the Duke and his Court with the distinction due to her high rank and literary celebrity, and men of letters in the neighbouring states of Venice and Lombardy

* Giannone, liber xxxii. cap. v. p. 85. The freedom of Giannone's remarks in these and similar passages, rendered him an object of bitter persecution, after the publication of his history.

† Thuani Hist., ad an 1856.

vied with each other in marks of homage and consideration. Among them Trissino is particularly mentioned; and Ghiberti, the amiable and accomplished Bishop of Verona, who did all he could to induce her to visit that city; but the Duke and the Court of Ferrara, would not hear of losing the charm of her society.

By a letter to Pietro Aretino, it appears she was still at Ferrara in November, 1537, and was much occupied by thoughts of visiting the Holy Land and Jerusalem, a scheme from which she was with difficulty dissuaded by her relative the Marchese di Vasto, who justly deemed her strength unequal to the fatigues of such an undertaking.

There must have been a great sympathy between Vittoria and the Duchess of Ferrara on religious subjects, for they were both intimate with Flaminio and other friends of Valdez; but the climate, and the country around that city, so unlike the bright atmosphere of Naples, may have indisposed her to make it her residence, and she changed it for Rome in the year 1538. Here she was welcomed in the same flattering way as at Ferrara. The principal nobility, the most eminent literati, the leading ecclesiastics, and such others as felt they had any claim to wait upon her, were anxious to manifest their respect and sympathy for a lady of illustrious rank, rendered so celebrated by her genius, her sorrows, and her constancy. Among others, Cardinals Pole and Contarini, the two members of the Con-

clave the most distinguished by their piety and learning, assiduously sought and cultivated her friendship; a fact which we mention the more particularly because it bears much upon the incidents of her subsequent career.*

Few left her presence without feeling the charm of her dignified yet gentle manners, of her winning and cheerful demeanour, and of her highly cultivated intellect.

Her liberal assistance, readily accorded to men of letters in distress, is alluded to by Rota and others, in strong terms, and Bernardo Tasso, in particular, the father of the great Torquato, had reason to acknowledge such assistance, and to thank her also, as he feelingly does, for the benefit which had accrued to him from her religious influence.

In this general homage Michael Angelo participated, with a depth of feeling and admiration, never, perhaps, before conceded by him to any human being. She on her part was delighted to make the acquaintance of a man, whose name and high reputation must have been long familiar to her. On this subject, however, so much has been said in our chapter on his poetry, that we forbear enlarging further upon it here.

The first edition of her poems was published without her consent at Parma, in the year 1538, with the affix of "Divine" to her name. This collection included none of her "rime spirituale," but was

* Rota, p. 28.

made up of pieces devoted to the memory of Pescara: a second edition came out the following year; another was printed soon after at Florence, with the addition of sixteen of the sacred sonnets, and at Venice, in 1544, a fourth edition was published, with a still larger collection of the same description.

In the year 1541, the Marchioness quitted Rome, prompted to this step by the wish of greater abstraction and retirement from the world; and also by the pain she felt, in witnessing the confusion and excitement which pervaded that capital, in consequence of an insurrectionary movement, on the part of her brother Ascanio Colonna, who, acting in the spirit of the fiery Barons of his race, had taken up arms in opposition to a salt-tax imposed by Paul III. upon the entry of that article within the Papal States.

She removed at first to a convent in the city of Orvieto, a town whose romantic and picturesque situation, and magnificent medieval cathedral, must have charmed her tasteful eye. Within its walls Michael Angelo had studied the frescoes of Luca Signorelli, and had gathered hints from them for some of his groups in the painting of the Last Judgment. The façade of the cathedral presents a mass of brilliant frescoes and of breathing sculpture, the latter from the chisel of Giovanni Pisano, which, in expression and execution, almost rival the works of his father Nicola.

The Marchioness removed, in the course of the same year, to Viterbo, distant about thirty miles from Rome, and fixed her residence in the Monastery of St. Catherine in that city. Under the auspices of Cardinal Pole, Viterbo was at this time a centre of polished and literary society, and her arrival there was hailed as an event of no common interest. She had formed, as has been stated, a friendship with Cardinal Pole at Rome, and "Monsignore D'Inghilterra," as she was accustomed to call him, henceforth enjoyed her special confidence. Allied to the Royal Family of England through his mother, Margaret Countess of Salisbury, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV., Pole was a gentleman of the highest breeding, and no less learned than accomplished.

The courage with which he had opposed Henry VIII.'s efforts to divorce Catherine of Arragon, rendered that monarch, in various ways, his bitter persecutor, but obtained for him honours and credit at the Court of Rome. He was now Governor and Legate of Viterbo, a post of much importance and dignity. His religious opinions, at this time, were favourable to the Reformed doctrines, as none can doubt who have examined the letters which passed between him and Cardinal Contarini, during and after the sittings of the Diet of Ratisbon, convoked at the time of which we are writing, A.D. 1541, by Charles V., for the

express purpose of bringing about an accommodation between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches. Contarini was Papal Legate to the Diet, and acted a leading part there. Upon the important point of justification, the divines on both sides, including Melancthon and Bucer, came to an accordance; and Pole, on hearing of it, breaks forth in one of his letters to Contarini, into expressions of the liveliest joy and thankfulness.*

In a second letter, written nearly a twelvemonth later, dated Viterbo, May 1st, 1542, he writes under the same hope to Contarini, on his own part, on

* The following are his words, under date May 17th, 1541: — "Sensi vero, tali me perfundi gaudio, cum hanc consonantiam opinionum viderem, quantam nulla quamvis suavis armonia animum, et aures unquam permulcere posset; nec vero tantum ob eam causam, quod magnum fundamentum pacis, et concordiæ jactum esse videbam, quam quod hoc fundamentum illud a gnosarem, quod super omnia, ut mihi quidem videtur, gloriam Christi illustrat: est vero fundamentum totius doctrinæ Christianæ. Etsi enim divorsa tractari videntur, ut de Fide, et Operibus, ac Justificatione, tamen omnia ad unum Justificationis caput referri, et de eo convenisse utriusque partis Theologos maximè gratulor, et Deo per Christum gratias ago, qui tales vos ministros eligit, et idoneos fecit tam preclaræ concordiæ in tam silido fundamento resarciendæ, ex quo in magnam spem venimus, qui tam misericorditer cæpit in consolidando hoc fundamento, reliqua quæ ad opus beneficii pertinent eadem bonitate perfecturum. Quod vero jubes, ut ne divulgem, sed secrete apud me habeam quæ de hac concordiâ sunt scripta doleo ita tempora exigere."—*Epist. Poli*, pars 4. p. 25. Brixiæ, 1752, 4to.

that of his friends, and above all of Vittoria Colonna. The following are extracts:—

"As to the passage in St. Bernard pointed out by your Eminence, in which he speaks so explicitly concerning the righteousness of Christ, we have searched it out, and, in common with my friends here, I have read it with the deepest interest. When one considers on what foundation the doctrine of this holy man rested, and the life that he led, it is not to be wondered at, if he speaks more clearly than others; for his doctrine was derived from, and founded on, the holy Scriptures, which in their interior sense proclaim only this righteousness." And a little further on he goes on to say, that "those opposed to this doctrine are so, because they know not the Scriptures, and the power of God, which is hidden in Christ, to whom be all glory, for having begun to reveal this holy truth, so salutary and necessary to know; using your Eminence as His instrument; on account of which we are continually prompted to implore His Divine Majesty that He may sanctify what He has effected to His own glory and to the benefit of the whole Church."

"In this we all unite, and above all her Highness the Marchioness, who unceasingly commends herself to you, in which I myself and all around me unite," * &c., &c., &c.

* Epist. Poli, pars 4. p. 53.

stancy of the pope, and from the meddling interference of his Maestro della Camera, Pier' Antonio Aliatti, Bishop of Forli. This prelate, whom Michael Angelo named *il Monsignore Tante-cose* (Busybody), had great influence with his papal master, whom he contrived to delight by a succession of frivolities, and by a clever charlatanism of false knowledge. The nickname thus affixed to him has become proverbial, and is applied to men who, without being able to produce anything valuable themselves, are a nuisance to others.

Vasari, about this time (1550), published his Biography of the Italian Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, confining himself, with the single exception of Michael Angelo, to those who had already paid the debt of nature. Many of the critical opinions contained in the work were culled (Vasari tells us) from his conversations with Buonarroti, and the execution of the whole pleased him so much that he honoured the author with a commendatory sonnet.

Upon Vasari's return to Florence they frequently corresponded; and the almost filial attentions which this lively, amiable man paid to his illustrious friend, proved a great solace and amusement to him in his declining years.

Michael Angelo, writing to him soon after his departure, mentions having recently had an interview with the pope on the subject of the above-named chapel, and then adds, "As respects your

three last letters my pen knows not how to reply to such compliments; but if I really could flatter myself that I am in any degree what you represent me, I should chiefly value it from its proving that you have in me a friend not altogether worthless. But when I think of you as a sort of resuscitator of the dead (alluding to his Biography), I cease to wonder that you can prolong life to the living, or at least, that you can rob Death for a length of time of his triumph over those who have lived but to little purpose. In brief, whatever I may be, I am altogether yours."

The following note to Vasari alludes to the chapel at San Pietro Montorio, and to the statues destined to adorn it: —

"My Dear George,—As soon as Bartolommeo* arrived here I went to the pope, and, finding that he wished to proceed with the monuments in San P. Montorio, I provided a mason from St. Peter's. The *Tante-cose*, hearing of it, thought proper to send one selected by himself; and I, not wishing to come into conflict with one who has power *to raise the winds*, sounded a retreat, for being of a light figure, I might possibly have been whirled away among quicksands.

"Let me add that the church of S. Giovanni appears to be no longer thought of. Come back

* The sculptor Bartolommeo Ammanati, who executed the statues in question.

conduce to our salvation and his glory!"—*Viterbo, December 9th*, 1541.*

In the year 1542 Ochino openly joined the ranks of the Reformers. He had for some years preached in various parts of Italy, much in the same way as it will be remembered he did at Naples in 1536, and had everywhere aroused among his hearers, as in that city, a spirit of inquiry and research; exercising, however, sufficient wariness to frustrate any attempts to fasten upon him, with effect, the charge of heresy.

The Venetians, whose curiosity had been raised to a high pitch by all that they had heard of his eloquence, applied to Cardinal Bembo to induce him, if possible, to preach to them during the Lent of 1539. The Cardinal addressed himself to Vittoria Colonna, entreating her to use her influence with Ochino to meet their wishes. She accordingly did so; and Bembo, in his correspondence, records in more than one letter addressed to her, the profound interest produced in that city by his preaching.

Under date of February, 1539, he thus writes:—

"I send your Highness the extracts of our very rev. frate Bernardino, to whom I have listened, during the small part of Lent which is over, with a pleasure which I cannot readily express. Assuredly I never heard a preacher more useful or holier than he. I do not wonder that your High-

Poli, Epist., pars 4. p. 42.

ness esteems him so much as you do.' He preaches in a very different and far more Christian manner, than any other who has mounted the pulpit in my day: and brings forth truths of superior excellence and usefulness, with more lively charity and love. He pleases everybody above measure, and will carry the hearts of all with him when he leaves this place. I send your Highness immortal thanks from the whole city for the favour you have done us: and I, in particular, shall ever feel obliged to you."

In a letter dated March 15th, he says: "I talk with your Highness as I talked this morning with the rev. father, frate Bernardino, to whom I have laid open my whole heart and soul, as I would have done to Jesus Christ, to whom I am persuaded he is acceptable and dear. Never have I had the pleasure to speak to a holier man than he." And again, under date of April 14th, he writes; "Our frate Bernardino, whom I at present call mine as well as yours, is quite adored in this city. But I reserve his praises until I meet your Highness."

Ochino's first distinct avowal of Protestant principles, was produced by his indignation at the imprisonment of Giulio Terentiano of Milan, in consequence of his being supposed to hold them. He denounced this act in a sermon at Venice, in terms which induced the Nuncio to suspend him from preaching, and to report what had passed to the Pope. The Venetians were so displeased at the Nuncio's proceedings, that the interdict was

quickly removed, but a citation to Rome followed, and Ochino set out to obey it; on reaching Florence, he learnt that certain death awaited him in that city. Upon this he retired to Ferrara, where his flight was aided by the Duchess Renée, and he safely reached Geneva, accompanied by several friends who shared his opinions. When passing through Bologna, he had an interview with Cardinal Contarini, then on his death-bed, who told him that he agreed with the Reformers on the doctrine of justification by faith, however much he differed from them on other points.* Ochino, on quitting Italy, published a letter, addressed to his friends and followers, explaining the grounds of his secession, and sent a copy of it to Vittoria Colonna. We may readily conceive what was her embarrassment on receiving this communication, which never could have been thus sent to her, had not Ochino felt that he had in her a disciple, whose mind was imbued with his opinions. Had she been anywhere but at Viterbo at this juncture, she might possibly have sent him a reply expressive of personal sympathy. But she was under the wing of Cardinal Pole, and though he had seemed to share

* The doctrine of Contarini's Treatise on Justification, published in Part III. of Pole's Epistles (Ed. Quirini, 4to. Brixiæ, 1748), adds every probability to the truth of Ochino's statement, for which we are indebted, as well as for various other important facts, to Dr. M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy, Such of our readers as may desire further information, will find it to be a work of equal ability and interest.

with herself, with Flaminio and Carnesecchi, in the particular doctrinal views which they held in common with the Reformers, there can be no doubt, by what follows, that his advice to her was, to bear with any errors and abuses within the Romish Church, rather than to separate from its communion. He further recommended her to send the packet she had received to Cardinal Cervini, afterwards Pope Marcellus II.

She did so, together with a letter, in which she states, that "believing Monsignore D'Inghilterra to be a most sincere servant of God, she felt sure she could not err by acting on his advice; and she adds in a postscript that Ochino accuses himself the more, the more he endeavours to excuse his conduct; and the more he believes he shall save others from shipwreck, the more he exposes them to the deluge, being himself out of the ark which saves and gives security."

Many there were at this time, who, like Vittoria Colonna and Flaminio, had imbibed, in no small degree, the doctrinal opinions of the Reformers, who shrunk like them from the extreme act of a formal separation from the Established Church. Yet, that both of them continued to cherish the leading opinions which they had shared with Valdez and his friends at Naples, in the year 1536, is fully proved by their conduct, about this time, towards a young Neapolitan nobleman, who had attended their private meetings at Naples, and who was now

pursuing a course which proved that he was resolved to follow out, at all hazards, the principles he had there imbibed to their natural consequences. His story, as related by Giannone, is full of interest, and the following is its outline.

Galeazzo Caracciolo, eldest son of the Marchese di Vico, a grandee of Naples, and nearly related on his mother's side to Cardinal Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV., had grown up to manhood amidst all the splendour and luxury incident to high rank and ample fortune. He was married to Vittoria, daughter of the Duke of Nocera, by whom he had several children. From his early youth he had been in the service of Charles V., who had bestowed upon him various marks of his favour. There was therefore everything that can be imagined, in a secular point of view, to indispose him to enter on a path beset with calumny and persecution. A noble friend of his, Francesco Caserta, himself a disciple and friend of Valdez, and of Marco Flaminio, had much interested the young marquis in favour of Valdez and his opinions, by his conversation and influence, and these impressions had been deepened and confirmed by the preaching of Peter Martyr in the Church of St. Lorenzo, which Caserta had induced him to attend. Henceforth a great change took place in his tastes and habits. He assiduously applied himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures; he cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of learned and pious men; and

exerted himself to do good by his example and influence. His family and friends regarded with no small umbrage these proceedings, and he at length found himself in the painful position of having to choose between offending them still further, or of violating his conscience. Intelligence of his being thus circumstanced was conveyed, both by his pen and by that of Francesco Caserta, to Marco Flaminio, who replied to it in his own name and in that of Vittoria Colonna, in a long and animated letter, the object of which was to encourage him by the highest and holiest motives, to perseverance in the course upon which he had entered, undaunted by opposition, and superior to all the restraints imposed upon him by high rank and station, or any secular consideration. This letter was written from the palace of Cardinal Pole at Viterbo, A. D. 1542 *, and conveys a very kind message from the Cardinal as from an unknown but sympathising friend. The following are extracts from this letter.

"Shall we not," he (Flaminio) says, "joyfully endure for the glory of Christ the ridicule of the enemies of God? As to the calumnies and derision of the world, my lord, let us arm ourselves with a holy pride, and as true members of Christ, let us pity their blindness, and implore for them

* The original is to be found in pars 3., Poli. Epist. Brixiæ, 1748.

that sacred light which He has bestowed on ourselves.

"Night and day," he adds, "we implore God, our eternal Father, to increase our faith, so that it may mature in our souls those most fragrant and blessed fruits which it is accustomed to produce in the good ground of those who are fore-ordained to eternal life," &c. And further on, — "Glory not, as do low and plebeian minds, in riches and earthly nobility; but do you, who have entered into the kingdom of God, glory in this, that God has extended His mercy to you, illumining your darkness, causing you to know His goodness, making you to be no longer a child of wrath, but His own child; no longer a degraded servant of sin, but a most noble citizen of heaven; giving you, in short, His only-begotten Son Jesus Christ, and all other things with Him," &c.

"Such glorying as this makes us humble amidst worldly grandeur, modest in prosperity, patient in adversity, courageous amidst dangers; kind to all, patient in hope, fervent in prayer, full of love to God, free from the too great love of ourselves, and of the things of this world; and finally, true imitators of Christ; counting all other things in comparison, vain and superfluous." He concludes thus: — "The most reverend Legate loves your lordship as a truly beloved brother in Christ, and will be most happy to avail himself of any occasion to give you proofs of his affection. His

Eminence, and the most illustrious Marchioness of Pescara, salute you; and the other gentlemen, who with myself are staying here, kiss your hand, praying with all our hearts that it may please God to make you far more poor in spirit than you are rich in castellated residences and in worldly possessions; so that this poverty of spirit may render you most rich in all divine and eternal blessings." — From *Viterbo*, 14th Feb., 1542.

What remains to tell of the subsequent career of the marquis is as follows. He was twenty-four years of age when he received Flaminio's letter, and during the ensuing ten years his life was a painful struggle between his resolution to act faithfully to his convictions, and the constant opposition of his wife, his father, and his friends. During this interval he several times visited Germany, where he made further acquaintance with the writings of the Reformers, and held a long conference with Peter Martyr at Strasburgh. He now resolved openly to avow his Protestant opinions,— and as incarceration or death would have followed such a step publicly taken in Italy, he incurred, in order to carry out his purpose, voluntary exile from his native country. Collecting, therefore, a small sum of money for his immediate necessity, he finally departed from Naples in May, 1551, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, "abandoning," to use Giannone's words, "father, wife, children, honours, riches, and all the privileges of a house so illustrious and wealthy."

After waiting on the Emperor in the Low Countries, he finally settled at Geneva in the course of the summer, and became a member of the Reformed Church. Here he naturally met with high consideration, and was in such esteem that Calvin dedicated to him one of his commentaries on Scripture. His title he laid aside, and his habits were simple and self-denying.

Proceedings were taken at Naples against Galeazzo, in consequence of his secession from the Romish Church, which would have terminated in the confiscation of his estates, and in rendering his sons incapable of succeeding to them, had not his father gone in person to the Emperor, to intreat his interposition, in consequence of which, the sentence of confiscation was only carried out against Galeazzo himself.

Upon the accession of his relative, Paul IV., to the Popedom, his father made a last effort to subdue his son's constancy. They met by appointment at Mantua, and the Marquis detailed to him the many advantages which would accrue to his family from their relationship to the Pope, were it not for his heretical pravity. He then resorted to prayers and intreaties, but finding his son inflexible as ever, he lost all temper and loaded him with reproachful epithets. He then proceeded to Rome, and poured into the Pope's ears his bitter sorrow.

Another and a final effort was made to win him back, by means of his wife's influence, to whom he

was much attached. Instructed by the father, she wrote often to him, proposing places of meeting, and even stating that there were scruples of conscience which she wished to submit to him. Hoping from these hints, that she might possibly be inclining to his opinions, he twice went to places on the Dalmatian Coast, named by her for their meeting, but each time she excused herself for a breach of appointment, and finally intreated him to meet her at Vico, where the whole family would be assembled to welcome him. Contrary to the advice of his friends, and at no small personal risk, he proceeded to the castle of Vico, within whose walls he was received by his family, with every demonstration of joy and hope. His father now renewed all his arts of persuasion, but finding them still in vain, he persuaded Vittoria to inform him that her confessor had enjoined her, as a matter of conscience, not to receive him as a husband so long as he continued a heretic. Galeazzo told her in reply, that he consented to any such alternative rather than abandon his faith, and that if her resolution was to divorce herself from him, he had nothing to say, but that he was prepared to endure this, or any other consequence, rather than renounce his faith, and do violence to his conscience. From all that passed, he clearly saw he had no other course to pursue than again to become an exile. His children, who had been instructed by their mother how to act their part, were now employed to win

him over by their tears and caresses; but when all still proved in vain, his aged father, as on former occasions, loaded him with maledictions, and it was amidst such scenes as these, that he finally broke away from his paternal castle, accounting himself fortunate that his family had not, in their fury, handed him over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition.

The conduct of his wife, which was regarded by him as a deliberate act of self-divorcement, led him, some time after his return to Geneva, to place the case before the highest authorities of the Reformed Church. After full examination of the evidence in an Ecclesiastical Consistory, attended not only by Calvin and Peter Martyr, but also by the heads of the civil magistracy, a sentence of divorce was pronounced; and the Marquis was subsequently married to a French lady of Protestant principles, who, like himself, had fled her native country in order to enjoy that liberty of conscience which was denied them in their own.*

* "Poco dopo, Galeazzo consultò con Calvino del divorzio: ma Calvino non volle esser solo a risolverlo; fece che si consultasse il caso con altri Ministri, ne Suizzeri, e Griggioni, e sopra tutti con Pietro Martire, che si trovava allora a Zuric, e si mandarono a tutti lettere circolari. Unitosi il Consisterio Ecclesiastico, ed anchè il Magistrato secolare, fu risoluto, che potesse Galeazzo divertire della prima moglie, ed avesse libertà di contrare nuovo matrimonio con altra. Questo caso fu consultato con i migliori Teologi di que' tempi; ed il famoso Girolamo Zanchio di Bergamo, Professore di Teologia a Strasburgo nell' 8vo tomo di sue opere porta le ragioni di questo divorzio."—Giannone, lib. xxxii. cap. v. p. 112.

Peter Martyr, like Ochino, had been marked out for destruction, and only escaped it by flight. Made aware of the snares laid for his life, he quitted Italy in company with several friends who shared his sentiments, among whom was Giulio Terentiano, whose recent imprisonment had provoked Ochino to a premature avowal of his opinions at Venice. He had now regained his liberty, and the first use he made of it was to embrace, voluntary exile. At Pisa, Martyr wrote letters to Cardinal Pole, and others of his friends, pointing out the grievous errors and corruptions of the Romish Church, and of the monastic life in particular, adding that he could no longer countenance them, and that his choice consequently lay between exile and death. This eminently learned and excellent man, was followed into foreign countries, by the love and veneration of the best part of his fellow-countrymen, while the services which he rendered to the cause of Protestantism, became so great, that he acquired in Germany and England, an influence and consideration inferior only to that awarded to Luther and Melancthon.

We are now arrived at a point at which it will be well to meet the question often debated, in what degree the Reformers are entitled to claim Vittoria Colonna as favourable to their opinions? The same enquiry has often been put with reference to her friend Marco Flaminio; and as what is true of the one, upon this point, is scarcely less true of the

other, we shall the better solve the question by briefly touching upon his character and opinions.

Equally eminent for genius and learning, Flaminio ranks among the brightest literary ornaments of his age, and was celebrated as such, by the most eminent of his contemporaries. Writers of a later age are no less express in his commendation. Tiraboschi says of him, "I am now treating of the sweetest, the most amiable, the most modest of all the Latin poets of that age, that is of Marco Flaminio, a name not less dear to virtue, than to the Muses. He inspired all who knew him with equal sentiments of admiration and tenderness." His youth was devoted to elegant literature, to the enjoyments of friendship and of taste, beneath the bright skies and objects of Italy, and to the advancement of his secular interests. Towards the middle period of life, he assiduously studied the Holy Scriptures, and formed a close intimacy with Valdez at Naples, where he went for the recovery of his health. From this time, his writings, both in poetry and prose, are marked by great devotional fervour, and closely accord in doctrine, sentiment, and expression with those of the Reformers of his day. His paraphrases on the Psalms might almost have been written by Luther himself, so clearly do they enunciate his opinions upon Grace and Justification. We find nothing in them about purgatory, the invocation of saints, or any such human inventions, and he chiefly refers to the authority of

M. A. FLAMINEO.

BORN, 1498 - DIED, 1550.

the Bible as the rule of faith. As an instance in point, we adduce the following passage from a letter addressed by him to a lady, whose mind had become interested in Christian studies.*

"I pray God, through Jesus Christ, to perfect that holy work which he has begun in you to the honour and glory of his grace; which is principally displayed in those of his creatures who humble themselves before their Creator, ascribing to Him alone, all glory and righteousness; and to themselves, confusion of face and unrighteousness; because the creature, considered in itself and in its corrupt nature, is a compound of sin, and all that is seen of it worthy of praise, is the work of the Spirit of Christ, who purifies and regenerates his elect, by means of a living faith, rendering them the nobler and more perfect, the more they are emptied of themselves, in order that they may wholly put on Christ.

"Again, let the Christian meditate on Jesus Christ, who, by His obedience, being infinitely exalted, has a name which is above every name. Let him consider that He is our High Priest, at all times interceding for us; that He is our Lord, who has redeemed and purchased us by His precious blood; that He is our King, governing us by His Holy Spirit both in temporal and spiritual things; that He is our head; for as from the head

* The original is found in the collection entitled "Le lettere di tredeci uomini illustri. Roma, 1554."

a certain power descends conveying life and sense to the whole body, thus from Christ glorified, descends a Divine power upon all His mystical members, vivifying them with eternal life, and filling them with spiritual and celestial blessings. He dwells in our minds by His Holy Spirit, and He will at length so unite us to Himself, that in Heaven we shall dwell with Him in a participation of the glory of His image. Can anyone consider these wonderful truths with faith and not glow with Divine love? Will he not look up to God and Christ with ardent affection, and account all the riches, pleasures, and enjoyments of this life, as nothing, or as vile clay, in the comparison?"*

It would be easy to multiply similar extracts. Schelhorn has done this, and has clearly shown that his sentiments were essentially Protestant, excepting on the question of the Real Presence.

Tiraboschi †, after noticing Flaminio's stay at Naples in 1536, states that he there became acquainted with Valdez, one of the most prominent advocates of the Reformed opinions, and that "he so wound himself about the incautious Flaminio that he became much inclined to follow his example. To say the truth," says Tiraboschi, "the good Flaminio, at this time, instead of defending religion, was in no small danger of becoming its enemy.

* Schelhorn, Amœn. Hist. Eccles., vol. ii. p. 3., &c. &c.

† Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital., lib iii. cap.33. Edit. Firenze, 8vo., 1812.

That he showed himself for some time addicted to the opinions of the innovators, cannot be denied; and perhaps the austere and innocent life which he led, betrayed him, in spite of himself, into these fetters; for since the reform of abuses, and the correction of manners, were the pretext of which the heretics availed themselves to wage war against the Church, it is not to be wondered at that some men allowed themselves to be seduced by such arguments, especially, before their errors were solemnly proscribed by the Council of Trent." Here are great admissions on the part of Tiraboschi, which in the main apply no less to Vittoria Colonna than to Flaminio. When that Council assembled for business in 1545, the place of Secretary was offered to Flaminio, but he declined it; "possibly," says Tiraboschi, "because he nourished in his mind those opinions against which he should have had to employ his pen." Such, we have no doubt, was the fact.

Tiraboschi goes on to assert that Cardinal Pole was the means of keeping Flaminio within the communion of the Romish Church; and he might have added the same of Vittoria Colonna. He was the man of allothers the most fitted thus to influence them, because he had won their entire confidence, by the sympathy which he had manifested in the doctrines which they had learned the most to prize in common with Valdez.

The tract on Justification by Faith, drawn up by

Cardinal Contarini, while Legate at Ratisbon in 1541, and praised by Pole, together with the letters which passed between them on that occasion, clearly evince that at that time they both held that all-important doctrine in the Protestant sense, which was subsequently anathematised by the Council of Trent. Pole's opinions upon this point were so well known, that to him was ascribed, among others, the authorship of a tract "On the Benefits of the Death of Christ," published about this time in the vulgar tongue, the extensive circulation of which gave a powerful impulse to the progress of the Reformed opinions in Italy. It was not till the torch of Persecution blazed that the Cardinal ceased to give his countenance to the advocates of those opinions. He had been intimate with Carnesecchi and Peter Martyr, and he had exerted himself, as we have seen, to bring about an accommodation with the Protestants. When that effort had signally failed, the course upon which he had thus entered became perilous and embarrassing; a single step further in advance might have exposed him to an Inquisitorial process, and as he aspired not to the honours of a confessor or a martyr, he adopted a reserved and timid policy. He now inculcated the doctrine of mental reservation, and counselled those who looked up to him for advice, to rest satisfied with a secret belief of the Truth, and to tolerate the errors and abuses of the Church, until it should please God to afford a favourable opportunity for their removal.*

Schelhorn, vol. ii. pp. 11—14.

Had the heroic champions of the Bible and of its fundamental truths acted on the same time-serving principle in Germany and elsewhere, Europe would still have remained buried in profound superstition, and there would have been no Reformation.

Yet Pole, in spite of all his caution, did not escape the charge of heresy. It was this charge, strongly urged against him by Cardinal Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV., which, in the Conclave of 1549, prevented his elevation to the Popedom; and one of the grounds on which it rested was the intimacy in which he had lived with the friends of Valdez. Paul IV. also denounced the writings of Flaminio as heretical, placed them on the list of prohibited books, and is accused, we trust falsely, of having entertained the barbarous project of exhuming his body, in order to burn it with the contumely due to the remains of a heretic. Henceforth the course of Pole was a downward one.* Invested, on the accession of Mary to the throne of England, with the office of Papal Legate, his policy, had he followed his own convictions of duty, would have been to deal mildly with the Protestants. But he suffered himself to be overborne by the implacable bigotry of Bishops Gardiner and Bonner, and in subordination to their views issued a commission for their prosecution which identified him with all the horrors of that bloody reign.

In the same spirit he lent himself to the solemn

* Schelhorn. Amœn. Hist. Eccles., vol. i. pp. 148. 152.

mockery of absolving, with great ceremony, the realm of England from the guilt of having adopted the Reformed faith, the leading article of which, he had himself, in his better days, recognised as the prominent doctrine of the Bible. His anxiety to free himself from the suspicion of heresy may have blinded his better judgment on these occasions. If such was the case, bitter must have been his disappointment, for the only reward he met with for all this show of zeal, from his old enemy, Paul IV., after he attained the Papal dignity, was a reversal of his appointment to the Legatine office in England, a renewal of the old charges of heresy against him, and threats of an Inquisitorial process. Queen Mary, it is true, cast her shield over him, and he himself addressed the Pontiff in such terms of humble deprecation, as in some degree to allay his vindictive feelings.

It was amidst suspicions and scenes such as these, that Pole closed his eyes in sorrow, on this world, the very day after the death of Queen Mary.

In confirmation of the facts we have stated from Giannone and others, respecting the part taken by Flaminio and Vittoria Colonna, in the Italian Reform movement, we add the following passages, some taken literally, some in substance, from Ranke's History of the Popes, a work of the strictest impartiality.*

* Ranke's History of the Popes, Book II. chap. ii.

"Opinions," he says, "analogous to those of the German Reformers, sprung up in various parts of Italy, during the Pontificates of Clement VII. and Paul III. If we inquire what was the faith chiefly treated of, we shall find that the main article of it was that same doctrine of justification which, as preached by Luther, had given rise to the whole Protestant movement."* Ranke passes a high eulogium upon Cardinal Contarini, who, he adds, wrote a treatise upon that doctrine, of which Pole speaks in the highest praise. "You have brought to light," he says, "the jewel which the Church kept half concealed." Pole himself declares, that Scripture in its profoundest context, preaches nothing but that doctrine, and he esteems his friend happy that he had been the first to promulgate "this holy, fruitful, indispensable truth." Ranke then alludes to Marco Flaminio, from whom he quotes a passage to the same effect, adding, "it is hardly possible to use language of more orthodox Lutheranism." He then touches upon Valdez, and upon the delight with which his friends were used to recur to the days they had enjoyed in his society at Posilippo and the Chiaja, in that exquisite region "where Nature rejoices in her splendour, and smiles at her own beauty." "Valdez," he adds, "was gentle, agreeable, and not without considerable reach of mind. A portion of his soul sufficed," says one of his friends, "to animate his

* Ranke's Hist., Book II. pp. 141—147.

frail, attenuated body: the larger part of his clear, untroubled intellect was ever raised aloft in the contemplation of truth."

Valdez possessed an extraordinary influence over the nobility and learned men of Naples. The ladies also took a lively interest in speculations which employed both the intellect and the religious affections. Among them, Ranke proceeds to say, was Vittoria Colonna, who, after the death of her husband Pescara, devoted herself entirely to study. Her poems, as well as her letters, breathe intuitive moral sense and unaffected piety. Pole and Contarini were among her most intimate friends. How free she was from monastic tendencies, is implied by a passage in one of Aretino's letters to her, who says, with *naïveté*, that it certainly was not her opinion that "the muteness of the tongue, or the casting down of the eyes, or the coarse garment, availed anything, but the pure heart."

The new doctrine, he goes on to say, had made great progress among the middling classes, and he notices a decree of the Inquisition, which states that three thousand schoolmasters had embraced it. Even should this be an exaggeration, it shows how great must have been its influence on youth, and on the mass of the people. He then adds notices of Ochino and other Italian reformers, and among them of Giovan Battista Tolengo, who, though he was allowed to die quietly in his sixtieth

year, in the same Benedictine convent which had first witnessed his vows, had caught the spirit of the Reform movement, and vehemently declaimed against confidence in fasts and masses, the tonsure and confessions.

And thus it will be seen that opinions analogous to those of the German Reformers existed in the bosom of the Romish Church, though they only partially led their adherents to overstep its pale. The importance attached to a strict adherence to that Church in so illustrious a person as Vittoria Colonna, has led Roman Catholic writers to gloss over, or disregard the various facts which we have stated, and which fully enable our readers to judge for themselves in what degree she may justly be deemed to have been favourable to the doctrines of the Reformers.

The main topic of our inquiry is now exhausted, but it will be interesting, we conceive, to our readers, if we add a very brief notice of the final issue of the movement to which we have been adverting.

It cost the Popes thirty years of vigilant and unrelenting severity to put down the Reformation, which had thus begun to dawn upon Italy; and their triumph was not that of truth and reason in the field of rational and scriptural inquiry, but a consequence chiefly of the implacable cruelties of the bloody Inquisition. The secession of Peter Martyr and Ochino, and the certainty that thou-

sands of their countrymen, in every state of the Italian Peninsula, were ready to follow their example, became the signal for the establishment, in April 1542, of this ruthless tribunal.

Ere long it pursued its course, in a spirit which rivalled that of Spain in cunning and ferocity. Not only those who had openly manifested attachment to the new opinions, but multitudes suspected only of being so, became its victims. In such cases, as the learned and admirable Olympia Morata states in one of her letters, a look, a word, the possession of a book deemed heretical, or of a New Testament in the vulgar tongue, were sufficient to expose persons, without distinction of sex, age, rank, or office, first to imprisonment, and afterwards by means of torture, to forced confessions, to no less forced recantations, or, as the case might turn out, to death itself. Recantations were numerous, and were often followed by long or even perpetual incarceration. The prisons of Italy were filled till the close of the sixteenth century with the victims of the Inquisition. Eglinus, in a letter to Bullinger, A. D. 1568, thus describes the course of events at that time in the city of Rome:* "Some are, every day, burnt, hanged, or beheaded. This large city cannot furnish gaols for the number of pious persons who are continually apprehended. A distinguished individula, named Carnesecchi, formerly ambassador to the Duke of Tuscany, has

* McCrie, p. 272.

been committed to the flames. Two persons of still greater distinction, Baron Bernardo di Angole, and Count Petiliano a genuine and brave Roman, are in prison." He then adds, "that by a base stratagem, the two latter had been induced to recant, and were then each sentenced to a heavy fine and perpetual imprisonment." We have quoted this passage not only as illustrating the spirit of the Inquisition, but because it brings before us the closing scene of the life of Carnesecchi, the intimate friend of Cardinal Pole, of Vittoria Colonna, and Flaminio, respecting whom such special mention is made in a letter of the cardinal from Viterbo at page 270.

He was a highly accomplished and most amiable man, dignified in his manners, and generous in his disposition. Bembo speaks of him in terms of the greatest affection and respect. He had filled the important offices of secretary and pronotary to Clement VII., who had bestowed on him two rich abbacies, one in Naples, and the other in France; and it was often said that Carnesecchi, rather than Clement, governed the Church; and when his friend Marco Flaminio shrunk from pursuing his convictions to their natural consequence, he fearlessly held on his course, in spite of the precipice to which it led.

After the flight of Ochino and Martyr, Carnesecchi fell into suspicion in consequence of the encouragement he was known to have given to

their opinions, and was cited to Rome to undergo the scrutiny of the Inquisition; but Paul III., whose amiable disposition often inclined him to shrink from giving effect to the powers with which that tribunal armed him, put a stop to the inquiry. Prudence now enjoined his departure from Italy; and turning his steps to France, he was graciously received by Margaret of Savoy, and also at the French Court. In the year 1552 he returned to his native country, confirmed in his attachment to the Reformed faith by his intercourse with foreign Protestants, and fixed himself at Padua, within the Venetian territory*, where he hoped to enjoy the society of those whose opinions coincided with his own, without molestation. But Paul IV., in his furious prosecution of all suspected heretics, quickly after, cited him to Rome, and, upon his non-appearance, fulminated a sentence of excommunication against him. From the consequences of this sentence he was relieved by the favour of Pius IV., without abjuration of his opinions. On the accession of Pius V., who emulated Paul IV. in implacable bigotry, finding himself in danger, he fixed at Florence, under the protection of Cosmo, the grand duke of Tuscany, with the intention of ere long retiring to Geneva. One day, when Carnesecchi was a guest at his table, a letter was brought to the grand duke from the Pope, earnestly entreating him to deliver him

* Schelhorn, vol. ii. p. 192. Amœn., Hist. Eccles.

up, to be dealt with as a contumacious heretic who had spread the mischief of his opinions far and wide. In a spirit of base and tyrannical subserviency, and in violation of the laws of hospitality, the duke yielded instant compliance, and Carnesecchi was transferred from the festal board to the custody of the Inquisition. On his arrival at Rome, he was proceeded against as holding Protestant opinions, and he admitted the general truth of the accusation. Great efforts were made after his condemnation, and in the course of a cruel and protracted imprisonment which followed it, to induce him to recant; but even popish historians are forced to confess that his constancy proved invincible. At the head of the charges preferred against him, was his belief in the doctrine of justification by faith only, and another charge was, his doubts whether the succession of the Roman pontiff was really derived from St. Peter. He was finally beheaded, and his body afterwards burnt in the year 1567.

It would be easy to swell these pages with the affecting recital of the faith and constancy with which many other men of eminent character and learning—a Paleario, a Pompeio Algieri, a Fannio, a Pasquali, went through agonizing trials in their passage to the martyr's crown. But we abstain from details which have no direct reference to Vittoria Colonna and her friends. Suffice it to say, that during the remainder of the 16th century

a multitude of people, male and female, including various men of letters, and personages of noble birth, besides artisans and mechanics, were in various ways and degrees, subjected to the cruelties of the Inquisition, and that from time to time individuals were consigned by it to death. So many fled from their native country in order to enjoy liberty of conscience, that most of the chief cities of Germany, England, and Switzerland, abounded with Italian refugees.

There was one illustrious lady, a sufferer in the cause of reform, in whose trials, extending through many years, Vittoria Colonna must have often sympathised from personal regard as well as on account of the protection she had ever given to the friends of Valdez. We allude to the accomplished Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, whose influence had so long rendered that capital an asylum to persecuted piety. This spell was now broken. The Duke had not the courage to resist the importunities of Paul III. to sanction the establishment of a branch of the Inquisition in that city. It was amidst the scene of festal pomp and splendour which hailed the visit of that pontiff to Ferrara in the year 1543, that the duke yielded his consent to a measure at variance with the whole course of his past policy, and the precursor of ruin and misery to many accomplished and excellent individuals. For about two years the influence of the duchess prevailed to suspend the full outbreak

of the impending calamity, but she found herself obliged to bow to the storm in the year 1545, at which time great severities were exercised by the Inquisition in Ferrara, and many devoted Reformers, among whom was Olympia Morata, were driven into exile. The course of Renée was now beset with most harassing trials. She was a Protestant in principle and in heart; far from concealing her opinions, she endeavoured to act upon them, but found in her husband, urged on as he was by his present bigotry, a domestic persecutor. In the year 1550, the united influence of the Pope and of her nephew Henry II. of France impelled the duke to extreme measures, and in punishment of his wife's disobedience she became a prisoner in her own palace, was harassed by the dismissal of her confidential servants, was denied the society of her children, and found herself condemned to solitude and silence. She at length made some partial concessions in order to be no longer shut out from her children; but on the death of the Duke in 1559 she retired to France, openly professed the Reformed faith, and rendered the castle of Montarbis, which became her residence, an asylum, as Ferrara had been, to persecuted Protestants. Here it was that she made her celebrated reply to the message of her son-in-law, the Duke of Guise, when he appeared before Montarbis with an armed force, and threatened to batter the castle to the ground unless she dismissed the rebels

harboured there. "Tell him that I myself will mount the battlements, and see if he dare to kill a king's daughter." *

The efforts of the Papacy, and of the Inquisition, to put down the Reformed faith in Italy, were materially aided by the co-operation of the Jesuits, who about the year 1543, began to attract notice, and who devoted themselves thenceforward with intense zeal to uphold the Romish Church in all the plenitude of its loftiest pretensions. Whatever may be thought of the ascetic rigidity, the romantic and high-wrought fanaticism of Ignatius Loyola, their founder, there can be but one opinion as to the profound sagacity with which this extraordinary man framed his plans for carrying out the special purposes of the Order. Unqualified, unquestioning, passive obedience to the will of their superiors, and to the decrees of the Church, was the fundamental rule imposed on its members, and this rule was so entirely to supersede and subjugate the reason, control the conscience, and chain down the affections of each, as that he should be ready, at any moment, and at any sacrifice, to discharge whatever services might be imposed upon him, without regard to climate, place, or inclination. To appropriate, as far as possible, to themselves, those mighty springs of power, the pulpit, the confessional, and the education of youth, were the practical means

* McCrie, p. 218.

fixed upon to insure success. The members of the Order partook of the enthusiastic spirit of their founder; their numbers daily swelled; they boasted a matchless organization, and in an incredibly short time their influence was felt throughout Europe and far beyond its confines. Everywhere the Romish Church appeared to gather strength under their auspices; a great outward reform took place in the ecclesiastical body, and a strict attention was paid to the ceremonial rites of the Church. Neither can it be questioned that their seminaries have sent forth many scholars and critics of eminent learning.

Supple and accommodating, they everywhere courted the rich and influential, exercising the art of being "all things to all men" with marvellous ingenuity; equally sympathising with the republican or the despot, with the man of the world or the ascetic, according to the country or the sphere in which they happened to be playing their high game for making proselytes, or grasping at power.

If it be enquired in what councils, whether of heaven or of hell, the moral machinery of their order was devised, let their own avowed principles of action meet the appeal. It is a Roman Catholic, not a Protestant writer, the great Pascal, and not less good than great, who has identified their system of moral casuistry, by proofs they themselves have furnished, with the choicest, the most consummate refinements of deceit and so-

phistry; and the common sense of mankind also, when it seeks to convey the idea of duplicity the most subtle and ingenious, calls it Jesuitical.

The united forces of the Papacy, the Inquisition, and the Jesuits, are at this moment straining every nerve to exclude the Bible from the shores of Italy, and to rivet those fetters on the human intellect, which forbid it to develope its noblest powers of research and inquiry. This warfare, however, against truth and reason, has its limits, and the Italian mind, it is well known, swells beyond the measure of its chains, and beholds its coming emancipation, as among the forecast shadows of the future. Should this hope ever be realised, may the national will of that ardent people pursue a course equally distant from the two monster evils of the day, *Anarchy* and *Despotism*. If so, an æra of well-ordered liberty, religious and civil, bright as its own cerulean sky and pure atmosphere, may yet await the classic land of Dante and Tasso, of Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo.

The familiarity of Vittoria Colonna with Latin composition is implied by a long letter addressed to her in that language by Cardinal Pole, after his illustrious mother had fallen a sacrifice to the vengeful feelings of Henry VIII. against himself. In alluding to his grief at that event, he tells her, in feeling terms, what a cordial her sympathy had proved to him, and how much he had profited by the wisdom and tenderness with which she had ministered to his comfort.

Her latter days were spent in devout retirement from the great as well as from the literary world. We hear of her as resident in the convent of St. Catherine, at Viterbo, in the year 1544-5, and as taking a lively and active interest in the education and improvement of the youthful portion of its female community.

Condivi tells us, that whenever she came to Rome, as she not unfrequently did, from Viterbo, or from any other place, where she passed the summer, she seldom failed to visit Michael Angelo. The death of her relative, the Marchese di Vasto, to whom she was greatly attached, and whom her husband had made his heir, caused her about this time much affliction. He was a nobleman of great talent, and who had ever paid her filial attentions.

According to Visconti, she fixed herself in Rome, in the convent of Sant' Anna, in the course of the year 1546; and here, early in the following year, she was seized upon by her last illness, and was removed on its occurrence to the Palace of Giuliano Cesarini, who had married her relative, Giulia Colonna, the only member of her illustrious family, then at Rome.

Michael Angelo hastened to visit her in the last moments of her life; he was deeply affected, and afterwards said, his only regret was, that he had not, on that occasion, imprinted a kiss on her face or her forehead, as he did on her hand. His subsequent grief was often manifested by the deepest

emotion, for he felt that he had lost in her a friend, who was not only the just object of his esteem and admiration, but who, by her example and influence, had

" Pointed to brighter worlds and led the way."

She breathed her last towards the end of February, 1547, aged fifty-seven.

Her feelings at this solemn moment may best be judged of by one of her own sacred sonnets, descriptive of the spirit in which she would desire to encounter the last enemy.

Sonnet 29.

" Would that a voice impressive might repeat,
In holiest accents to my inmost soul,
The name of Jesus; and my words and works
Attest true faith in Him, and ardent hope;
The soul elect, which feels within itself
The seeds divine of this celestial love,
Hears, sees, attends on Jesus; Grace from Him
Illumes, expands, fires, purifies the mind;
The habit bright of thus invoking Him,
Exalts our nature so, that it appeals
Daily to Him for its immortal food.
In the last conflict with our ancient foe,
So dire to nature, armed with Faith alone,
The heart, from usage long, on Him will call."

SONETTO 29.

" Vorrei, che sempre un grido alto e possente
Risonasse Gesù dentro 'l mio core;
E l' opre e le parole anco di fore
Mostrasser fede viva, e speme ardente:
" L' anima eletta, che i bei semi sente
In se medesma del celeste ardore,
Gesù vede, ode, e 'ntende; il cui valore
Alluma, infiamma, purga, apre la mente.
" E dal chiarmarlo assai, fermo ed ornato
Abito acquista, tal che la natura
Per vero cibo suo mai sempre il chiama:
" Onde all' ultima guerra, a noi sì dura,
Dell' oste antico, sol di fede armato
Già per lungo uso il cor da se lo chiama."

The following are specimens of the poetry of Vittoria Colonna, commencing with sonnets, &c., to the memory of her husband, the Marquis of Pescara: —

SONETTO V.

Alle vittorie tue, mio lume eterno,
Non diede il tempo, o la stagion favore,
La spada, la virtù, l' invitto core
Fur li ministri tuoi la state e 'l verno.
Prudente antiveder, divin governo
Vinser le forze avverse in sì brev' ore,
Che 'l modo all' alte imprese accrebbe onore,
Non men che l' opre al grande animo interno.

Viva gente, reali animi altieri,
Larghi fiumi, alti monti, alme cittadi,
Dall' ardir tuo fur debellate e vinte.
Salisti al mondo i più pregiati gradi ;
Or godi in Ciel d' altri trionfi veri,
D' altre frondi le tempie ornate e cinte.

SONETTO XXII.

Quando Morte tra noi disciolse il nodo,
Che prima avvinse il Ciel, Natura e Amore,
Tolse agli occhi l' oggetto, il cibo al core,
L' alme congiunse in più congiunto modo.
Quest' è il legame bel, ch' io pregio e lodo,
Dal qual sol nasce eterna *gloria* e *onore* ;
Non può il frutto cader, nè *langue il core*
Del bel giardin, ov' *io piangiendo godo.*
Sterili i corpi fur, l' alme *feconde,*
E 'l suo valor quì col *mio nome unito*
Mi fa pur madre di *sua chiara prole,*
La qual vive immortal, ed *io nell' onde*
Del pianto son, perch' ei nel *Ciel salito*
Vinse il duol la Vittoria, ed egli il Sole.

SONETTO XLIII.

Parmi, che 'l Sol non porga il lume usato,
Nè che lo dia sì chiaro a sua sorella,
Nè veggio almo *pianeta, o vaga stella*
Rotar lieto i be' *rai nel cerchio ornato :*
Non veggio cor più di valore armato :
Fuggito è il vero *onor, la gloria bella,*
Nascosa è la virtù *giunta con ella,*
Nè vive in arbor fronda, o fiore *in prato :*
Veggio torbide l' acque, e l' aer nero,
Non scalda il fuoco, ne rinfresca il vento,
Tutti an smarrito la lor propria cura.
D' allor che 'l mio bel Sol fu in terra spento,
O che confuso è l' ordin di Natura,
O il duol agli occhi miei nasconde il vero.

CANZONE I.

Spirto gentil; che sei nel terzo giro
Del Ciel fra le beate Anime asceso,
Scarco del mortal peso;
Dove premio si rende a chi con fede
Vivendo fu d' onesto amore acceso;
A me, che del tuo ben non già sospiro,
Ma di me, ch' ancor spiro;
Poichè al dolor, che nella mente siede
Sopra ogn' altro crudel non si concede
Di metter fine all' angosciosa vita;
Gli occhi; che già mi fur benigni tanto.
Volgi ora ai miei, ch' al pianto
Apron sì larga, e sì continua uscita:
Vedi, come mutati son da quelli,
Che ti solean parer già così belli.

* * * * * *

Io sono, io son ben dessa; or vedi come
M' ha cangiato il dolor fiero ed atroce,
Ch' a fatica la voce
Può di me dar la conoscenza vera.
Lassa, ch' al tuo partir partì veloce
Dalle guancie, dagli occhi, e dalle chiome
Questa, a cui davi nome
Tu di beltate, ed io n' andava altera,
Che mel credea, poichè in tal pregio t' era
Ch' élla da me partisse allora, ed anco
Non tornasse mai più, non mi dà noia,
Poichè tu, a cui sol gioia
Di lei dar intendea, venisti manco:
Non voglio, no, s' anch' io non vengo, dove
Tu sei, che questo, od altro ben mi giove.

A specimen of her celebrated Stanze in Ottave Rime.

STANZE.

I.

Quando miro la terra ornata e bella
Di mille vaghi e odoriferi fiori;
E siccome nel Ciel luce ogni stella,
Così splendono in lui vari colori;
Ed ogni fiera solitaria e snella
Mossa da natural instinto, fuori
De' boschi uscendo, e delle antiche grotte
Va cercando il compagno giorno e notte;

II.

E quando miro le vestite piante
Pur di bei fiori, e di novelle fronde,
E degli uccelli le diverse e tante
Odo voci cantar dolci e gioconde;
E con grato romor ogni sonante
Fiume bagnar le sue fiorite sponde;
Talchè di se invaghita la Natura
Gode in mirar la bella sua fattura;

III.

Dico, fra me pensando: quanto è breve
Questa nostra mortal misera vita!
Pur dianzi tutta piena era di neve
Questa piaggia or sì verde, e sì fiorita;
E d' un' aer turbato, oscuro e greve
La bellezza del Ciel era impedita;
E queste fiere vaghe ed amorose
Stavan sole fra monti, e boschi ascose.

IV.

Nè s' udivan cantar dolci concenti
Per le tenere piante i vaghi uccelli;
Che dal soffiar di più rabbiosi venti
S' atterran socche queste, e muti quelli:

E si veggion fermar i più correnti
Fiumi dal ghiaccio, e' piccioli ruscelli:
E quanto ora si mostra e bello e allegro,
Era per la stagion languido ed egro.

V.

Così si fugge il tempo, e col fuggire
Ne porta gli anni, e 'l viver nostro insieme.
Che a noi (colpa del Ciel) di più fiorire,
Come queste faran, manca la speme.
Certi non d' altro mai, che di morire,
O d' alto sangue nati, o di vil seme;
Nè quanto può donar benigna sorte
Farà verso di noi pietosa morte.

VI.

Anzi quella crudel ha per usanza
I più famosi e trionfanti Regi,
Allor ch' anno di vincere speranza,
Privar di vita, e degli ornati fregi;
Nè lor giova la regia alta possanza,
Nè gli avuti trofei, nè i fatti egregi;
Che tutti uguali in suo poter n' andiamo,
Nè più di ritornar speranza abbiamo.

VII.

E pur con tutto ciò miseri e stolti,
Del nostro ben nemici, e di noi stessi
In questo grave error fermi, e sepolti
Cerchiamo il nostro male, e i danni espressi;
E con molte fatiche, e affanni molti,
Rari avendo i piacer, i dolor spessi,
Procacciamo di far noiosa e greve
La vita, che troppa è misera e breve.

* * * * * *

XXI.

Beato dunque; se beato lice
Chiamar, mentre che vive, uomo mortale;
E se vivenda si può dir felice;
Parmi esser quel che vive in vita tale;
Ma esser più desia, qual la Fenice,
E cerca di mortal farsi immortale:
Anzi quella, che l' uom eterno serba
Dolce nel fine, e nel principio acerba.

XXII.

La virtù dico, che volando al Cielo
Cinta di bella e inestinguibil luce,
Se ben vestita è del corporeo velo,
Con le fort' ali sue porta e conduce
Chi l' ama, e segue: nè di Marte il zelo
Teme giammai, che questo invitto Duce
Spregiato il tempo, e suoi infiniti danni
Fa viver tal, che morto è già mill' anni.

XXIII.

Di così bel desio l' anima accende
Questa felice e gloriosa scorta,
Che alle cose celesti spesso ascende,
E l' intelletto nostro spesso, porta;
Tal che del Cielo, e di Natura intende
Gli alti segreti: onde poi fatta accorta,
Quanto ogn' altro piacer men bello sia,
Sol segue quello, e tutti gli altri obblia.

* * * * * * *

XXVII.

Dietro all' orme di voi dunque venendo,
Ogni basso pensier posto in oblio,
Seguirò la virtù, chiaro vedendo
Essere in lei seguir caro desio,
Fallace ogn' altro è: così non temendo;
O nemica Fortuna, o destin rio,
Starò con questa, ogn' altro ben lasciando
L' anima, e lei, mentre ch' io vivo amando.

Six specimens of her Sacred Sonnets:—

SONETTO XII.

Padre eterno del ciel, se (tua mercede)
Vivo ramo son' io nell' ampia e vera
Vite, ch' abbraccia il mondo, e seco intera
Vuol la nostra virtù solo per fede;
L' occhio divino tuo languir mi vede
Per l' ombra intorno alle mie frondi nera:
S' alla soave eterna primavera
Il quasi secco umor verde non riede;
Purgami sì, che rimanendo io teco
Mi cibi ognor della rugiada santa,
E rinfreschi col pianto la radice.
Verità sei, dicesti d' esser meco:
Vien dunque omai, sicch' io frutto felice
Faccia in te degno di sì cara pianta.

SONETTO XV.

Deh potess' io veder per viva fede
(Lassa) con quanto amor n' ha Dio creati;
Con che pena riscossi; e come ingrati
Semo a così benigna, alta mercede:
E come ei ne sostien; come concede
Con larga mano i suoi ricchi e pregiati
Tesori; e come figli, in lui rinati,
Ne cura; e più quel, che più l' ama e crede:
E com' ei nel suo grande eterno impero
Di nova carità s' arma ed accende;
Quando un forte guerier pregia e corona.
Ma poichè per mia colpa non si stende
A tanta altezza il mio basso pensiero;
Provar potess' io almen, com' ei perdona.

SONETTO XLVI.

Vanno i pensier talor carchi di vera
Fede al gran figlio in croce; ed indi quella
Luce, ch' ei porge lor serena e bella,
Gli guida al Padre in gloriosa schiera:

Nè questo almo favor rende più altera
L' alma fedel, poichè fatta è rubella
Del mondo, e di se stessa, anzi rende ella
A Dio dell' onor suo la gloria interna.
Non giungon l'umane ali all' alto segno,
Senza il vento divin, nè l'occhio scopre
Il bel destro sentier senza 'l gran lume.
Cieco è 'l nostro voler; vane son l' opre;
Cadono al primo vol le mortai piume
Senza quel di Gesù fermo sostegno.

SONETTO LXXVI.

Chi temerà giammai nell' estreme ore
Della sua vita il mortal colpo e fero,
S' ei con perfetta fede erge il pensiero
A quel di Cristo in croce aspro dolore?
Chi del suo vaneggiar vedrà l' orrore,
Che ci si avventa quasi oscuro e nero
Nembo in quel punto, pur ch' al lume vero
Volga la vista del contrito core?
Con queste armi si può l' ultima guerra
Vincer securo, e la celeste pace
Lieto acquistar dopo 'l terrestre affanno.
Non si dè con tal guida, e sì verace,
Che per guidarne al ciel discese in terra;
Temer dell' antico oste novo inganno.

SONETTO LXXIX.

Veggio in croce il Signor nudo e disteso
Coi piedi, e man chiodate; e 'l destro lato
Aperto, e 'l capo sol di spine ornato;
E da vil gente d' ogni parte offeso;
Avendo su le spalle il grave peso
Delle colpe del mondo; e 'n tale stato
La morte, e l' avversario stuolo irato
Vincer solo col cor d' amore acceso.
Pazienza, umiltà, vero ubbidire,
Con l' altre alme virtù furon le stelle
Ch' ornaro il Sol della sua caritade:

Onde nell' aspra pugna e queste e quelle
Fecer più chiara dopo 'l bel morire
La gloria dell' eterna sua bontade.

SONETTO XCV.

Di vero lume abisso immenso e puro
Con l' alta tua pietà le luci amiche
Rivolgi a questi, quasi vil formiche,
Saggi del mondo, ch' anno il cor sì duro.
Rompi dell' ignoranza il grosso muro,
Ch' ancor gli copre; e quelle nebbie antiche
Del vecchio Adamo scaccia, empie nemiche
Al divin raggio tuo caldo e securo.
Tal che rendendo al pastor santo onore,
Vestiti sol di pura fede viva,
Portin la legge tua scritta nel core:
Sicchè dei proprii affetti ogni alma schiva,
Voli con l' ali del verace amore
Alla beata tua celeste viva.

By far the greater part of these poems are conceived in a spirit of the most enlightened piety. We deem it right to add, that a very few of them are addressed to the Virgin Mary. We have no means of ascertaining the order, as to time, in which they were composed.

GENEALOGY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

TRANSLATED FROM CONDIVI BY M. DUPPA.

"The eminent painter and sculptor, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, was descended from the noble and illustrious family of the Counts of Canossa, of the territory of Reggio, and was allied to the imperial blood. Beatrice, sister of Henry II., was given in marriage to Count Boniface of Canossa, then Lord of Mantua, from which marriage was born the Countess Matilda, a woman of exemplary prudence and religion, who, after the death of her husband Godfrey, continued to possess in Italy, besides Mantua, Parma and Reggio, that part of Tuscany now called the Patrimony of St. Peter. After a life spent in the service of religion, she died, and was buried in the Abbey of St. Bernard, out of Mantua, which she built and munificently endowed.

"A. M. Simone, of that family, in the year 1250, coming to Florence in the quality of Podestà, merited, by his good qualities, to be made citizen and head of a Sestiere, or district; the city then being divided into municipalities, which are now called quarters. The Guelf party then reigned in Florence, from which he received so many favours, that, from being of the party of Ghibellino he became Guelf, and changed the emblazoning of his arms from a dog argent, rampant, with a bone in his mouth, in a field gules, to a dog, or, in a field azure, and from the lords of the city he afterwards received five lilies, gules, in a fret, and a crest with two bull's horns, one or, the other azure, as may be now seen on their ancient shields. The old arms of M. Simone may be seen in the palace, executed in

marble, placed there by himself, as was usual with the greater part of those who filled that situation.

"The reason why the family in Florence changed the name from that of Canossa to Buonarroti, was as follows:—The name of Buonarroti had been in the family from age to age, almost without exception, even down to the time of Michael Angelo, who had also a brother called Buonarroti, who, we find from the annals of the city, was supreme magistrate when Leo X. visited Florence; and as many of these Buonarroti had enjoyed the highest honours in the Republic, so the name had been often introduced, and by common usage became at length the surname of the family; which is not at all to be wondered at, since it was the custom in Florence, in the scrutiny of names qualified to hold any office in the State, after the name of the citizen to join that of the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, and sometimes even other names: hence the name of Buonarroti was perpetuated, as well as that of Simone, who was the first in Florence of the family of the house of Canossa: thus they were called Buonarroti Simone, which is the family name at this day. When Leo X. went to Florence, among many privileges he conferred upon that house, he permitted the family to add to their arms the azure ball of the house of Medici with three lilies or." *

M. Angelo's Poems were first collected by his nephew and heir, Lionardo Buonarroti.

They were published in the year 1623 by his great-nephew, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, called the younger; himself well known to those conversant with Italian Literature, as the author of La Tancia, and other works.

The Senator Philippo Buonarroti, another descendant of the family, who was distinguished for high character, and for his archæological learning, especially in Etruscan antiquities, died in 1733, aged 72.

We have extracted from an interesting paper by Professor Donaldson, on the Buildings, &c., of Lille, the following letter

* Ascanio Condivi, Vita di Michel-Agnolo Buonarroti, §§ i. ii. iii.

from Francis I., in the French of that period, to Michael Angelo, which has, by mistake, been omitted in the text: —

"Sr. Michelangelo pour ceque jay grant desir davoir quelques besognes de v̄re ouvrage jay donne charge a labbe de Sainct Martin de Troyes p̄t porteur que jenvoye pardela den recouvrir vous priant si vous avez quelques choses excellentes faictes a son arrivee les luy voulloir bailler en les vous bien payant ainsique je luy ay donne charge. Et davantaige voulloir estre contant pour lamour de moy quil molle le christ de la Minerve et la n̄re dame de la febre * affinque jen puisse aorner lune de mes chappelles comme de chose que lon ma asseure estre des plus exquises et excellentes en v̄re art. Priant Dieu Sr. Michelango (sic) qu'il vous ayt en sa garde. Escript a Sainct germain en Laye le VIII^{e} jour de feurier mv^{e}xlv.

"FRANCOYS. Delaubespine."

From the 15th and last discourse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, delivered Dec. 10th, 1790, we extract the concluding passage: —

"Were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master; to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man.

"I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo."

* Supposed to be Pietà, in St. Peter's at Rome.

PRINCIPAL PUBLISHED

LETTERS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

INCLUDING THOSE TRANSLATED IN THIS BIOGRAPHY.

A M. Giorgio Vasari.

M. Giorgio mio caro, circa al rifondare a s. Piero Montorio, come il papa* non volle intendere, non ve ne scrissi niente, sapendo voi essere avvisato dall' uomo vostro di qua. Ora mi accade dirvi quello che segue, e questo è, che iermattina, sendo il papa andato a detto Montorio, mandò per me. Riscontrailo in sul ponte che tornava. Ebbi lungo ragionamento seco circa le sepolture allogatevi, ed all' ultimo mi disse, ch' era risoluto non volere mettere dette sepolture in su quel monte, ma nella chiesa de' fiorentini. Richiesemi di parere e di disegno, ed io ne lo confortai assai, stimando che per questo mezzo detta chiesa s' abbia a finire. Circa le vostre tre ricevute non ho la penna da rispondere a tante altezze, ma se avessi caro di essere in qualche parte quello che mi fate, non l' avrei caro per altro, se non perchè voi aveste un servidore che valesse qualcosa. Ma io non mi maraviglio, sendo voi risuscitatore di uomini morti, che voi allunghiate la vita ai vivi, ovvero che i malvivi furiate per

* Giulio III.

infinito tempo alla morte; e per abbreviare, io son tutto, come sono, vostro ec. — *Roma*, 1° *agosto*, 1550.

MICHELAGNOLO BUONARROTI.

A M. GIORGIO VASARI.

M. Giorgio mio caro, subito che Bartolomeo fu giunto qua, andai a parlare al papa, e visto che voleva far rifondare a Montorio per le sepolture, provvidi d' un muratore di s. Piero. Il Tantecose lo seppe, e volsevi mandare uno a suo modo. Io per non combattare con chi dà le mosse a' venti, mi son tirato addietro, perchè essendo uomo leggiero, non vorrei essere trasportato in qualche macchia. Basta che nella chiesa de' fiorentini non mi pare s' abbia più a pensare. Tornate presto, e state sano. Altro non mi accade. — *A dì* 13 *ottobre*, 1550.

M. A. B.

A M. GIORGIO VASARI.

Giorgio amico caro, io ho preso grandissimo piacere della vostra, visto che pur vi ricordate del povero vecchio; e più per esservi trovato al trionfo che mi scrivete d' aver visto nascere un altro Buonarroti, del quale avviso vi ringrazio quanto so e posso, ma ben mi dispiace tal pompa, perchè l' uomo non dee ridere quando il mondo tutto piange; però mi pare che Lionardo * non abbia a fare tanta festa d' uno che nasce, con quella allegrezza che s' ha a serbare alla morte di chi è ben vissuto. Nè vi maravigliate se non rispondo subito: lo fo per non parere mercante. Ora io vi dico, che per le molte lodi che per detta lettera mi date, se io ne meritassi sol una, mi parrebbe, quando mi vi detti anima ed in corpo, avervi dato qualcosa, e aver soddisfatto a qualche minima parte di quel che io vi son debitore, dove vi riconosco ogni ora creditore di molto più che io non ho da pagare; e perchè son vecchio, oramai non spero in questa, ma nell' altra vita potere pareggiare il conto, però vi prego di pazienza, e son vostro; e le cose di qua stan pur così. — *Roma.*

M. A. B.

* Lionardo Buonarroti, suo nipote.

A M. Giorgio Vasari.

M. Giorgio amico caro, circa la scala della libreria, di che m'è stato tanto parlato, crediate che se io mi potessi ricordare come io l' avevo ordinata, che io non mi farei pregare. Mi torna bene nella mente come un sogno una certa scala, ma non credo che sia appunto quella che io pensai allora, perchè mi torna cosa goffa. Pure la scriverò qui, cioè che io togliessi una quantità di scatole aovate, di fondo d' un palmo l' una, ma non d' una lunghezza e larghezza, e la maggiore e prima ponessi in sul pavimento lontana dal muro della porta tanto quanto volete che la scala sia dolce o cruda; e un' altra ne mettessi sopra questa, che fosse tanto minore per ogni verso, che in sulla prima di solo avanzasse tanto piano, quanto vuole il piè per salire, diminuendole e ritirandole verso la porta fra l' una e l' altra, sempre per salire; e che la diminuzione dell' ultimo grado sia quant' è 'l vano della porta, e detta parte di scala aovata abbia come due ale, una di qua ed una di là, che vi seguitino i medesimi gradi, e non aovati. Di questa, serva il mezzo per il signore dal mezzo in su di detta scala, e le rivolte di dette ale ritornino al muro. Dal mezzo ingiù insino in sul pavimento, si discostino con tutta la scala dal muro circa tre palmi, in modo che l' imbasamento del ricetto non sia occupato in luogo nessuno, e resti libera ogni faccia. Io scrivo cosa da ridere, ma so ben che voi troverete cosa a proposito. — *Roma*, 15 *settembre*, 1550.

M. A. B.

A M. Giorgio Vasari.

M. Giorgio amico caro, io chiamo Iddio in testimonio, come io fui contra mia voglia con grandissima forza messo da papa Paolo terzo nella fabbrica di s. Pietro di Roma dieci anni sono, e se si fosse seguitato fino a oggi di lavorare in detta fabbrica, come si faceva allora, io sarei ora a quello di detta fabbrica, che io desidererei tornarmi costà; ma per mancamento di dinari ella s' è molto allentata, e allentasi, quando ell' è giunta in più faticose e difficili parti; in modo che, abbandonandola ora, non sarebbe altro che con ragndissima vergogna e peccato perdere il premio delle fatiche che io ho durate in detti dieci anni per l' amor di Dio. Io vi ho fatto questo discorso per risposta della

vostra, e perchè ho una lettera del duca, che m' ha fatto molto maravigliare che sua signoria si sia degnata a scrivere con tanta dolcezza. Ne ringrazio Dio, e S. E. quanto so e posso. Io esco di proposito, perchè ho perduto la memoria e 'l cervello, e lo scrivere m' è di grande affanno, perchè non è mia arte. La conclusione è questa, di farvi intendere quel che segue dello abbandonare la sopraddetta fabbrica, e partirsi di qua: la prima cosa contenterei parecchi ladri, e sarei cagione della sua rovina e forse ancora del serrarsi per sempre.

M. A. B.

A M. Giorgio Vasari.

M. Giorgio mio caro, io posso male scrivere; pur per risposta della vostra lettera dirò qualche cosa. Voi sapete come Urbino * è morto, di che m' è stato grandissima grazia di Dio, ma con grave mio danno e infinito dolore. La grazia è stata, che dove in vita mi teneva vivo, morendo m' ha insegnato morire non con dispiacere, ma con desiderio della morte. Io l' ho tenuto 26 anni, ed hollo trovato rarissimo e fedele, ed ora che lo avevo fatto ricco, e che io l' aspettavo bastone e riposo della mia vecchiezza, mi è sparito, nè mi è rimasta altra speranza che di rivederlo in paradiso. E di questo n' ha mostrato segno Iddio per la felicissima morte che ha fatto, che più assai che 'l morire, gli è incresciuto lasciarmi in questo mondo traditore con tanti affanni, benchè la maggior parte di me n' è ita seco, nè mi rimane altro che una infinita miseria; e mi vi raccomando.

M. A. B.

A M. Giorgio Vasari.

M. Giorgio amico caro, io ho ricevuto il libretto di M. Cosimo, che voi mandate, e in questa sarà una di ringraziamento. Pregovi che gliene diate e a quello mi raccomando. Io ho avuto a questi dì gran disagio e spesa, e gran piacere nelle montagne di Spoleti a visitare que' romiti, in modo che io son ritornato men che mezzo a Roma, perchè veramente e'

* Servitore fedele di Michelagnolo.

non si trova pace se non ne' boschi. Altro non ho che dirvi. Mi piace che stiate sano e lieto, e mi vi raccomando. — *De'* 18 *di settembre*, 1556.

M. A. B.

A M. Benedetto Varchi.

M. Benedetto, perchè e' paia pur che io abbia ricevuto, come io ho, il vostro libretto, risponderò qualche cosa a quel che mi domandate, benchè ignorantemente. Io dico che la pittura mi par più tenuta buona, quanto più va verso il rilievo, ed il rilievo più tenuto cattivo quanto più va verso la pittura; e però a me soleva parere che la scultura fosse la lanterna della pittura, e che dall' una all' altra fosse quella differenza che è dal sole alla luna. Ora poi che io ho letto nel vostro libretto, dove dite che, parlando filosoficamente, quelle cose che hanno un medesimo fine, sono una medesima cosa, io mi son mutato d' opinione, e dico, che se maggior giudizio e difficoltà, impedimento e fatica non fa maggiore nobiltà, che la pittura e scultura è una medesima cosa, e perchè ella fosse tenuta così, non dovrebbe ogni pittore far manco di scultura che di pittura, e il simile lo scultore di pittura. Io intendo scultura quella che si fa per forza di levare; che quella che si fa per via di porre, è simile alla pittura. Basta, che venendo l' una e l' altra da una medesima intelligenza, cioè scultura e pittura, si può far fare loro una buona pace insieme, e lasciar tante dispute, perchè vi va più tempo che a far le figure. Colui che scrisse che la pittura era più nobile della scultura, se egli avesse così ben intese l' altre cose che egli ha scritte, l' avrebbe meglio scritte la mia fante. Infinite cose, e non più dette, ci sarebbe da dire di simili scienze; ma, come ho detto, vorrebbon troppo tempo, e io ne ho poco, perchè non solo sono vecchio, ma quasi nel numero dei morti; però priego che m' abbiate per iscusato, e a voi mi raccomando, e vi ringrazio quanto so e posso del troppo onor che mi fate, e non conveniente a me. — *In Roma.*

M. A. B.

A Cosimo I. duca di Firenze.

Illustrissimo signor duca,

I fiorentini hanno avuto già più volte grandissimo desiderio di far qua in Roma una bella chiesa di san Giovanni. Ora in

tempo di V. S. illustrissima sperando averne più comodità se ne sono risoluti, e hanno fatto cinque uomini sopra di ciò, i quali m' hanno più volte richiesto e pregato di disegno di detta chiesa. Sapendo che papa Leone dette già principio a detta chiesa, ho risposto loro, non ci volere attendere senza licenza del duca di Firenze. Ora come si sia stato, ho avuto una lettera molto graziosa da V. S. la quale la tengo per comandamento espresso che io attenda a detta fabbrica, che n' avrà piacere grandissimo. Honne fatto di già più disegni, fra' quali a' sopraddetti deputati n' è piaciuto uno, il quale si manderà a V. S., e tanto s' eseguirà quanto piacerà a quella. Duolmi assai essere vecchio, e sì maldaccordo con la vita, che poco posso prometter di me per detta fabbrica. Farò per V. S. con tutto il cuore quel poco che potrò, e a quella mi raccomando. — *Roma.*

M. A. B.

Al Reverendissimo.*

Quando una pianta ha diverse parti, tutte quelle che sono a un modo di qualità, e quantità, hanno a essere adorne in un medesimo modo e d' una medesima maniera, e similmente i loro riscontri. Ma quando la pianta muta del tutto forma, è non solamente lecito, ma necessario mutare dal detto ancora gli adornamenti, e similmente i loro riscontri; e i mezzi sempre sono liberi, come vogliono. Siccome il naso che è nel mezzo del viso, non è obbligato nè all' uno, nè all' altro occhio, ma l' una mano è bene obbligata a essere come l' altra, e l' uno occhio come l' altro per rispetto degli lati e de' riscontri, e però è cosa certa che le membra dell' architettura dipendono dallo membra dell' uomo. Chi non è stato, o non è buon maestro di figure, e massime di notomia, non se ne può intendere.

M. A. B.

A Cosimo I. duca di Firenze.

E' non pare, sendo io in Roma, ch' egli accadesse lasciare il crocifisso a M. Tomao, e farlo mezzano fra V. S., e me suo servo,

* Uncertain to whom addressed.

acciocchè io la serva, e massime avendo io desiderato di far più per quella, che per uomo che io conoscessi mai al mondo.* Ma l' occupazione grande in che sono stato e sono, non ha lasciato conoscer questo a V. S. E perchè io so che ella sa, ch' amore non vuol maestro, e che chi ama non dorme, manco accadeva ancora mezzi. E benchè paresse che io non mi ricordassi, io faceva quello che io non diceva per giungere con cosa non aspettata. È stato guasto il mio disegno.

Mal fa chi tanta fè sì tosto oblia.

M. A. B.

Alla Cornelia.

Io m' ero accorto che tu t' eri sdegnata meco, ma non trovavo la cagione. Ora per l' ultima tua mi pare aver inteso il perchè. Quando tu mi mandasti i caci, mi scrivesti che mi volevi mandare più altre cose, ma che i fazzoletti non erano ancor forniti; e io perchè non entrassi in ispesa per me, ti scrissi che tu non mi mandassi più niente, ma che mi richiedessi di qualche cosa, che mi faresti grandissimo piacere, sapendo, anzi dovendo esser certa dell' amore ch' io porto ancora a Urbino * benchè morto, e alle cose sue. Circa al venir costà a vedere i putti o mandar que Michelagnolo †, è bisogno ch' io ti scriva in che termine io mi trovo. Il mandar qua Michelagnolo non è al proposito, perchè sto senza donne e senza governo, e il putto è troppo tenero per ancora, e potria nascerne cosa ch' io ne sarei molto malcontento, e di poi c' è ancora che 'l duca di Firenze da un mese in qua, sua grazia, fa gran forza ch' io torni a Firenze con grandissime offerte. Io gli ho chiesto tempo tanto ch' io acconci qua le cose mie, e che io lasci in buon termine la fabbrica di san Pietro; in modo che io stimo star qua tutta questa state; e, acconce le cose mie e le vostre, circa al monte della Fede, io vuo' questo verno andarmene a Firenze per sempre, perchè son vecchio, e non ho tempo di più ritornare a Roma; e passerò di costà; e volendomi dar Michelagnolo, lo terrò in Firenze con più amore che i figliuoli di Lionardo mio nopote, insegnando gli quello che io

* Urbino suo servitore diletto.

† Figlioccio del Buonarroti,

so che 'l padre desiderava ch' egli imparasse. Ieri a di ventisette di marzo ebbi l' ultima tua lettera. — *In Roma.*

M. A. B.

A Pietro Aretino.

Magnifico messer Pietro, mio signore e fratello. Io nel ricever della vostra lettera ho avuto allegrezza, e dolore insieme. Sonmi molto allegrato per venir da voi, che siete unico di virtù al mondo, e anco mi sono doluto, perciocchè, avendo compita gran parte dell' istoria, non posso mettere in opera la vostra immaginazione, la quale è sì fatta, che se il dì del Giudicio fosse stato, e voi l' aveste veduto in presenza, le parole vostre non lo figurerebbero meglio. Ora, per rispondere allo scrivere di me, dico che non solo l' ho caro, ma vi supplico farlo, dachè i re e gl' imperadori hanno per somma grazia che la vostra penna li nomini. In questo mezzo se io ho cosa alcuna che vi sia a grado, ve la offerisco con tutto il cuore. E per ultimo il vostro non voler capitare a Roma, non rompa, per conto del veder la pittura che io faccio, la sua deliberazione, perchè sarebbe pur troppo. E vi mi raccomando.

M. A. B.

A M. Luca Martini.

Magnifico M. Luca, ho ricevuto *M. Bartolommeo Bettini* una vostra con un libretto, comento * d' un sonetto di mia mano. Il sonetto vien bene da me, ma il comento viene dal cielo; e veramente è cosa mirabile, non dico al giudizio mio, ma degli uomini valenti, e massimamente di *M. Donato Giannotti*, il quale non si sazia di leggerlo, e a voi si raccomanda. Circa il sonetto, io conosco quello che egli è; ma come sia, nom mi posso tenere che io non ne pigli un poco di vanagloria, essendo stato cagione di sì bello e dotto comento; e perchè nell' autore di detto sento per le sue parole e lodi d' esser quello che io non sono, prego che voi facciate per me parole verso di lui, come si conviene a tanto amore, affezione e cortesia. Io vi prego di questo, perchè mi sento di poco valore; e chi è in buona

* Il comento, di cui qui si parla, è di Benedetto Varchi.

opinione, non debbe tentar la fortuna, e meglio è tacere che cascare da alto. Io son vecchio, e la morte m' ha tolti i pensieri della gioventù, e chi non sa che cosa è la vecchiezza, abbia tanta pazienza che v' arrivi, chè prima nol può sapere. Raccomandatemi, come ho detto, al *Varchi*, come suo affezionatissimo, e delle sue virtù, e al suo servizio, dovunque, io sono. —*In Roma.*

M. A. B.

A Messer Bartolomeo.*

E non si può negare che *Bramante* non fosse valente nell' architettura, quanto ogni altro che sia stato dagli antichi in qua. Egli pose la prima pietra di s. Pietro, non piena di confusione, ma chiara e schietta, e luminosa ed isolata attorno, in modo che non noceva a cosa nessuna del palazzo; e fu tenuta cosa bella, come ancora è manifesto, in modo che chiunque si è discostato da detto ordine di *Bramante*, come ha fatto il *Sangallo*, si è discostato dalla verità, e se così è, chi ha occhi non appassionati nel suo modello †, lo può vedere. Egli con quel circolo che fa di fuori, la prima cosa toglie tutti i lumi alla pianta di *Bramante*, e non solo questo, ma per sè non ha ancora lume nessuno a tanti nascondigli fra di sopra e di sotto i cori, che fanno comodità grande ad infinite ribalderie, con tener segretamente banditi, far monete false, ec., in modo che la sera, quando detta chiesa si serrasse, bisognerebbero 25 a cercare chi vi restasse nascoso dentro, e con fatica si troverebbe. Ancora ci sarebbe questo altro conveniente, che nel circuire conin l' aggiunta che il modello fa di fuora detta composizione di *Bramante*, saria forza di mandare in terra la cappella di Paolo, le stanze del Piombo, la Ruota, e molte altre; nè la cappella di Sisto credo che riuscirebbe netta. Circa la parte fatta dal circolo di fuora, che dicono che costa centomila scudi, questo non è vero, perchè con sedicimila si farebbe; e rovinandolo, poca cosa si perderebbe; perchè le pietre fattevi, e i fondamenti non potrebbero venire più a proposito; e migliorerebbesi la fabbrica 200 mila scudi, e 300 anni di tempo. Questo è

* Forse B. Ammanati.

† Il modello d'Antonio da Sangallo è assai grande, ed anco di presente si trova in Belvedere.

quanto a me pare, e senza passione, perchè il vincere mi sarebbe grandissima perdita. E se potete far intendere questo al Papa, mi farete piacere, che non mi sento bene.

M. A. B.

A Messer Lionardo Buonarroti.

Io vorrei più presto la morte ch' essere in disgrazia del duca. Io in tutte le mie cose m' ingegno d' andare in verità; e se io ho tardato di venire costà, come ho promesso, io ho sempre inteso con questa condizione, di non partir di qua, se prima non conduco la fabbrica di s. Pietro a termine ch' ella non possa esser guasta, nè mutata dalla mia composizione, e di non dare occasione di ritornarvi a rubare, come solevano, e come ancora aspettano, i ladri. E questa diligenza ho sempre usata, e uso, perchè come molti credono, e io ancora, esservi stato messo da Dio; ma il venire a detto termine di detta fabbrica non mi è ancora, per esser mancati i danari e gli uomini, riuscito; ed io, perchè son vecchio, e non avendo a lasciar altro di me, non l' ho voluta abbandonare; e perchè servo per l' amor di Dio, in lui ho tutta la mia speranza, ec.—*Roma* 1. *luglio*, 1557.

M. A. B.

Al Signor Cardinale di Carpi.

Messer Francesco Dandini mi ha detto ieri che V. S. illustriss. e reverendiss. gli disse che la fabbrica di s. Pietro non poteva andar peggio di quello che andava, cosa che veramente mi è molto doluta, si perchè ella non è stata informata del vero, come ancora perchè io (come debbo) desidero più di tutti li altri uomini ch' ella vada bene, e credo, si io non mi gabbo, poterlo con verità assicurare che, per quanto in essa ora si lavora, ella non potrebbe meglio passare. Ma perchè forse il proprio interesse, e la mia grave vecchiezza, mi possono facilmente ingannare, e così, contro l' intenzione mia, far danno o pregiudizio alla prefata fabbrica; io intendo (come prima potrò) domandar licenza alla santità di N. S., anzi, per avanzar tempo, voglio supplicare, come fo, V. S. illustriss. e reverendiss., che sia contenta liberarmi da questa molestia, nella quale per li comandamenti de' papi, come ella sa, volentieri

sono stato gratis 17 anni, nel qual tempo si può manifestamente vedere quanto per opera mia sia stato fatto nella suddetta fabbrica; tornandola efficacemente a pregare di darmi licenza che per una volta non mi potrebbe fare la più singolar grazia; e con ogni riverenza umilmente bacio le mani di V. S. ill. e reverendiss. *Casa, 12 settembre, 1560.*

M. A. B.

A Nicolò Martelli.

Messer Niccolò, ho avuto da ms. Vincenzo Perini una vostra lettera con due sonetti e un madrigale. La lettera e 'l sonetto diretto a me son cosa mirabile, tal che nessuno potrebbe esser tanto ben gastigato che in loro trovasse cosa da gastigare; vero è che mi danno tante lodi che s' io avessi il paradiso in seno, molte manco sarebbono abbastanza. Veggo che vi siete immaginato ch' io sia quello che Dio il volesse ch' io lo fossi. Io sono un provero uomo, e di poco valore, che mi vo' affaticando in quell' arte che Dio m' ha data, per allungar la vita mia il più che io posso, e, così come io sono, son servidor vostro, e di tutta la casa dei Martelli. E della lettera e de' sonetti vi ringrazio, ma non quanto sono obbligato, perchè non aggiungo a si ălta cortesia.

M. A. B.

A Messer Benvenuto Cellini.

Benvenuto mio, io vi ho conosciuto tanti anni per il maggiore orefice, che mai ci sia stato notizia; ed ora vi conoscerò per scultore simile. Sappiate, che messer Bindo Altoviti mi menò a vedere una testa del suo ritratto, di bronzo, e mi disse, che l' era di vostra mano: io n' ebbi molto piacere; ma e' mi seppe molto male, che l' era messa a cattivo lume, che se l' avesse il suo ragionevol lume, la si mostrerebbe quella bella opera, che l' è.

M. A. B.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

The following are references to and extracts from Jacopo Pitti's Chronicle, published in vol. i. of the Archivio Storico Italiano, Firenze, 1850. A description will be found in lib. i. p. 25. of the almost absolute power attained by Lorenzo de' Medici, after he had made peace with the King of Naples and Pope Sistus.

Pitti then gives an account, pp. 25–26., in the following terms, of Lorenzo's substitution of a new Council of seventy members, subject to his own nomination, in place of the two ancient Councils of State. He proceeds, pp. 26–31., to describe the insolent mode in which Piero de' Medici carried on the government after his father's death.

Lorenzo fece dare balia a trenta cittadini, i quali ne elegessero dugento dieci, che, insieme co' Signori e Collegi, avessero autorità quanto la Signoria Fiorentina. Dipoi, da questa maggiore balia furono eletti, de' loro medesimi, quaranta, che, insieme con i trenta di sopra, avessero tutta l' autorità di Firenze: la metà di quali governassero sei mesi la città; gli altri, il restante dell' anno. Questi Settanta, ò Senato, lasciati satisfarsi nell' utilità, se li astringera Lorenzo a fare ogni cosa per lui, con *malissima* satisfazione dell' universale. Quelli dugento ancora si andavano pascendo, sperando insieme di essere promossi al Senato; molti eziandio avevano tanto l' occhio all' avvantaggiarsi di coloro, che, quantunque si stessero a vedere, vi si compiacevano assai: pero procacciavano per ogni mezzo la grazia di Lorenzo, per esservi anche loro, quando che fosse intromessi. Con tale industria, adunque, impadronitosi dell' essenza del reggimento, Lorenzo lasciava l' apparenza interamente ne' magistrate, velando sotto l' abito civile e modesto la suprema autorità del principato; non gli parendo portare pericolo in altro che nella elezione, in tempi aversi, di un Gonfalo-

niere, che fosse amico della sua fortuna, e (nell' intrinseco, nemico quantunque si creassero con sua satisfazione) avvegnachè i segreti della monte dell' uomo non si passano, nè con i benefizii nè con l'osservanza scoprire sempremai. Di questo agevolmente si assicurava egli si fusse pervenuto all' età di quarante-cinque anni, tempo legittimo ad esercitarsi in quel grado —nel quale avrebbe fatto, per una nuova et stretta balia, la republica riformare, creandovi un Gonfaloniere a vita.

P. 26.

Of Piero de' Medici, Pitti says:—

Non capace per molti conti di quel peso—al quale fu surrogato Giovanni, cardinale, e Giuliano, il minore—amendue ancorachè giovanetti, per bontà e per costumi civili, riguardavali.

Again, p. 31.:

Piero de' Medici, per la insolenza e poco accorgimento suo e per li modi contrarii a' paterni, si procacciasse, eziandio dentro della città, la sua cacciata; avendo accresciuto le male diposizioni de' suoi nemici, prurito d' ogni speranza i neutrali, e nimicatosi li più divoti faustori di suo padre.

APPENDIX II.

The following are the extracts from Petrarch's letters, "sine titulo," referred to at page 133. Vol. I. The edition of his works whence they are taken is entitled Petrarchæ Opera: 2 vols. folio; Basileæ, 1554.

Extract 1. vol. ii. p. 806.

Babylonem Gallicam describit:—~~Illa~~ te Babylon traxit; illa te detinet; omne bonum ibi perditur, sed primum omnium libertas, mox ex ordine, quies, gaudium, spes, fides, charitas, animæ jacturæ ingentes; sed in regno avaritiæ nihil damno ascribitur, modo pecunia salva sit: futuræ tibi vitæ spes, inanis quædam fabula, et quæ de inferis narrantur fabulosa omnia, et resurrectio carnis et mundi finis, et Christus ad judicium venturus, inter nænias habentur. Veritas ibi dementia est, abstinentia vero rusticitas, pudicitia probrum ingens; denique peccandi licentia magnanimitas, et libertas eximia; et quo pollutior, eo clarior vita, quo plus scelerum, eo plus gloriæ, &c.

Extract 2. pp. 807-8.

Bonorum hostis et malorum hospes, atque asylus pessima rerum Babylon, feris Rhodani ripis imposita, famosa dicam, an infamis meretrix fornicata cum regibus terræ. Illa equidem ipsa es, quam in spiritu sacer vidit Evangelista illa, eadem inquam, es, non alia, sedens super aquas multas, sive ad littora tribus cincta fluminibus, sive rerum atque divitiarum turba mortalium, quibus lasciviens ac secura infides, opum immemor æternarum, sive at idem qui vidit exposuit. Populi et gentes et linguæ aquæ sunt, super quas meretrix sedes: recognosce ha-

bitum; mulier circumdata purpurâ et coccino et inaurata auro et lapide pretioso et margaritis, habens poculum aureum in manu suâ, plenum abominatione et immunditiâ fornicationis ejus. Noscis ne te ipsam Babylon? Nisi illud forsan errorem facit, quod in illius fronte scriptum erat Babylon magna, tu vero Babylon parva es. Parva utique murorum ambitu, sed vitiis et ambitu animorum et infinitâ cupidine cumuloque malorum omnium, non magna modo sed maxima sed immensa es. Si nunc quoque dissimulas audi reliqua. Et vidi inquit mulierem ebriam de sanguine sanctorum et de sanguine martyrum Jesus. Quid siles? aut aliam hoc sanguine ebriam ostende, aut omnino si potes, te hanc ebriam nega. Vera enim Evangelistæ et Apostoli visio sit oportet, qui si te in spiritu videns miratus est. Ex omnibus quidem fornicationibus tuis, de quibus biberunt omnes gentes et reges terræ, et ex omnibus abominationibus quid expectis, nisi quod Joannes item ait, Cecidit cecidit Babylon magna, et facta est habitatio dæmoniorum. Nota sunt quæ sequuntur. Tu vero, amice, cum eodem apostolo, audi vocem aliam de cœlo dicentem, Exite de illâ populus meus, et ne participes sitis delictorum ejus, et de plagis ejus non accipiatis, quoniam pervenerunt peccata ejus usque ad cœlum, et recordatus est dominus iniquitatum ejus; quantum glorificavit se et in delitiis fuit, tantum date illi tormentum et luctum, quia in corde suo dicitur, Sedeo regina, vidua non sum, et luctum non videbo. Spectat hæc Sathan ridens . . . mitto stupra, raptus, incestus, adulteria, qui jam Pontificalis lasciviæ ludi sunt.

Extract 3. p. 805.

Hi etenim tales sunt quales dico, immo vero quales dicere nequeo, sic ad extrema dedecorum atque nequitiæ, quæ ut cunque olim steterat prolapsa res est, ex quo sancta et potens tunc Romana nunc Avinionensis ecclesia tangit, vertice sidera et digito cœlum voluit, ubi et Judas si triginta illos suos argenteos pretium sanguinis attulerit admittetur, et pauper a limine Christus arcebitur.

Extract 4. p. 809.

Ille mihi hortator est fidus quidem, sed improvidus, ut Babylone vivere eligam, ac mori. Cur autem sive ad quid? ut videam

bonos mergi, malos erigi, reptare aquilas, asinos volare, vulpes in curribus, corvos in turribus, columbos in sterquilinio, liberos lupos, agnos in vinculis, Christum denique exulem, Antichristum dominum, Beelzebub judicem. O crudelis et impia secta hominum, nil nisi seipsos amantium, idque ipsum perverse prorsus ac nepharie! Quis eversos mores reformabit? quis colliget sparsos oves?"

Extract 5. p. 805.

Qualis est Babylon illa novissima, quicquid uspiam perfidiæ et doli, quicquid inclementiæ superbiæque, quicquid impudicitiæ effrenatæque libidinis audisti aut legisti, quicquid denique impietatis et morum pessimorum sparsim habet, aut habuit, orbis terræ, totum istic cumulatim videas, acervatimque reperias. Nam de avaritiâ deque ambitione supervacuum est loqui, quarum alteram ibi regni sui solium possuisse, unde orbem totum populetur ac spoliet, alteram vero alibi nusquam habitare compertum est; de quibus omnibus ad te dudum non epistolam sed librum scribere meditabar.

The following is one of the three sonnets alluded to at page 133., in which Petrarch exposes the vices of what he calls Western Babylon:

Fontana di dolore, albergo d' ira,
Schola d' errori, e tempio d' heresia
Già Roma, or Babilonia falsa, e ria;
Per cui tanto si piagne, e si sospira;
O fucina d' inganni, o pregion dira;
Ove 'l ben more, e 'l mal si nutre, e cria;
Di vivi inferno; un gran miracol fia,
Se Christo teco al fine non s' adira.
Fondata in casta, et humil povertate
Contra tuoi fondatori alzi le corna
Putta sfacciata; et dov' hai posto spene?
Ne gli adulteri tuoi, ne le mal nate
Richezze tante? or Constantin non torna.
Ma tolga il mondo tristo, che 'l sostiene,

APPENDIX III.

Page 141.

The following extracts will illustrate the licence of the "Canti Carnaleschi." They form an octavo volume containing songs by various authors, the most elegant of them being by Lorenzo de' Medici. The title is as follows: "Tutti i Trionfi,—Carri,—Mascherate, ò Canti Carnascialeschi, andati per Firenze dal Tempo del magnifico Lorenzo de' Medici, fino all anno 1559. In Cosmopoli, 1750."

Il dolce tempo tutti ne invita,
Cacciare e pensier tristi, e van dolori
Mentre che dura questa breva vita,
Ciascun s' allegri, ciascun s' innamori.

From Canto "Delle Fanciulle, e delle Cicale." First speaks the Fanciulle, then le Cicale rispondono.

Quel ch' è la natura nostra,
Donne belle, facciam noi;
Ma spesr' e la colpa vostra
Quando la ridete voi;
Vuolsi far le cose; e poi
Saperle tener segrete.

Le Fanciulle rispondono:—

Or che val nostra bellezza?
Se si perde, poco vale;
Viva amore et gentilezza;
Muoja invidia, et le Cicale:
Dica pur, che vuol dir male,
Noi faremo, e voi direte.

Di Bacco, e D'Arianna.

L. de' Medici.

Quant' e belli giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia;
Che vuol esser lieto sia;
Di doman non c' e certezza.
Quest' e Bacco e Arianna
Belli, e l' un dell' alto ardenti;
Perchè 'l tempo fugge, e 'nganna,
Sempre insieme stan contenti.

We forbear from quoting a song by him, entitled "Young Wifes and Old Husbands;" and several others, we must say, are incentives to vice. One of the songs written by Machiavelli is entitled "Canto dei Diavoli," and contains the following sarcastic allusion to the vices of Florence:—

Canto dei Diavoli.

N. Machiavelli.

Già fummo, or non siam più, spirti beati
Per la superbia nostra
Dall' alto, e sommo Ciel tutti scacciati;
E 'n questa città vostra
Abbiam preso il governo
Perchè qui si dimostra
Confusione, e duol più ch' in Inferno,
. . . . . .
En questo carnavale
Vegniamo a star con voi,
Perchè di ciascun male
Stati siamo, e sarem principio noi.

APPENDIX IV.

The following extracts from Savonarola's Sermons will be found to verify our translations; but it is right to state that, though, under each division, they belong to one and the same sermon, they are made up partly of long unbroken passages, and partly of shorter passages, or of paragraphs, with spaces between them. Occasionally also compression has been necessarily resorted to, on account of the great diffuseness of the original.—The quotations will, however, when compared with the translation, speak for themselves.

No. 1.—Page 158 of vol. i.

"Il primo tempio, e la chiesa primitiva, erano fatte di pietre vive; la pietra angolare era Cristu Gesu, la primitiva chiesa era un orto di delizie e un paradiso in terra. Oh che consolazione era vedere que' santi pastori, quanto zelo avevano dell' anime, quanta sollecitudine mettevano nelle cose divine, quanta obbedienza, ne' sudditi, quanta prudenza e discrezione ne' prelati, quanta sapienza ne' dottori, quanta verità ne' predicatori, quanta santimonia ne' sacerdoti, quanta purità ne' fanciulli, quanta pudicizia ne' virgini, quanta continenza nelle vedove e nelli vedovi, quanta onestà ne coniugati, quanto amore e carità in tutti i fedeli; non è possibile, *fratres mei*, potersi immaginare la felicità di quel tempo, quando *erat omnibus cor unum et anima una in Domino*, e però e' potevano cantare quel bel salmo: *Ecce quam bonum et quam iucundum habitare fratres in unum.*

. . . . . .

"E venuto adunque il diavolo; questo è l' inimico che ha fatto tante malignità nel tempio di Dio, ha usati per suoi strumenti i cattivi prelati, i quali colle prave opere e col cattivo

esempio l' hanno distrutto; il popolo e la plebe se n' è ito dietro a loro, e sono i popoli diventati una medesima cosa con loro. E stato levato via il fondamento, non ci è più memoria de' profeti, non sono più ricordati gli apostoli, le colonne della chiesa sono state gittate per terra; cioè non si fa più conto de' santi evangeli, perchè sono mancate le basi, cioè li dottori; non si trova chi li dichiari, nè chi li esponga a' popoli.

. . . . . .

"Dove è la giustizia de' principi e de' rettori? Dove è la sollecitudine de' pastori? Dove sono gli esempii buoni de' sacerdoti e de' buoni religiosi? Dove è l' obbedienza de' sudditi verso li prelati? Dove è la discrezione de' prelati verso de' sudditi? Dove è la reverenza de' secolari verso li sacerdoti? Non ci è rimasto più nulla di buono; adunque *Multa malignatus est inimicus in sancto.*

. . . . . .

"Perchè stai tu cheto, Signore? Non vedi tu *quanta malignatus est inimicus in sancto?* Ma, Signore, il peccato loro tanto è maggiore, quanto, poi che l' hanno fatto, se ne vanno iattando e gloriando: *Lætantur cum male fecerint, et exultant in rebus pessimis.* Il peccare è cosa umana; gloriarsi d' aver peccato, è cosa diabolica. Costoro adunque non sono uomini, ma diavoli; imperocchè seguita è dice della malignità loro: *Et gloriati sunt qui oderunt te in medio solemnitatis tuæ.*

. . . . . .

"Pon mente, che nelle grandi solennità si corrono i palii, si fanno il torneamenti, le giostre, gli spettacoli disonesti, e tutti li giuochi che facevano già li gentili: più peccati si fanno ne' di festivi che negli altri; e quanto maggior solennità sono, tanto più peccati fanno. Vedi la notte di Natale, dove tutti li cristiani dovrebbero andare alla chiesa a udire gli officii santi e ringraziare, Iddio di tanto beneficio, tamen molti in tal notte vanno alle taverne a empiersi il ventre; poi si mettono a giuocare, bestemmiano, lussuriano e fanno mille mali.

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"Verbi grazia, vedi oggi le donne portare le insegne e gli ornamenti delle meretrici, e tutti li modi di ornarsi che usano le meretrici le gli vogliono usare ancora loro. Li sacerdoti portano

le belle zazzere e belli giubboni di seta, e vogliono vestire più pomposamente de' secolari.

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"Tu vedi là un sacerdote pubblicamente giuocare, seguitare le taverne, tenere la concubina e fare simili peccati; tu di' nel cuor tuo, costui ha posto le insegne del peccato suo; segni, cioè in manifesto. Le monache ancora *posuerunt signa sua, signa,* perchè stanno tutto 'l di alle grate a cicalare con le giovani secolari; che segni sono questi, se non segni manifesti di poca devozione?

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"Quando il pastore rovina ne' vizii, di necessità il gregge gli va drieto, precipitando ne' vizii.

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"E peggio ancora hanno fatto, perchè non solo hanno destrutto la chiesa di Dio, ma egli hanno fatto una chiesa a loro modo; questa è la chiesa moderna: non è edificata di pietre vive, cioè non sono i cristiani stabili nella fede viva formata di carità; è costrutta di legno, cioè di cristiani preparati come esca al fuoco dello 'nferno, i muri suoi sono di legno inorpellato, perchè i cristiani mostrano solamente d' avere la carità di fuora, cioè, secondo l' Apostolo san Giovanni: *Diligunt tantum verbo, non opere et veritate.*

. . . . . .

"Vattene e Roma e per tutto il cristianesimo; nelle case de' grandi prelati et de' gran maestri non s' attende se non a poesie e a arte oratoria; va' pure e vedi, tu gli troverai co' libri d' umanità in mano, e dannosi ad intendere, con Virgilio e Orazio e Cicerone, saper reggere l' anime. Vuoilo tu vedere che la chiesa si governa per mano d' astrologi? E' non è prelato, nè gran maestro, che non abbia qualche familiarità con qualche astrologo, che gli predice l'ora e il punto che gli ha a cavalcare o fare qualche altra cosa o faccenda. E non uscirebbono questi gran maestri un passo fuora della volontà degli astrologi. I nostri predicatori ancora hanno lasciato la scrittura santa e sonsi dati all' astrologia, e alla filosofia, e quella predicano su' pergami; e fannola regina; e la scrittura sacra l'adoperano come ancilla, perchè e' predicano la filosofia per parere dotti e non perchè la deserva loro a esporre la scrittura sacra. Ora ecco come sono

fatte le colonne della nostra chiesa, il santuario e il coro è di legno.

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"La nostra chiesa ha di fuori molte belle cerimonie in solennizzare gli officii ecclesiastici, con belli paramenti, con assai drappelloni, con candellieri d' oro e d' argento, con tanti belli calici, che è una maestà. Tu vedi là quelli gran prelati con quelle belle mitrie d' oro e di gemme preziose in capo, con pastorali d' argento. Tu gli vedi con quelle belle pianete e piviali di broccato all' altare, cantare quelli belli vesperi e quelle belle messe adagio, con tante belle cerimonie, con tanti organi e cantori che tu stai stupefatto; e paionti costoro uomini di gran gravità e santimonia, e non credi che è possano errare, ma ciò che dicono e fanno s' abbia a osservare come l' evangelo; ecco come è fatta la moderna chiesa. Gli uomini si pascono di queste frasche e rallegransi in queste cerimonie, e dicono che la chiesa di Cristo Gesu non fiorì mai così bene, e che il culto divino non fu mai sì bene esercitato quanto al presente, come disse una volta un gran prelato, che la chiesa non fu mai in tanto onore, e che li prelati non furno mai in tanta reputazione, e che li primi prelati erano prelatuzzi, a rispetto a questi nostri moderni. Ma Asaph come senti dir questa parola, mi s' accostò all' orecchio e disse: che gli è vero, che i primi prelati erano prelatuzzi, perchè erano umili e poverelli, e non avevano tanti grassi vescovadi, nè tante ricche badie, come li nostri moderni. Non avevano ancora tante mitrie d' oro nè tanti calici, anze que' pochi che gli avevano, li disfacevano per la necessità de' poveri; i nostri prelati per far de' calici tolgono quello che è de' poveri, senza il quale non possono vivere. Ma sai tu quel che io ti voglio dire? Nella primitiva chiesa erano i calici di legno e li prelati d' oro, oggi la chiesa ha li prelati di legno e li calici d' oro. E fu detto una volta a San Tommaso d'Aquino da un gran prelato, e forse di quelli che sono in simile opinione; e gli mostrò una volta un gran bacino, e forse più d'uno, pieno di ducati, e disse: Maestro Tommaso guardate qua; la chiesa non può più dire, come disse Pietro: *Argentum et aurum non est mihi.* Soggiunse san Tommaso e disse: ella non può anche dire oggi quel che seguita immediate, e come la diceva già: *In nomine Domini nostri Iesu Christi Nazareni surge et ambula.* Essi erano adunque pre-

latuzzi quanto alle cose temporali, ma erano prelati grandi, cioè di gran virtù et santimonia, grande autorità e reverenza ne' popoli, si per la virtù, si per li miracoli che facevano.

. . . . . .

"Signore? perchè dormi tu? *Quare obdormis Domine? exurge, et ne repellas in finem.* Levati su Signore, vieni a liberare la chiesa tua delle mani de' diavoli, delle mani de' tiranni, delle mani de' cattivi prelati; non vedi tu che l' è piena d' animali, piena di bestie, leoni, orsi e lupi, che l' hanno tutta guasta? *Quare obliviscéris tribulationem nostram?* Non vedi tu, Signore, la nostra tribolazione? Ti se' tu dimenticato della chiesa tua? Non l' ami tu? non l' hai tu cara? ell' è pure la sposa tua! Non la conosci tu? l' è quella medesima, per la quale tu discendesti nel ventre di Maria, per la quale tu pigliasti carne umana, per la quale tu patisti tanti obbrobrii, per la quale tu volesti versare il sangue tuo in croce; adunque la t' è costata assai, Signore, e però noi ti preghiamo che tu venga e presto a liberarla. Vieni, dico, e punisci questi cattivi, confondili, umiliali, acciocchè noi più quietamente ti possiamo servire."

No. 2.

After referring to his frequent appeals for a reform of the Church, he adds very severe things respecting the condition of the Church of Rome; for instance:—"E poi Dio dara la sua vigna, cioe Roma e la chiesa a cultivare ad altri: perche a Roma non e rimasto più carità alcuna ma solo il diavolo." He then dilates on the comparison of the Church to a fig-tree.

"Era stato piãtato un fico: el quale el primo ãno fece di molti fichi senza alcuna foglia; el secondo anno fece pur di molti fichi et qualche foglia: ma pochissime: El terzo anno fece tanti fichi quãto foglie. El quarto anno fece più foglie che fichi. El quinto anno fece pochissimi fichi et moltissime foglie: et continuando aduenne che nõ faceva se nõ foglie: intanto che solamente che non facesse fructo: ma ancora con le sue tante foglie uggianate altre herbe che non potenano chresciere. Che chredi tu che ne faccia lo ortolano di questo ficho? Certamente lui lo tagliera et darallo al fuocho. Questo ficho e lo albero della chiesa, la quale benche nel principio suo facesse

fructo assai, et niente di foglie: niente dimeno e hoggi venuta intermine che nō fa fructo alchuno: ma solamente foglie: cioe cerimonie, et pompe, et superfluita: con le quali auggiano le altre herbe della terra: cioe: con loro mali exempli e prelati della chiesa fanno caschare gli altri huomini in moltissimi pecchati. Verra lo ortolano: cioe Christo, et tagliera via questo ficho elquale e infructuoso."

"Quando fu morto Papa Innocētio: fu facto una cosa per laquale fu rideui de facti miei che haueno decto che la chiesa si hauena a rinouare."

"Vedero per imaginatione una croce nera sopra la Babillonia Roma: nella quale croce era scripto Ira domini: e quini sopra pioneua spade, coltelli, lancie et ogni arme: et grandine e saxè con tēpesta et fulgure mirabili et gradissime cō uno tempo obscurissimo et tenebroso. Et vedevo una altra croce doro che aggiugneua dal cielo infino alla terra sopra Hierusalem: nella quale era scripto Misericordia dei: Et quini era un tempo sereno limpidissimo et chiaro. Onde p questa visione ridico che la chiesa di Dio si debbe renovare et presto."

"Io predixi parecchi anni ināzi la morte di Lorenzo de Medici: la morte di Papa Innocentio: Item el caso che e stato adesso qui a Firenze della mutatione dello stato."

"Ma voglio che tu sappi: che qēsto lume nō me stato dato p' me ne p' mio merito: ma p' te Firenze me stato dato."

"O Italia! o principi della Italia! o prelati della chiesa! l' ira di Dio e sopra di uoi; et non havete rimedio alcuno se non conuertiteui. Fate penitentia mentre che la spada non e fuora della guaina, et mentre che ella non e insanguinata."

No. 3.

Number 3. gives, in a compressed form, the substance of various paragraphs of Sermon 16. The concluding passage, page 167., is literally translated, and the original is as follows:—

. . . . . .

"Così io tollero ogni cosa per l' amor che mi fa ogni cosa

dolce et suave: *Ego igitur semper tecum.* Questo mi basta, questo è il mio desiderio: *Hæc mea merces magna nimis.* Perchè s' io avessi tutto il mondo e non avessi te, niente certamente arei, ma se io ho te solo, Gesù Cristo mio, e non abbia altro, io posseggo ogni cosa, perchè io posseggo te: *Quia es omnia in omnibus.* In te è ogni bene, fuora di te, non è alcuno vero bene; che bene poss' io desiderare, che non sia in te e molto meglio che in sè? In te sono ricchezze, ma incorruttibili e perpetue; in te onore e gloria, ma stabile e vera; in te potestà e fortezza, ma indeficiente; in te bellezza e sanità, ma senza alcuno difetto; in te scienza senza errore, piacere senza amaritudine, gaudio senza tristizia, luce senza tenebre, vita senza morte, durazione senza termine, bene senza male, beatitudine senza miseria: adunque *Ego semper tecum quia mihi adherere Deo bonum est.* Ecco come l' amore di Gesù Cristo riduce gli uomini a niente."

No. 4.

The original Italian will be found at page 168.

No. 5.

"Il Signore dice nell' evangelio: *Difficile est divitem intrare in regnum cœlorum,* E questo l' esperienza ce lo dimostra, quanto hanno avuto prosperità in questo mondo, perchè se tu mi troverai uno che sia stato santo nella prosperità, io te ne troverò diecimila che saranno stati santi nell' avversità.

. . . . . .

"Guarda quello che la il vero penitente; tu vedi che e' restituisce l' usure et tutto quello che gli ha del prossimo insino a un quattrino, sebbene dovesse rimanere povero, fa la restituzione gagliardamente; ecco che e' comincia ad amare la povertà, che è reputata avversità. Item comincia a macerare il corpo con digiuni e discipline e astinenze: e quanto più cresce in carità tanto più amerà e abbraccerà l' avversità.

. . . . . .

"Imperocchè Iosef significa l' uomo giusto che continuamente cresce e aumentasi nella carità. E cosi come Iosef potette avere molte delizie e piaceri, e non essere incarcerato, e tamen volse più presto esserne privato, e patire la carcere che peccare.

. . . . . .

"Similmente il giusto elegge più presto l'avversità eziandio *usque ad mortem*, che abbandonare Iddio per il peccato. Per questa via delle tribolazioni fu produtto Iosef al regno temporale; per la medesima via acquista il giusto il regno de' cieli.

. . . . . .

"Le creature sono temporali è finite, e non empiono nè l'intelletto nè l'affetto: Iddio è cosa infinita ed empie tutto il cuore umano.

. . . . . .

"Tu sei il mio premio, la mia felicità, la mia beatitudine, il mio sommo bene senza alcun male, il mio sommo gaudio senza tristizia, la mia dolcezza senza amaritudine, la mia fortezza somma senza alcun difetto, la mia somma verità senza falsità, la mia somma scienza senza ignoranza. Tu finalmente, Signore, mi sei ogni cosa in ogni cosa: tu sazii l' anima, tu empi l' intelletto della verità, tu accendi l' affetto, tu beatifichi tutte le potenze, e però: *Mihi adhærere Deo bonum est*, perchè tu beatifichi ancora il corpo, tu lo fai incorruttibile e immortale, tu lo fai impassibile, tu lo fai leggiero, agile e sottile; e finalmente da te procede ogni bontà che è nella creatura. E però, *fratres mei*, è cosa molto buona aderirsi a Dio. *Et ponere in Domino Deo spem suam;* non in ricchezze, non in pecunie, non nella podestà e credito mondano, non negli amici e consanguinei: *quia maledictus homo qui confidit in homine et ponit carnem brachium suum, sed ponere in Domino Deo spem suam; hoc valde bonum est, quia benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino, quia qui confidunt in Domino, non commovebuntur in æternum.*"

No. 6.

"Così fanno oggi i dottori e predicatori; gli stanno tutto 'i dì intorno all' anime morte, e vorrebbono pure che le si risuscitassino con quelle loro questioni e sottilità, e con quelle belle similitudini e autorità d' Aristotile, di Virgilio, d' Ovidio, di Cicerone, e con quelli belli canti di Dante e del Petrarca; e non v' è ordine. Oh che canti lugubri fanno eglino, in modo che non solo e' non risuscitano, ma bene spesso l' anime vive amazzano!

. . . . . .

"*Israel autem me non intellexit,* e perchè non mi hanno (dice Dio) inteso nè conosciuto, però gli hanno destrutto il popolo mio, perchè non gli hanno saputo insegnare la via della verità, ma più presto lo laudano e dicono: O popolo mio, quanto bene fate voi: o quanto sete voi devoti, voi avete tante reliquie, tanti spedali, tanti monasterii: voi fate di molte processioni, e di molte feste. Tu hai, popolo, da ringraziare Iddio. Io non trovai mai una città tanto bene ordinata nel culto divino, tanto dedita alle limosine. Oimè che costoro ti vanno adulando: *Populе meus, qui te beatum dicunt; ipsi te decipiunt.* Costoro non t' insegnano il ben vivere, non l' insegnano come tu hai avere pazienza nelle tribolazioni, non ti cavano i dubbi che tu hai alle volte circa la provvidenza di Dio, nel veder tribolare li buoni e esaltare i cattivi, nè ti mostrano che questo non e far male ai buoni, e bene ai cattivi, perchè e' non trovano ne' loro libri inanimati, cioè nelle scienze loro filosofiche la determinazione e soluzione della questione.

. . . . . .

"La dottrina della chiesa è l' evangelio che non è altro che la grazia dello spirito santo, che ci mostra la bontà di Dio, l' eterna felicità, la possibilità e facilità di conseguitarla, la via d' andare a quella, ordina in noi la carità, fa l' anima perfetta e del continuo l' accende nell' amore delle cose invisibili; e che l' evangelio sia la grazia dello Spirito Santo che faccia questi effetti in noi, è manifesto.

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"Come tu hai in Gieremia che dice all' ultimo capitolo: *Post dies illos dicit dominus, dabo legem meam in visceribus eorum et in corde eorum scribam eam.* E parla Gieremia del tempo del Messia, il quale avea a mandare la grazia dello Spirito Santo nei cuori de' discepoli.

. . . . . .

"E nella seconda epistola ad Corinthios dice l' apostolo: *Epistola estis Christi, ministrata a nobis et scripta, non atramento, sed spiritu Dei vivi, non in tabulis lapideis, sed in tabulis cordis carnalibus.* Dice: voi siate l' epistola di Cristo, e parla ai buoni ne' quali è la grazia dello Spirito Santo, e la legge evangelica, scritta non coll' atramento, cioè inchiostro, ma collo spirito di Dio vivo, scritta, dico, non in tavole di pietre come la

legge vecchia, ma nelle tavole carnali del cuore umano. E preterea, che l' evangelio sia la grazia dello Spirito Santo si manifesta: secondo, per la virtù, perchè l' evangelio scritto nelle carte non è la virtù di Dio: sed sic est, che san Paolo scrivendo alli Romani e commendando l' evangelio dice: *Non enim erubesco evangelium Dei, virtus enim Dei est in salutem omni credenti.*

. . . . . .

"E più di sotto l' ottavo capitolo dice: *Lex spiritus et vitæ, in Christo Jesu liberavit me a lege peccati et mortis.* La legge dello spirito della vita, ovvero la legge ch' è scritta è legge della vita, in quanto che la conferisce la vita a quelli che sono in Cristo Gesù uniti per fede e dilezione.

" Ora questo evangelio vorrei che tu portassi addosso, io non dico l' evangelio scritto, benchè e' non sia male a portarlo addosso per reverenza, ma se tu non hai la grazia dello spirito santo, porta pure quante carte tu voi, e quante orazioni tu sai trovare, se tu portassi bene tutti quattro gli evangelii scritti, ti gioverà poco. Quanto sono più sciocchi coloro che portano tanti brievi al collo che si mandano a vendere alle fiere, e credono per questo salvarsi, e pare loro che possino fare ogni male, e che Dio gli abbia a preservare per virtù di quelli brievi, sciocchi che sono.

. . . . . .

"Preterea dice quel frate e quel prete: porta questo breve e questa scrittura addosso, non aver paura che niente ti nuoca. Vedi a quanta ignoranza siamo venuti che lasciamo le cose essenziali e di grande importanza, e andiamo dietro a frasche, a carte scritte, e orazioni che sono qualche volta trovate dal diavolo. Lasciamo gli evangelii di Cristo e libri di Cristo, ne' quali possiamo imparare a vivere da cristiani e diamoci alle favole. Leggi, dico, leggi i libri di Cristo; o, quali sono i libri di Cristo? I libri di Cristo sono gli Apostoli e le buoni e santi uomini che hanno imitato le vestigie loro; in questi debbi leggere. Ma oggi questi libri, cioè questi santi uomini, sono distrutti e non ce ne è più; ma sono fatti oggi gli uomini libri del diavolo. Leggilo e vedrailo, cioè considera la vita loro e li costumi, e vedrai che sono libri del diavolo, e massime gli ecclesiastici. A quelli basta oggi comandare a' loro sudditi; ma che loro vogliano mettere mano a cosa alcuna di bene, non te l' aspettare,

costoro sono di quelli de' quali diceva il Salvatore: *Super cathedram Moysi sederunt scribæ et pharisei.* E sottogiunge di sotto: *Dicunt enim et non faciunt. Alligant autem onera gravia et importabilia et imponunt in humeros hominum; digito autem suo nolunt ea movere.* Costoro detestano la superbia e l' ambizione, e sonvi loro immersi infin' agli occhi, predicano la castità, e tengono le concubine e li garzoni, comandano che si digiuni, e loro splendidamente vogliono vivere. Laudano la liberalità, e delle facoltà proprie non vogliono sostentare i poveri: io ti so dire che ci bisognerebbe tempo a dire di costoro, costoro sono libri disutili, libri falsi, libri cattivi e del diavolo, perchè lui vi scrive dentro tutta la sua malizia e tutti li suoi vizii, e però la chiesa è rovinata, perchè i libri sono destrutti e sottratti della terra, e non c' è in noi vera e salutifera dottrina."

No. 7.

"L' arca dalla quale noi pigliammo la dottrina è la chiesa. Questa ha fondata Cristo Gesù per comandamento del Padre eterno. È stato il nostro Salvatore il vero Mosè assunto dell' acque, cioè nato delle genti e popolo giudaico, mite e mansuetissimo sopra gli uomini. Come dice anche la scrittura di Moisè, *quod erat vir mitissimus super omnes;* e Cristo di sè dice: *Discite a me quia mitis sum et humilis corde, et tamquam agnus mansuetus ductus est ad victimam,* sparse il sangue suo in croce, e pagò il debito d' Adam e di tutta la generazione umana, e così cavò il popolo suo della dura servitù del diavolo. Quest' arca adunque e questa chiesa l' ha fondata il salvatore, mediante la dottrina sua, mediante i miracoli, mediante gli esempi santi della sua innocentissima vita. E poi in croce morendo l' offerse monda al padre suo. Sopra quest' arca siede Iddio, perchè il propiziatorio significa Cristo secondo l' umanità che è quasi la sede di Dio, onde dice: *Pater in me manens ipse facit opera.* E bene si può chiamare il Salvatore il propiziatorio, come dice San Paolo: *Quæ proposuit Deus propitiatorem per fidem in sanguine ipsius;* il Padre eterno ch' ha mandato il Figliuolo suo che sia nostro propiziatore mediante la fede nel sangue suo. E questo conferma San Giovanni nell' epistola sua canonica: *Ipse est propitiatio pro peccatis nostris, non pro nostris autem tantum, sed etiam, pro totius mundi.* Per questo propiziatorio ri-

ceviamo le risposte da Dio, perchè mediante l' umanità di Cristo vengono tutte le grazie e tutte l' illuminazioni divine. Se tu ti senti adunque aggravato dal peccato, e aver offeso Iddio, corri a questo riconciliatorio, corri al propiziatorio, corri a Cristo Gesù fiducialmente e securamente, tu riceverai la remissione de' tuoi peccati, e sarai riconciliato al padre mediante il figliuolo. Vedi che a questo propiziatorio t' invita San Giovanni: *Filioli mei, hæc scribo vobis ut non peccetis. Sed si quis peccaverit advocatum habemus apud Patrem.* E quale è? *Iesum Christum justum*; e seguita: *ipse est propitiatio pro peccatis nostris:* se tu vuoi grazia dal Signore, se tu vuoi esser illuminato delle cose appartenenti alla salute tua, ti bisogna capitare a questo propiziatorio. E non si dà nulla che non si dispensi per le sue mani: *Accedite ad eum et illuminamini et facies vestræ non confundentur.* Per questo la Chiesa santa tutte le grazie che la chiede a Dio, le domanda per li meriti di Cristo e per mezzo di questo propiziatorio, dicendo: *per dominum nostrum Iesum Christum filium tuum.* Correte, piccoli, correte, grandi, giovani e vecchi, ricchi e poveri, sani e infermi, peccatori e giusti; ognuno vada a questo propiziatorio a chiedere i suoi bisogni; e senza dubbio domandando con fede e umiltà sarà esaudito, e udirà la risposta dal propiziatorio che dirà: *fiat tibi sicut vis.*"

No. 8.

"Oggi sono gl' ipocriti e falsi cristiani che anche loro cercano d' evacuare la dottrina evangelica, e qualche volta col parlare, ma molto più colle cattive opere, onde la dottrina evangelica maggior lesione riceve dalli dottori o predicatori cattivi e ipocriti, che dagli eretici, perchè gli eretici si conoscono, e quelli no; onde le semplici pecorelle veggendo che l' opere loro non rispondono alle parole, credono che s' abbia a vivere a quel modo, e ruinano. Niente di manco non è però ancora questa dottrina ita per terra nè andrà, perchè sempre ordinerà Iddio che ci sia qualcuno che la difenda.

. . . . . .

"Quarto, è vera perchè quelli che conversano in quella diventano uomini spirituali e divini e al tutto spiccati dall' affetto di tutte le cose del mondo. Questo s' è veduto molto più ne' tempi

passati: molti prima ambiziosi e superbi, molti lussuriosi e avari, molti in diversi vizii implicati, subito che gli hanno abbracciato questa salubre dottrina, sono diventati umili e sprezzati, casti e puri, e liberali verso li poveri, e finalmente sono stati pieni di virtù e sante operazioni.

. . . . . .

"Ma è bisogna che ciascuno sia arca del Signore, acciocchè drento possa udire quel che parla il Signore, perchè invano udireste la voce nostra, se Dio non vi parlasse dentro.

. . . . . .

" *Quæ est ista domus quam edificabitis mihi, et quis iste locus requietionis meæ? omnia hæc manus mea fecit:* Io non ho bisogno di vostre chiese, nè di vostri paramenti, bench' io l' abbia care per ben vostro quando voi ordinate queste ceremonie ad onor mio; e però dice. Quale è questa casa che voi dite volermi edificare e nella quale voi volete che io mi riposi? Quasi che voglia dire: io non sono corpo che io abbia a essere incluso da queste cose materiali; nè mi diletto principalmente di cerimonie, perchè io sono spirito, e abito nelle menti degli uomini che sono umili; e per seguita: *Ad quem autem respiciam nisi ad pauperculum,* cioè di spirito, *et contritum spiritu,* come è il vero penitente, *et timentem sermones meos.*

. . . . . .

" *Fide Moyses grandis factus, negavit se esse filium filiæ Pharaonis; magis eligens affligi cum populo Dei, quam temporalis peccati habere iucunditatem: maiores divitias existimans thesauro egiptiorum improperium Christi; aspiciebat enim remunerationem.*

. . . . . .

"Ma che bisogna tanto affaticarsi di provare simili cose, cioè che noi dobbiamo preporre l' afflizioni, la povertà e l' improperio di Cristo, alle delizie del mondo, cum sit che noi abbiamo visto e veggiamo per esperienza, che quelli che noi reputiamo che sieno più accetti a Dio e più illuminati, e di più purgata vita che tutti gli altri, hanno fatto il medesimo che Moyse.

. . . . . .

"Questa è dottrina che viene dal propiziatorio, questa dottrina viene dall' arca, questo è il lume che ci mostra la verità della quistione."

No. 9.

At pages 196, 197. vol. i. of Life of Michael Angelo, some striking passages are introduced from Savonarola's Sermons on the Book of Exodus. They point to the sins and the misrule of Alexander VI. with a boldness and a force of denunciation exceeding any we had previously quoted. This book is, in consequence, the most rare of any of the numerous volumes of his sermons, and it was not without much difficulty that we procured a sight of it. We therefore give not only the originals of the passages we have quoted, but, in sequence, others also.

Sermon XII. p. 143.—*Exodus.*

"Non si dice hora più, li miei nipoti: ma il mio figliuolo, e la mia figliuola. Vanno hora in San Pietro le meretrice, ogni prete ha la sua concubina, apertamente fanno li peccati, et e diffuso questo veneno per tutto, in modo che ogni cosa e avenenata. E tanto veneno a Roma, che ha pieno tutto il mondo, ha diffuso in Franzia, in Alemania e per tutto il suo veneno; che resta dunque a fare, se ogni cosa e feccia e veneno?"

If the inferior clergy, he says, will not act, the appeal is to the bishop, and if he holds back, to the Pope, and if the Pope shuts his ears, "si ricorre a Cristo, perchè quello e l' ultimo remedio." P. 262. But, adds he, if the supreme Head of the Church will not only not aid in remedying the evil but is itself infected, what is then to be done? "Ecco se tu havessi un giardino, e una parte di quello la guastassi il vento, tu li farai uno muro per fargli resistentia, che quella influentia non guasti lo tuo giardino, così dunque se vedessi che li prelati e *le cause universali* (by which, in the context, he himself tells us he means the Pope) della chiesa la guastassino, e che danno aĩo alli cattivi aiutanti, e favorisconli, e perseguitano i buoni, che si ha a fare allhora, hassi a resistere a questa influentia, hai a fare oratione, e hai a ricorrere a Christo, questo e quanto rimedio tu hai bisogna dico fargli resistentia, e ognuno debba resistere alla influentia cattiva. O frate, non si ha andare contro all' potesta ecclesiastica: ma e potesta *infernale, e potesta di Satanesso.* Io ti dico che quando ella aiuta le meretrici, li cinedi, e li ladroni, e perseguita i buoni, e cerca di guastare il ben vivere Christiano,

allhora ella e potesta infernale e diabolica, e hassegli a fare resistentia, e riprenderla arditamente, come fece San Paolo a San Pietro, il quale lo riprese arditamente e dice, *Reprehendi hunc quia reprehensibilis erat*—si che voi dite che non si ha a riprendere, voi credete adunque che le chiavi, di Christo sieno fatte contro a Christo. O signore (in such a case), tu hai fatto le tue cose, e la tua potesta contro a te medesimo, e contro alli tuoi nequaquam, questo non sara mai vero, si che havranno la potesta ecclesiastica per potere meretricare e poter lussuriare, e poter far ogni male senza riprensione, e poi si ha anche (in such case) ad allegare la potesta ecclesiastica e il privilegio per poter fare ogni male." (P. 262.)

"Voglio stare sotto la potesta ecclesiastica, e così mi sottometto me, e tutto quello che ho sempre detto alla corretione della Romana chiesa, e della podesta ecclesiastica; voglio star sotto quella, non gia sotto la potesta infernale, et non sotto la potesta diabolica." (P. 263.) Then, under the guise and name of Phassar or Fassur, he points to Alexander VI.:—"Audivit Phassar filius Emor Sacerdos, qui constitutus erat princeps in demo." Jeremiah had prophesied against Jerusalem, "e fue percossa da Fassar, *Principe de sacerdoti;*" he struck him "o de bastone, o de flagello," then sent him "nel nervo al ceppo." Then applying it to himself, "possiamo dire ancor noi d' essere posti nel nervo della scommunica." "Did Jeremiah," he says, "ask pardon and submit himself? Oh no! Neither will I ever do so. I will repeat what I have already asserted; for we are ambassadors (of Christ), and cannot go beyond our commission." He then denounces coming evils against the Head of the Church and against Rome:—"Italia, tu sarai data nelle mani di gente fiera, gente barbara, che non si diletterà si non di far male; e a Roma sarà peggio che a tutte le altre città. La vestra roba, e gli vostri tesori saranno date nello mani loro," &c. (P. 265. Sermon xxii. Bourbon.)

APPENDIX V.

THE following letter contains an interesting recital of the grievances of Michael Angelo's artistic life, including in particular those arising out of the abortive scheme of the Tomb of Julius II., all most graphically portrayed by his own pen.

We cannot but hope that the impressions he received as to the part taken by Raphael against himself admitted of explanation, and that Bramante was the principal offender.

"MONSIGNORE.

"LA VS. mi manda a dire che io dipinga, et non dubiti di niente: io rispondo che si dipigne col ciervello, et non colle mani, et chi non può aver il ciervello seco si vitupera; però sino che la cosa mia non si acconcia non fò cosa buona. La retificagione dell' utimo contratto non viene; e per vigore dell' altro fatto presente Clemente * son ogni dì lapidato. Io dico che detto contratto non intesi che fussi recitato presente Papa Clemente come n' ebbi poi la copia; et questo fu † che mandommi il dì medesimo Clemente a Firenze; Giammaria di Madonna imbasciadore fu col notaio, et fecielo distender a suo modo, in modo che quand' io tornai, e che io lo riscossi trovaivi su più mille ducati che non si era rimasto; trovaivi su la casa, dov' io stò, et certi altri vicini da rovinarmi, che Clemente non gli are' ‡ sopportati; et frate Sebastiano ne può essere testimonio, che volse che io lo facessi intendere al Papa, et fare appiccare il notaio; io non volsi, perchè non restavo obbrigato a cosa ch' io

* Del contratto precedente fatto alla presenza di P. Clemente, come dice in seguito.

† Cioè: e questo fu il perchè mandommi ec.

‡ Are' per arebbe.

non l' avessi potuta fare se fussi stato lasciato. Io giuro che non sò d' avere avuti i danari che detto contratto dicie, et che disse Gianmaria * che trovava ch' io havevo havuti.

" Ma pogniamo che io gli habbia havuti, perchè io gli ò confessati; et chè io non mi posso partire dal contratto; et altri danari, se altri sene trova, e faccisi una massa d' ogni cosa e veghasi quello ch' io ho facto per Papa Iulio a Bologna, a Firenze, e a Roma di bronzo, di marmo, e di pittura, et tutto il tempo ch' io stetti seco, che fù quanto fù Papa; et veghasi quello che io merito: io dico che con buona coscienza, secondo la provisione che mi dà Papa Pagolo, che dal rede de Papa Iulio io resto havere cinque milia scudi. Io dico ancora questo: che io ho havuto tal premio de le mie fatiche da Papa Iulio † mia colpa per non mi essere saputo ghovernare che se non fossi quello che m' ha dato Papa Pagolo io morrei oggi di fame; e secondo questi imbasciadori e' pare ch' e' mi abbi' aricchito, et che io abbi' rubato l' altare; e fanno un gran romore; et io saprei trovar la via da fargli star cheti, ma non ci sono buono. Gianmaria imbasciadore attempo del Duca vecchio, poichè fu fatto il contratto sopraddetto presente Clemente tornando io da Firenze, e cominciando a lavorare per la sepultura di Iulio, mi disse che se io volevo fare un gran piaciere al Duca, ch' io m' andassi con Dio, che non si curava di sepultura; ma che havea ben per male che io servissi Papa Pagolo.

" Allora conobbi per quel che egli avea messa la casa in sul contratto: per faremi andare via, et saldarmi dentro con quel vigore; sì chè si vede a quel che ucciellano, e fanno verghogna ai nemici a' loro padroni. Questo che è venuto adesso, ciercò prima quello ch' io avevo a Firenze, che e' volessi vedere a che porto era la sepultura. Io mi truovo avere perduta tutta la mia giovineza legato a questa sepultura con la difesa quant' ò potuto con Papa Leone, e Clemente et la troppa fede non voluta conosciere m' à rovinato. Così vuole la mia fortuna: io veggo molti con dumila, e tremila scudi d' entrata staresi nel letto, et io con grandissima fatica m' ingiegno d' impoverire.

* Così nell' orig.

† Per mia colpa.

"Ma per tornare alla pittura, io non posso negar niente a Papa Pagolo: io dipignerò malcontento: et farò cose malcontente. Ho scritto questo a VS. perchè, quando accagia, possa meglio dire il vero al Papa; et anco arei caro che il Papa c' intendessi, per sapere di che materia tiene questa guerra, che m' è fatta; chi ha intendere intenda.

Servitore di VS.
MICHELAGNOLO.

"PS. Anchora mi occorre cose da dire; e questo è, che questo imbasciadore dicie che io ò prestati a usura i denari di Papa Iulio, et che io mi sono facto ricco con essi, come se Papa Iulio mi avessi innanzi conti otto milia ducati. I danari che ò auti per la sepultura vuole intendere le spese fatte in quel tempo per detta sepultura: si vedrà che s' appressa alla somma, et sarebbe a dire il contratto fatto a tempo di Clemente; perchè il primo anno d' Iulio, che m' allogò la sepultura stetti otto mesi a Carrara a cavare i marmi, et condussili in sulla piazza di Santo Pietro, dove havevo le stanze dreto a Santa Catherina; dipoi Papa Iulio non volse più fare la sua sepultura in vita, et messemi a dipignere; dipoi mi tenne a Bologna due anni a fare il Papa di bronzo, che fu disfatto; poi tornai a Roma, et stetti seco insino alla morte* tenendo sempre casa aperta senza parte, e senza provisione, vivendo sempre de danari della sepultura, chè non avevo altra entrata.

"Poi dopo detta morte di Iulio, Aginensis volse seguitare detta sepultura, ma magior cosa; et io condussi e marmi al maciello de' corvi, et feci lavorare quella parete, che è murata a Santo Pietro in vincola, et feci le fighure che ò in casa. In questo tempo Papa Leone, non volendo ch' io faciessi detta sepultura, finse di voler fare in Firenze la facciata di San Lorenzo, et chiesemi a Aginensis, onde e' mi dette a forza licenzia con questo che a Firenze io faciessi detta sepultura di Iulio. Poichè io fui a Firenze per detta facciatta di San Lorenzo non vi havendo marmi per la sepultura di Iulio, ritornai a Carrara, † et stettivi tredici mesi, et condussi per detta sepultura tutti

* Cioè alla morte di Papa Giulio.

† Orig. accarrara, come nella lettera autografa di Michelangiolo.

e marmi in Firenze, et muraivi una stanza, per farla, et cominciai a lavorare. In questo tempo Aginensis mandò M. Francesco. Palavisini, ch' è oggi il vescovo d' Aleria, a sollecitaremi, et vidde la stanza, et tutti i detti marmi e figure bozzate per detta sepultura che ancora oggi vi sono. Veggiendo questo, cioè ch' i' lavoravo per detta sepultura, Medici *, che stava a Firenze, che fue poi Clemente, non mi lasciò seghuitare, et così stetti impaciato insino che Medici fu Clemente †, onde sua presenza si fè poi l' utimo contratto di detta sepultura innanzi a questo d' ora, dove fu messo ch' io havevo ricieuti ‡ gli otto milia ducati ch' e' dicono ch' io ò prestati a usura; et io voglio confessare un pecato § a VS. ch' essendo a Carrara quando vi stetti tredici mesi per detta sepultura, mancandòmi e danari, spesi mille scudi ne' marmi di detta opera, che m' avea mandati Papa Leone per la facciata di Santo Lorenzo, ovvero per tenermi occupato, et allui detti parole mostrando difficultà, et questo facievo per l' amore che portavo a detta opera ‖, del che ne son pagato col dirmi ch' i' sia ladro, e usurario, da ignoranti che non erano al mondo.¶ Io scrivo questa storia a VS. perchè ho caro giustificarmi con quella, quasi che come col Papa, a chi è detto male di me, secondo mi scrive MS. Pier Giovanni che dicie che m' ha avuto a difendere; e ancora che quando VS. vede di poter dire in mia difensione una parola, lo facci, perchè io scrivo il vero, appresso degli omini, non dico di Dio; mi tengo huomo da bene, perchè non inghannai mai persona, e ancora perchè a diffenderemi da' tristi bisógna qualche volta diventare pazzo, come vedete.

«Prego VS. quando gli avanza tempo, legghi questa storia, et serbimela, et sappi che di gran parte delle cose scripte ci sono ancora testimoni; ancora quando il Papa la vedessi l' arei caro, et che la vedessi tutto il mondo, perchè scrivo il vero, et molto

* Allora Cardinale Giulio.

† Sinchè fu papa, cioè sino alla morte. *utimo* per *ultimo*.

‡ Nella lettera al Vasari a pag. 208. Ediz. di Milano 1821, si lege *tre riceute*.

§ Nell' originale *umpeccato* pel solito baratto della lettera *n* in *m* avanti alla *p*. V. le mie note al volgariz. di Albertano.

‖ Della Sepultura.

¶ Tali che non n' erano al mondo ignoranti pari a loro.

manco di quello che è, et non sono ladrone usuraio, ma sono cittadino fiorentino nobile, e figliolo d' omo dabbene, et non sono da Cagli.

"Poi ch' io ebbi scripto mi fu fatta una imbasciata da parte dello imbasciadore d'Urbino, cioè, che s' io voglio che la retificagione vengha, che io acconci la coscienzia mia; io dico per esser fabricato uno Michelagnolo, nel cuore, di quella pasta che ci va dentro.*

"Seguitando pur ancora circa la sepultura di Papa Iulio dico, che poich' ei si mutò di fantasia, cioè del farlo in vita sua, com' è detto, et venendo circa le barche di marmi a ripa, che più tempo innanzi havevo ordinati a Carrara, non possendo havere danari dal Papa per essersi pentito di tal' opera, ni bisognò per pagare i noli, o ciento cinquanta, o vero dugiento ducati che me gli prestò Baldassare balducci †, cioè il banco di M. Iacopo Gallo, per pagare i noli dei sopraddetti marmi; et venendo in questo tempo scarpellini da Firenza, i quali havevo hordinati per detta sepultura, de' quali n' è ancora vivi qualchuno, et havendo fornita la casa, che m'aveva data Iulio dietro a Santa Caterina, di letti et altre masseritie per gli omini del quadro ‡ et per altre cose per detta sepultura, mi parea senza danari essere molto impacciato, et stringendo il Papa a seghuitare, più che potevo, mi fecie una mattina ch' i' ero per parlargli per tal conto, mi fecie mandare fuora da un palafreniere; essendo uno vescovo lucchese, che vidde quest'acto, disse al palafreniere: voi non conosciete costui? e 'l palafreniere mi disse: perdonatemi gientiluomo, io ho commessione di fare così. Io men' andai a casa, e scripsi questo al Papa: "Beatissimo Padre, io sono stato stamani cacciato di palazzo da parte della Vostra

* Io dico, che ciò mi accade non pel bisogno di acconciare la coscienza. ma per essere un cert' uomo di nome Michelagnolo fatto nel cuore di quella pasta che lo compone, troppo tenera e buona; cioè che sono troppo buono (come ha detto nella lettera).

† Nell' originale pare siavi un' abbreviatura, e perciò non son certo se debba leggersi Balducci, vero è che sino a Balducci si vedon chiare le lettere, ma dopo è tirata una specie d' abbreviatura, che potrebbe anch' essere la *i* finale fatta a tratto di penna.

‡ Quadro vocabolo d' arte, i Romani chiamarono quadratarii li scarpellini che preparavano i marmi e le pietre, specialmente per gli architetti; ora dicesi lavorare di quadro.

Santità; onde io le fo intendere che da ora innanzi, semi vorrà, mi ciercherà altrove che a Roma;" e mandai questa lettera a messere Agostino scalco, che la dessi al Papa; et in casa chiamai uno Cosimo fallegname, che stava meco, et facievami masseritie per casa, et uno scarpellino, che oggi è vivo, che stava pure meco, et dissi loro: andate per un giudeo, e vendete ciò che è in questa casa, et venitevene a Firenze; et io andai, et montai in su le poste, et andamene in verso Firenze; e 'l Papa avendo ricieputa la lettera mia, mi mandò dreto cinque cavallari, e quali mi giunsono a Poggi Bonsi circa a tre ore di notte, e presentoronomi una lettera del Papa, la quale dicieva: "Subito visto la presente, sopto pena de la nostra disgrazia, che tu ci torni a Roma." Volsono i detti cavallari, che io rispondesse per mostrare d' avermi trovato: risposi al Papa: che ogni volta che m' osservassi quello a che era obrigato *, che io tornerei; altrimenti non sperassi d' avermi mai."

E standomi di poi in Firenze, mandò detto Iulio tre brevi alla Signoria. Allutimo la Signoria mandò per me, e dissemi: Noi non vogliamo pigliare la ghuerra per te contra Papa Iulio: bisogna che tu te ne vadi; et se tu vuoi ritornare allui noi ti faremo lettere di tanta autorità, che quando faciessi ingiuria a te, la farebbe a questa Signoria; et così mi fecie, et ritornai al Papa; et quel che corsevi sarie lungo a dire. Basta che questa cosa mi fecie danno più di mille ducati, perchè partito che io fui di Roma, ne fu gran romore con verghogna del Papa, et quasi tutti e marmi, che io havevo sulla piazza di Santo Pietro mi furono saccheggiati, et massimo i pezzi piccoli; ond' io n'ebbi a rifare un' altra volta, in modo ch' io dico e affermo che di danno d' interessi io restai havere dall' erede di Papa Iulio cinque milia ducati; et chi mi ha tolta tutta la mia giovinezza, et l' honore, e la roba mi chiama ladro, et di nuovo, come ò scripto innanzi, l' imbasciadore d' Urbino mi manda a dire ch' io acconci la coscientia mia prima, e poi verrà la retificagione del Duca. Innanzi che e' mi faciessi dipositare 1400 ducati non dicieva così. In queste cose ch' io scrivo, solo posso errare ne' tempi dal prima al poi, ogni altra cosa è vera, meglio ch' io non scrivo.

* Così anche nelle lettere autografe di Michel. per obbligato.

Prego VS. per amore di Dio, e della verità quando à tempo legha queste cose, acciò quando achadessi mi possa col Papa difendermi da questi che dicono male di me senza notitia di cosa alcuna, e che m' anno messo nel ciervello del Duca per gran ribaldo colle false informazioni, etc. Tutte le discordie che nacquono tra Papa Iulio et me, fu la invidia di Bramante, et di Raffaello da Urbino, et questa fu causa che non è seguito la sua sepultura in vita sua per rovinarmi; et avevane bene cagione Raffaello, che ciò che haveva dell' arte, l' haveva da me.

APPENDIX VI.

MR. PFISTER, of the British Museum, has kindly permitted the author to print the following particulars of the value of Roman money in the year 1545: —

"To maintain the opinion that Michael Angelo Buonarroti alluded to Scudi d' oro in his calculations on the expenses towards completing (or rebuilding) the St. Peter's Church in Rome. I am glad to be able (in the short time you could allow) to send you the following notices, which you can safely mention for your argument should it be necessary.

"Scilla (Saverio), Breve Notizia delle Monete Pontificbe. Roma, 1715, in 4to, page 133., gives twenty different gold coins of Pope Paul III., and to each of them he assigns the name of Scudo. One he calls two scudi, and says that it exhibits on one side the Navicella di S. Pietro, and is inscribed SANCTVS. PETRVS. ALMA. ROMA., and on the other the Papal arms and PAVLVS. III. PONT. MAX. In page 237. Scilla describes 'due varie scudi d' oro' (of Pope Paul III.), which have the following inscription: S. PAVLUS. VAS ELECTIONIS.; and adds that the inscription is taken from 'degli Atti degli Apostoli.' c. 9. c. 'Vade, quoniam Vas electionis est mihi iste.'

"The opinion (that Michael Angelo speaks of scudi d' oro) can be further supported by stating that no Papal silver scudi existed at that time (excepting the large silver coin of Pope Clement VII. which bore the name of Ducato, and was struck at the time when that Pope was besieged at the Castle of St. Angelo (1527), and which coin may rather be considered as a siege piece, a moneta castris. The first Pope who struck silver scudi was Sixtus V. (1585—1590). These coins, however,

were not issued under the name of Scudi, but under that of Piastre, and also, Ducatoni Papali.

"'I Ducatoni Papali sono le monete Romane e Ferraresi da paoli dieci, dette Piastre, battute la prima volte sotto Sisto V., See Zanetti (Guid. Antonio), Nouve Racolte delle monete e zecche d' Italia. Bologna, 1783, in 4to, vol. iii. p. 82. (Note 94.)

"The general introduction of the Scudo d' oro, in Italy, is stated to have taken place in 1530, superseding the gold ducat and gold florin.

"'Fu introdotta la battitura dello scudo d' oro nelle zecche d' Italia circo il 1530, ad esclusione del ducato, e fiorino d' oro.' Zanetti, vol. iii. p. 31. (note 33.). And again, Zanetti, vol. iv. p. 363. (note 231.): 'Lo scudo d' oro era la moneta che fu sostituita al ducato d' oro nel principio del secolo xvi.'

"I may mention that Scilla speaks of earlier Papal gold coins, which he calls Scudi d' oro, which must be considered only as an adopted term, because the French Ecus d'or had been introduced into Italy already in the fifteenth century; as even now an agreement may be made in Northern Germany in Fredericks d'or, which may be paid in the Hannoverian Five-Thaler gold coin, or *vice versa*; and so it was formerly with the French Louis d'or, &c.

"But now we must come to another important point; that is, the difference in the value of the Scudo d' oro of Rome and the foreign Scudo d' argento (Tallaro) current in Rome. According to standard value of the silver, it was only one paolo, that is about 5½ pence English.

"The value of the Roman Scudo d' oro of Pope Paul III., in the year 1545, was eleven paoli; calculating the paolo to 5½ pence would give us five shillings and a halfpenny. However, say 5 shillings for the Scudo d' oro in Rome in the year 1545. Hence 1,000 Scudi d' oro would have been worth, in Rome, at that time, 250*l.*

"The foreign Scudo d' argento, or Tallaro, was worth about that time, in Rome, ten paoli.

"'In Roma lo scudo d' oro Romano nel 1545 a 12 Ottobre valeva paoli xi.; quel d' argento (foreign) fu posta a paoli x. pochi anni dopo." Zanetti, vol. ii. p. 450.

"So, summing up our arguments, we can safely conclude that the general use at that time (P. Paul III.), in Rome, on calculations of large sums, was in the Scudo d' oro Romano.

"No Papal Scudi d' argento existed at that time in Rome except foreign Tallari, which were also current in Rome at the high price (in comparison to the gold) of 10 paoli.

"It is not possible that Michael Angelo could mean any thing else but the Scudo d' oro of Rome, in his calculations with regard to the cost of building St. Peter's on San Gallo's plan."

It may be observed that the Roman Scudo d' oro of 1545, estimated by the present value of silver, would be worth eight shillings and sixpence. Hence 1,000 Scudi d' oro of 1545 would now be worth 425*l.* in English Money.

TAPESTRIES OF RAPHAEL.

The promised Dissertation will be found in the text of vol. ii. p. 232.

APPENDIX VII.

The following is the passage from Plato referred to in Vol. II. p. 122.: —

Τοῦτο γὰρ δή ἐστι τὸ ὀρθῶς ἐπὶ τὰ ἐρωτικὰ ἰέναι, ἢ ὑπ' ἄλλου ἄγεσθαι, ἀρχόμενον ἀπὸ τῶνδε τῶν καλῶν ἐκείνου ἕνεκα τοῦ καλοῦ, ἀεὶ ἐπανιέναι· ὥσπερ ἐπαναβαθμοῖς χρώμενον ἀπὸ ἑνὸς ἐπὶ δύο, καὶ ἀπὸ δυεῖν ἐπὶ πάντα τὰ καλὰ σώματα, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν καλῶν σωμάτων ἐπὶ τὰ καλὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν καλῶν ἐπιτηδευμάτων ἐπὶ τὰ καλὰ μαθήματα· ἔστ' ἂν ἀπὸ τῶν μαθημάτων ἐπ' ἐκεῖνο τὸ μάθημα τελευτήσῃ, ὅ ἐστιν οὐκ ἄλλου ἢ αὐτοῦ ἐκείνου τοῦ καλοῦ μάθημα καὶ γνῷ αὐτὸ τελευτῶν ὅ ἐστι καλόν. Ἐνταῦθα τοῦ βίου, ὦ φίλε Σώκρατες, ἔφη ἡ Μαντινικὴ ξένη, εἰπέρ που ἄλλοθι, βιωτὸν ἀνθρώπῳ, θεωμένῳ αὐτὸ τὸ καλόν. ὃ ἐάν ποτε ἴδῃς, οὐ κατὰ χρυσίον τε καὶ ἐσθῆτα, καὶ τοὺς καλοὺς παῖδάς τε καὶ νεανίσκους δύξει σοὶ εἶναι· οὓς νῦν ὁρῶν ἐκπέπληξαι, καὶ ἕτοιμος εἶ καὶ σύ, καὶ ἄλλοι πολλοὶ ὁρῶντες τὰ παιδικά, καὶ ξυνόντες ἀεὶ αὐτοῖς, εἴπως οἷόντ' ἦν, μήτε ἐσθίειν, μήτε πίνειν, ἀλλὰ θεᾶσθαι μόνον καὶ ξυνεῖναι. τί δῆτα, ἔφη, οἰόμεθα, εἴτῳ γένοιτο αὐτὸ τὸ καλὸν ἰδεῖν εἰλικρινὲς, καθαρὸν, ἄμικτον, ἀλλὰ μὴ ἀνάπλεων σαρκῶν τε ἀνθρωπίνων καὶ χρωμάτων, καὶ ἄλλης πολλῆς φλυαρίας θνητῆς, ἀλλ' αὐτο τὸ θεῖον, καλὸν δύναιτο μονοειδὲς κατιδεῖν; ἆρ' οἴει, ἔφη, φαῦλον βίον γιγνέσθαι ἐκεῖσε βλέποντος ἀνθρώπου, καὶ ἐκεῖνο ᾧ δεῖ θεωμένου, καὶ ξυνόντος αὐτῷ; ἢ οὐκ ἐνθυμῇ, ἔφη, ὅτι ἐνταῦθα αὐτῷ μοναχοῦ γενήσεται, ὁρῶντι ᾧ ὁρατὸν τὸ καλὸν, τίκτειν οὐκ εἴδωλα ἀρετῆς, ἅτε οὐκ εἰδώλου ἐφαπτομένῳ, ἀλλ' ἀληθῆ, ἅτε τοῦ ἀληθοῦς ἐφαπτομένῳ; τεκόντι δὲ ἀρετὴν ἀληθῆ, καὶ θρεψαμένῳ, ὑπάρχει θεοφιλεῖ γενέσθαι, καὶ, εἴπέρ τῳ ἄλλῳ ἀνθρώπῳ, ἀθανάτῳ καὶ ἐκείνῳ.

THE END.

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